

WEEK  
ENDING  
JUNE 1, 1929

5c

# Liberty

*A Weekly for Everybody*

OVER  
2,000,000  
NET PAID  
CIRCULATION



DOHERTY ~ ROE ~ TILDEN ~ SPRINGS ~ GIBBONS



# Listless Days

Sitting at a desk, staring at the wall... tired... lacking in "pep". And the "in" basket full of work to do. Recognize the picture?

Days of listlessness... why? Too often the answer is *constipation*. And more is the pity, when this enemy of man can be so easily conquered!

Water washing will quickly correct the most stubborn case of intestinal sluggishness. Ordinary drinking water would do, were it not for the fact that ordinary water is absorbed by the kidneys before it can reach the intestinal tract.

Pluto Mineral Water, on the other hand, with its high mineral content, passes through the eliminative tract instead of the kidneys. Hence, in a natural and complete way, it flushes away the waste material.

With Pluto Water, relief is *prompt* as well as *thorough*. Thirty minutes to two hours is the usual time. The gentle washing action of Pluto Mineral Water is soothing to the delicate membranes. Pluto, because it merely *water washes*, never gripes. It is non habit-forming,

and harmless. Physicians prescribe it.

For constipation, nothing equals Pluto Water. Many people, too, drink a little Pluto daily upon arising to assure constant regularity—an excellent way to avoid colds and influenza. Dilute in plain hot water—directions on every bottle.

Pluto Water is bottled at the springs, French Lick, Indiana. You'll find it in every drug store—and at fountains.

## FRENCH LICK SPRINGS

*World-Famed Home of Pluto Mineral Water*

Down in the heart of the Cumberland foothills lies French Lick Springs, the home of Pluto Water and the mecca of thousands of health- and pleasure-seekers. There's golf (two eighteen-hole courses) and horseback riding and hiking; there are the famous rejuvenating baths, the health-giving spring waters. A complete medical staff in attendance. Fireproof 800-room hotel; unexcelled service and cuisine. Send for free booklet; for reservations write or wire French Lick Springs Hotel Company, French Lick, Indiana. T. D. TAGGART, President.

When  
Nature Won't,  
PLUTO Will



# PLUTO WATER

*America's Laxative Mineral Water*



# LES POUDRES COTY

USE DARK SHADES THIS SUMMER

*If you are affecting the smart outdoor type, use COTY'S Ocre or Ocre-Rose shades. They accent exquisitely the gold of your skin. Or if you shelter your beauty, there are other shades to perfect your individual loveliness.*



## Shades

OCRE  
OCRE-ROSE  
NATUREL  
BLANC  
RACHEL No 1  
RACHEL No 2  
ROSE No 1  
ROSE No 2  
MAUVE

*AND* COTY TALC  
TO SOOTHE AWAY THE  
PAIN OF SUN-BURN, AND  
TO KEEP YOU FRESH.  
FRAGRANT, EXQUISITE.  
ALL COTY ODEURS  
\$1.00

LES POUDRES COTY  
IN ALL COTY ODEURS  
\$1.00 — Double Size \$1.50

COTY<sup>INC.</sup>  
714 Fifth Avenue, New York

JUNE 1,  
1929

# Liberty

Vol. 6, No. 21  
*A Weekly for Everybody*

Editorial, Executive, and Advertising Offices:  
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Telephone: Ashland 4160.  
Branch Office—Chicago: Tribune Tower, Tribune Square, Detroit:  
General Motors Bldg. Boston: Rice Bldg. San Francisco: Kohl Bldg.  
Please address all communications to 247 Park Avenue, New York City

*"Our Country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."* —Stephen Decatur.

## HOW THE GOVERNMENT CAN SOLVE THE FARM PROBLEM

We wound up an editorial last week with the promise that we would announce a solution of the American farm problem.

We said the solution would be sure, would cost nothing, and would not get us involved in an economic war with foreign countries through our trying to dump our products on their markets.

Well, here it is.

It is the same solution the United States Steel Corporation would adopt if it faced an overproduction of steel. You know what that would be. It would shut down some of its plants and run only those that were needed.

Our agricultural perplexities likewise are due to overproduction. In this case the plants are farms. If some of the farms were shut down, production would diminish and prices would rise.

How could it be done? Very simply.

If the government were to take the hundreds of millions of dollars proposed for farm subsidies, spend it on buying up farms, and let these farms lie fallow, in a short time our farm acreage would be reduced to an area which would produce only what the people could consume.

If desirable, the issuance of bonds would accelerate the process. Meanwhile the government would have the land. That is what we meant when we said the plan would cost nothing.

The land would, unquestionably, appreciate in value. At the same time the government could fertilize it or plant it to forests—especially the farm land which might be found not desirable for agricultural purposes.

A great public domain would thus be restored to the government, which could be released later as population and demand increase.

There is only one difficulty or drawback to this. What is to become of the farmer whose land is thus bought up by the government? What shall we do with him? There would be many such, and

they could not all enter the various industries at once without causing a great disturbance of wages.

We would propose what we have proposed before in these pages—that great public works be instituted on a scale at once large enough and flexible enough to care for whatever idleness there might be.

Of public works the best and most important is the building of more good roads and the improvement of existing ones.

We need more and wider pavements; new ways of getting into, out of, and around the congested centers of population. We need one-way roads where traffic is heavy, and elevated crossings on important highways, both for safety and for freedom of movement.

Anywhere on a main traveled road, on a fine Sunday afternoon, you see the great need of this. Anywhere in the big cities, on any kind of an afternoon, you perceive what the American traffic problem has become.

The lines of slow-moving automobiles, and the snarls of vehicles at intersections, are growing worse month by month. In all the larger cities the parking problem is acute.

Long ago the business of road building became something more than the mere substitution of gravel for mud, or of a smooth surface for a rough one. It is a question now of keeping the population mobile, of letting it go where it wants to go, and saving valuable time.

And the increasing use of motor trucks for long and short hauls makes good roads vital to commerce and industry.

It may be said that this would be a form of state socialism. It would not be that at all. It would be a form of state investment.

We are sure that in the long run it would work out better than the old way of letting the farmer abandon his farm and go to the city to seek his fortune. Fortune in the city is elusive, and the farmer does not always find it.

That something must be done is pretty generally agreed. The farms are producing more than is needed, and the farmer's income is shrinking as a result.

As compared with the suggested subsidies, the plan we offer is simple and sure. It is just what the steel industry or any other intelligently managed private corporation would do.

But probably, because the government is political and steel is economic, what could and would be done in one case will not be done in the other.

Which is too bad.

## Table of Contents on Page 10

June 1, 1929

LIBERTY

Vol. 6, No. 21

Entered as second class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Copyright, 1929, by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, in the United States and Great Britain. All rights reserved. No manuscript received unless typewritten and prepaid, nor returned unless postage is inclosed. All manuscripts sent at owner's risk. Published weekly by LIBERTY WEEKLY, Incorporated, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; J. M. Patterson, President; R. R. McCormick, First Vice President and Treasurer; Max Annenberg, General Manager; S. W. Stubbings, Secretary; Shepard Butler, Executive Editor.

Five cents a copy. By mail, \$2.50 a year in the United States, Canada, and Mexico. No subscriptions less than one year. Address Subscriptions, LIBERTY, 247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. Allow four weeks for change of address.



# One unalterable purpose Expressed in Beauty



THE ILLINOIS CORONADO, 17 jewels,  
14k solid gold, inlaid enamel, \$65.



THE ILLINOIS NARRAGANSETT, 17 jewels,  
14k solid gold, diamond engraving, \$68.



THE ILLINOIS PICCADILLY, 17 jewels,  
14k gold-filled, \$45.



THE ILLINOIS CHEBSTEIN, 15 jewels,  
14k gold-filled, \$40.



THE THIN ILLINOIS A. LINCOLN,  
19 jewels, 14k solid gold, \$110.

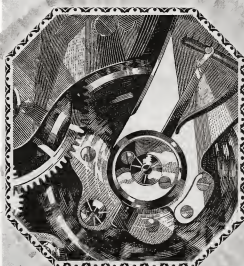
**T**O BE above all a timepiece—precise, sturdy, enduring—that is the unalterable purpose which has made Illinois more than a fine watch—a great American Watch.

Such beauty of performance within demands a fitting setting, and Illinois provides cases exquisitely designed to reflect it.

You can have this Illinois accuracy and charm in some models for as little as \$40.00. Ask your jeweler. He knows watches. And he has known Illinois ever since he has been in business.

Let us send you, without obligation, our interesting illustrated booklet, "The Thrilling Beauty that Lies Within." Address Dept. L, The Illinois Watch, Springfield, Ill.

Makers of the famous Illinois  
Bunn Special Railroad Watches.



The pulsing heart of an Illinois Watch  
that reveals the beauty of accuracy



THE ILLINOIS DAYTONA, 17 jewels,  
14k solid gold, \$65.



THE ILLINOIS TUXEDO, 17 jewels,  
14k solid gold, \$75.



THE ILLINOIS CONSUL, 21 jewels,  
14k solid gold, \$100.



THE ILLINOIS BEAU BRUMMEL,  
17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, \$50.



THE THIN ILLINOIS MARQUIS-AUTOCHAT,  
17 jewels, 14k gold-filled, \$55.

## The ILLINOIS WATCH

Established 1870  
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS



*All branches on the same tree; all growing out of  
the Chrysler root principle of standardized quality*

---

---

CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCTS INCLUDE:

CHRYSLER "75" . . . CHRYSLER IMPERIAL . . . CHRYSLER "65"  
DODGE BROTHERS SENIOR . . . DODGE BROTHERS SIX  
DE SOTO SIX . . . PLYMOUTH  
DODGE BROTHERS TRUCKS, BUSES and MOTOR COACHES  
FARGO TRUCKS and COMMERCIAL CARS  
CHRYSLER MARINE ENGINES

---

---

## Team-Work!

IN THE great forces united in Chrysler Motors there is a singleness of purpose which is at once unique and inspiring—and which explains the surpassing character of Chrysler Motors products in all price fields, from the lowest to the highest.

Between all units of Chrysler Motors there is a complete unity. It is a case of team-work in *everything*—in research, in engineering, in purchasing, in manufacturing, in financing.

The great group of Chrysler Motors properties operate as *one*—in purpose as well as in practice—combined under one central management and under the personal leadership of Walter P. Chrysler.

All members of the group share alike the untold advantages and savings resulting from this unity of thought and effort. There is a mutual helpfulness, for example, in the fact that there is, throughout the group, a constant interchange of ideas.

All efforts are bent toward the same goals of *higher* efficiency, *better* quality, *increased* volume, *lower* prices—to render better public service to the individual buyer of every Chrysler Motors product.

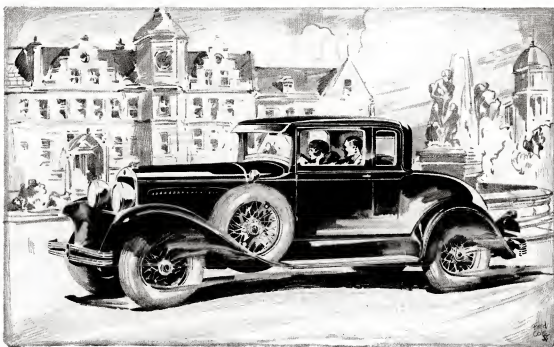
Thus, team-work plays a real and important part in making and keeping Chrysler Motors products incomparably ahead—in performance, in style, in quality and in value.



THE DIAMOND HAMMER  
*The Scleroscope or diamond-pointed hammer registers by its height of rebound the hardness of any finished material without injury to the surface. This is only one of the many hundreds of tests to which Chrysler Motors parts are subjected.*

FOR BETTER PUBLIC SERVICE

# CHRYSLER MOTORS



CHRYSLER "65" COUPE (with rumble seat), \$1145. Wire wheels extra

## *Displacing costlier cars in the affections of thousands of owners*

IT IS significant that thousands upon thousands of people who can well afford the best are replacing costlier cars with Chryslers—undoubtedly for the sheer enjoyment that only Chrysler gives.

They have found that Chrysler performance is outstanding in present-day motoring. It is unique, just as it was when that first Chrysler car of five years ago obsoleted the performance standards of that day. There is something about Chrysler power, speed and acceleration that is difficult to express in

words but easy to sense in experience. Chrysler out-sprints everything in traffic and maintains higher speeds longer and more easily. Chrysler is easier riding on account of its rubber shock insulators and hydraulic shock absorbers

CHRYSLER "65"—*Business Coupe*, \$1040; *Roadster (with rumble seat)*, \$1065; *2-door Sedan* \$1065; *4-door Sedan*, \$1145. (Two other body styles to \$1145.) CHRYSLER "75"—*Royal Sedan*, \$1535; *Coupe (with rumble seat)*, \$1535; *Roadster (with rumble seat)*, \$1555. (Six other body styles to \$2345.) Wire wheels extra. All prices f.o.b. factory.

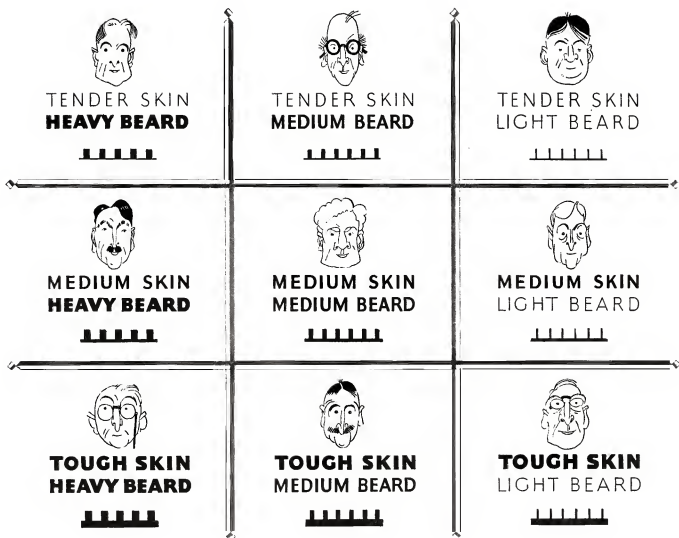
and is safer because of the Chrysler weatherproof internal-expanding four-wheel hydraulic brakes. Chrysler, in fact, imparts a feeling that is different and much finer in each thing that it does—and in everything combined.

Naturally, Chrysler's new style, beauty, comfort and value are all tremendous factors in Chrysler's sweeping popularity—but the major appeal of Chrysler—whether "75" or "65"—is and always has been the unparalleled excellence of Chrysler performance.

# CHRYSLER



CHRYSLER MOTORS PRODUCT



## Name your beard, Gentlemen

**B**EARDS are past reforming. Blue and bristly or blond and silken, they're all hard to shave—at least you can't tell their owners otherwise.

We don't try to.

It's easier to put the burden on the blade; to use the best and most expensive steel and to spend, as we have, some \$12,000,000 in the past ten years to develop precise and delicate machines that hone and strop that fine steel far beyond the limits of human craftsmanship. It's easier to pay a bonus to workers for every blade they

reject which does not come up to the high Gillette standard.

True, it makes some difference whether your beard is heavy or silken, your skin sensitive or

tough; whether the water is hot or cold, hard or soft; whether you slep'twell or badly the night before.

But even under the worst possible conditions you can count on the Gillette Blade to do its job smoothly, surely and well. It's the one constant factor in your daily shave. Gillette Safety Razor Co., Boston, U. S. A.



**THE NEW FIFTY-BOX.** Fifty fresh double-edged Gillette Blades (10 packets of five) in a colorful chest that will serve you afterward as a sturdy button box, cigarette box or jewel case. Ideal as a gift, too. \$5.00 at your dealer's.



★ **Gillette** ★

# Diamond SMUGGLING

*A Look at a Gamble for  
Princely Stakes—With a Moral  
for Tariff Revisers*

By

EDWARD DOHERTY

**"W**ELL, they got Ballyn," said the man with the beard. "Every smuggler gets knocked off sometime."

We were sitting in the smoking room of the *Berengaria*, and—do you mind my saying it?—drinking eighty-year-old cognac. The man with the beard had been, it seemed, a personal friend of Mr. Ballyn.

Ballyn had been the chief steward on the *Berengaria*. He had been arrested by Johnny Roberts and his diamond squad and, with several others, had been charged with conspiracy against the United States. He had been carrying some \$200,000 worth of diamonds for one of the smuggling rings.

"Do you know," the man with the beard continued, "that nearly \$100,000,000 worth of diamonds are smuggled into the United States every year?"

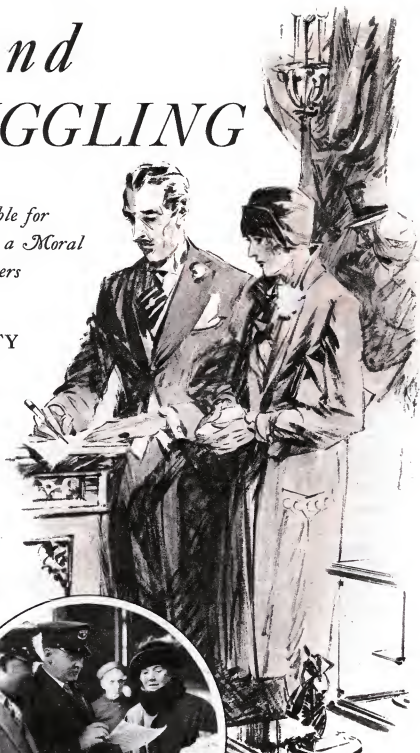
I didn't.

I still don't. Men in positions to make shrewd guesses on the actual amount, guess at anything from \$40,000,000

"Ballyn is telling the truth," he went on. "The conspiracy, if such it actually is, was laid in Antwerp and hatched in New York. Either Antwerp or Amsterdam. The stones were bought in one of those two cities. The commercial carriers, and by that I mean the people who make a business of smuggling, and not the tourists, buy most of their diamonds where they are cut and polished, in Antwerp and Amsterdam.

"Some of these diamonds are mailed to agents in Hatton Garden, London, or in the Rue Lafayette, Paris. They are mailed to men who farm them out to other men, usually seamen, for transportation to American ports.

"There isn't any duty on diamonds in London or in



Brown Bros.  
photo

*Uncle Sam's customs inspectors at work.  
In spite of them, smuggling goes on.*

Picture by NEIL O'KEEFE

*"If you buy jewelry in Europe, the clerk will ask your name, where you live, when you intend to return, and what ship you think you'll take."*

France, and naturally neither the English nor the French can be bothered about the American tariff. Our government must do its own worrying. You understand there is a twenty per cent duty on cut stones that are not mounted. Mounted stones bring eighty per cent. Rough stones pay only ten per cent.

"First let me explain that most of the rough diamonds are now being exported from Africa. India has passed

[CONTINUED ON PAGE ELEVEN]



## A Warning and Some Authors



Edward Doherty

THE United States Government, if it doesn't mind our saying so, will do well to be very nice to EDWARD DOHERTY. Mr. Doherty has been roving the continent of Europe, getting an American lowdown on the gentle art of smuggling diamonds and other articles of value into this country. Being (1) an experienced newspaper man and (2) the son of an Irish police captain, he has conducted a sapient and thorough investigation, and what he doesn't know about the subject now is hardly worth bothering with. To date he has nothing more nefarious in mind than the writing of some pieces for *LIBERTY*; his article in this issue is the first, and there is thought of a possible serial—a tale of adventure among the smugglers—to follow. But if he ever starts smuggling on his own account . . . !



Vingie E. Roe

CONCERNING VINGIE E. ROE, one of whose stories begins on page 15, the salient fact is that she is an American who has managed quite nicely without the eastern part of the United States. It is a delusion of some that culture does not get far from the Atlantic, but Miss Roe has seldom been east of the Mississippi and hasn't minded it a bit. In fact, her rare visits to New York are occupied chiefly with looking up trains for home. She was born in Kansas, married a resident of Pierre, South Dakota, and lives now in Napa, California, where she has a horse she is crazy about and devotes most of her days to being outdoors. Her stories of the West began appearing in 1912 and have been widely popular ever since. It is a peculiar pleasure (we don't know exactly why) to disclose her middle name. It's Eve.



William T. Tilden, 2d

"BIG BILL" TILDEN, the most picturesque and glamorous figure of recent years in American tennis, becomes a *LIBERTY* contributor this week with the first of a series of articles in which he goes back entertainingly—and sometimes with astonishing frankness—over his career from boyhood. The articles will appear from time to time through the summer, and since they are autobiographical we won't try to tell anything about their author here. . . . HUGH FULLERTON has been a baseball prophet since 1906. In *LIBERTY* last June he explained in detail precisely why the Yanks and Cardinals would win the American and National league pennants—and sure enough, in September, the Yanks and Cardinals won! Now, if you are interested, there's similar information for 1929 on page 47.



Hugh Fullerton

### IN THIS ISSUE

Diamond Smuggling—How international rings conspire to cheat the tariff . . . . .	EDWARD DOHERTY	9
The Law of the Hinterlands—A story of love and retribution . . . . .	VINGIE E. ROE	15
No More World Tennis for Tilden—A champion makes up his mind . . . . .	WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2d	30
And Now, the Debutante Doughboy—A page of movie reviews . . . . .	FREDERICK JAMES SMITH	37
14-EE—A story of brass-buttoned bravery . . . . .	ODGERS T. GURNEE	39
Extra! Cubs and Washington to Win—A baseball forecast for 1929 . . . . .	HUGH FULLERTON	47
Fool Errant (Part X)—A serial of sinister men and a girl's daring . . . . .	PATRICIA WENTWORTH	52
The Steeplechase Pier—A modern maid's romance . . . . .	ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS	62
The Red Napoleon (Part IX)—A chronicle of the next world war . . . . .	FLOYD GIBBONS	69
Editorial (p. 4); News of the World (29); How Many Mistakes (51); Vox Pop (60-61); Bright Sayings of Children (66); For the Love o' Lil (68); Food (73); Eileen Bourne's Beauty Article (79); Cross Word Puzzles (80-81); Fashions (82) Cover by Leslie Thrasher		

Prize awards for solutions of *The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree*, the tenth problem in Sidney Sutherland's recent mystery series, will be announced in *Liberty* for June 15.

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE)

out of the picture as a diamond producer. So has Brazil. But Africa, in parts, is still so full of diamonds that the British government is worried. If all the diamonds in Africa were put on the market the price of diamonds would be seriously affected.

"In Namaqualand, for instance, a man can't walk barefooted a mile without cutting his feet to pieces on the sharp edges of rough diamonds jutting out of the earth. But there are soldiers with machine guns and bombs and airplanes to see that he doesn't walk over those fields. In Namaqua-

Of course there are legitimate dealers who pay the duty on them. But there are many others who do not. These men operate through smugglers.

"A European exporter or an American buyer is approached by a man who guarantees to lay any amount of diamonds in a certain man's hands in New York for eight per cent of the value. He guarantees this by putting in a bank the total value of the diamonds. If the stones are not delivered, the money goes to the exporter or the American buyer, and the smuggler loses. If they are delivered, the smuggler gets his eight per cent. The other party



A valuable cake of toilet soap, out of a smuggler's dressing case. The stone in it is an emerald.



Brown Bros. photos  
Like a thief Mark Twain wrote about, smugglers often carry jewels in the heels of shoes.



Diamonds, pearls, and other gems concealed by a smuggler in a dark twist of eatin' tobacco.

land people are starving—with bushels of diamonds in their back yards. They may not harvest their crops, because in so doing they might pick a peck of diamonds with every peck of tomatoes."

IT might be explained that this conversation was held last November. Later, I read some accounts of rioting in Namaqualand. The starving farmers rose against the guards in several instances—but, I am told, the situation is somewhat better now, and the government is helping the farmers.

"Some of these rough diamonds of course are stolen and smuggled into Antwerp and Amsterdam," the speaker explained, wetting his lips with a little more cognac. "It is still a heinous offense to buy illicit diamonds in Africa—but men will take chances.

"Most of the African stones, however, are mailed by the syndicates that control them to Hatton Garden. Here they are sold to dealers all over the world. The De Beers Syndicate, for instance, will notify a certain number of dealers that at such and such an hour on such and such a day they may have a 'sight.' A sight means a look at, say, \$100,000 worth of rough, pebble-like diamonds. Those dealers come, bearing cash. They take their sight, and buy. If they don't come, it may be a long, long while before they are invited to another sight. If they do not buy, it may be a long, long time before they buy again.

"The rough stones are then taken to the cutting and polishing factories in Antwerp or Amsterdam—or perhaps to Versailles or New York, though the factories in these cities are insignificant compared to those in Belgium and Holland.

"The majority of cut and polished stones are bought, therefore, in Amsterdam and Antwerp. Now the thing to do is to get them into the United States, for the United States buys eighty per cent of the diamonds of the world.



"The smuggler began talking. The detectives tried—but not very hard—to shut him up."

duty now on only half—perhaps less than half—of the diamonds that enter the country. With ten per cent, he would collect on most of them, and the American jewelers would not have such impossible competition to meet."

It may be just as well to interrupt the speaker long enough to say that most of the jewelers in the United States, and most of the diamond brokers and exporters in Amsterdam, and many of the customs officials in New York, agree with him. The jewelers are trying to have a bill passed now to lower the tariff on cut diamonds.

"Of course there always has been smuggling, and there always will be. The government is powerless to stop it altogether, but can cut it to the minimum by making it unprofitable.

"In New York at least 200 vessels dock every day—ships of all kinds from all the ports of the world; ships having crews of anywhere from fifteen to eighteen men to 1,500 or 1,800. I'm not talking of the thousands of passengers brought; I'm discussing merely the crews.

"How could the customs men search each vessel and each man thoroughly? Try searching a flock of hotels every day, and every man in them! Not even the marines could do it.

"Even under a ten per cent duty there would be some smuggling—but not nearly so much as there is today.

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

**[ DIAMOND SMUGGLING ]**  
Continued from page eleven

"I know one ship's captain who took \$10,000,000 worth of diamonds into New York in a few years. He was never suspected. He's living like a millionaire today, in The Hague. It was the simplest thing in the world, the way he worked it. You know, of course, that the captain can't possibly leave the ship the moment it docks. Certainly not. He still has a lot of business to do. It may be a day or two before he can report to the office of his line. Then he takes his brief case, and goes. The dock is usually deserted at the time, the customs men have done what they could and are no longer interested in the ship, and nobody sees anything suspicious in a captain's taking the ship's papers to his office.

"This captain put his diamonds in with his papers. They were wadded in cotton and held between two pieces of paper. You might have rifled his entire stack of papers, and not have identified the edges of those that hid the diamonds. Of course if you examined each scrap of paper you would have found them—but who would do that?

"Ballyn is only one of thousands of carriers. And he probably didn't get enough to make it worth his while to be dishonest. Let's have another drink."

Ballyn has confessed that he received not more than \$3,000 for all the diamonds he had carried for the ring, and in his possession, at the time of his arrest, the customs men found diamonds and pearls worth approximately \$200,000.

"It's a wonder the customs men catch as many smugglers as they do," our bearded friend went on. "Of course they get some information from their undercover men in Europe. And they sometimes get tips from the American Jewelers' Protective Association. But mostly they work on suspicion and hunches.

"YOU know, don't you, that the person who informs on a smuggler gets one-fourth of the fine if the smuggler is caught smuggling? Say a man buys a diamond brooch for his wife for \$50,000. The clerk is likely to report that sale to the customs office. If the man declares the brooch and pays the duty, the clerk gets nothing. If he is caught smuggling it, the clerk gets a little fortune.

"Let's figure it out. The buyer would have to pay eighty per cent duty, because the stones are mounted. That would be \$40,000. Now suppose he's caught smuggling it. He would not only have to pay that \$40,000, but in addition he would be fined 100 per cent of the American value of the brooch, which would be not \$50,000, but that sum plus eighty per cent—altogether \$90,000. It would cost him \$130,000 to bring that \$50,000 brooch to his wife. And the clerk in Paris would get one-fourth of \$90,000. He could live on that for the rest of his life.

"If you buy any jewelry any place in Europe, I'll bet you the clerk asks your name, where you live, when you intend to return, and what ship you think you'll take.

"Let me tell you a little story, and then we'll have a nightcap, if you don't mind.

"A certain special agent in New York—I won't mention his name because it might get him into trouble—boarded a tramp ship expecting to find booze. But the moment he looked at the steward he had a hunch. There was no reason for it. There was nothing to create any suspicion. Everything was in order. But our man had a hunch that the steward was smuggling diamonds.

"Where are the stones?" he demanded.

"What stones?" the steward asked, and the customs officer could see that his hunch was good.

"Give me the stones or go to jail," he said.

"The steward became angry. He felt that the captain had informed on him, so he not only revealed the diamonds he himself was carrying, but also the captain's hoard, and the quartermaster's, and the mate's.

"But where are the rest of them?" our man asked. "It's no use holding out on me." Again his hunch was good. The steward led him to the pantry, took down a can of cocoa—one of a hundred cans—and shook out more diamonds. Our man's hunch was worth \$100,000 to your Uncle Samuel. Well, happy days! I'm toddling off to bed."

I HAD occasion to make several visits to Hatton Garden, and found it unbelievably dirty and smelly, and quiet and orderly and safe. Millions and millions of dollars' worth of diamonds and other precious stones are mailed to Hatton Garden every day—and there is seldom a robbery. Oh, several times the lights have gone out in the post office, and the mail sacks from the Transvaal, containing rough diamonds, have vanished. There have been a few other burglaries, but nothing to write home about.

Hatton Garden is a narrow street running from Holborn Circus to Clerkenwell Road. In this grimy street men trade diamonds casually. Their pockets are filled

with stones. They look like scarecrows.

They transact their business wherever they may. Some of them have offices only in their hats.

"These fellows look like tramps," the policeman said, "and carry thousands of pounds' worth of diamonds. They are content to make a few shillings on each transaction."

You will find no American tourists buying diamonds here. They prefer to do their shopping in Bond Street. Read this from the Daily Mail:

"There is a great shortage of specimen gems, especially emeralds and rubies. . . . The enormous number of very wealthy women in the United States who have a craze for acquiring splendid jewels regardless of cost, has created a scarcity. . . . On Wednesday the record sum of \$188,948 was realized for jewelry in three hours."

American women spending hubby's Wall Street winnings at the rate of a little more than \$5,000 a minute!

But that's nothing to what they spend in the Rue de la Paix. There are as many gleaming gems for sale on the Rue de la Paix as there are lights on Broadway—and, apparently, a dozen rich American women for every gem.

However, I saw more diamonds in the Brasserie des Diamantaires in the Rue Lafayette. This café is of the type one sees in Hatton Garden. It caters to the diamond dealers—is, in fact, similar to the diamond clubs in Antwerp and Amsterdam. In none of these places, so far as I could learn, has any man ever been robbed or murdered. They may have been swindled, but there was no violence.

I heard a few good smuggling stories in this brasserie—and ate one of the few bad meals I had in Paris. We sat at a marble-topped table. All around us were men and women eating and drinking, buying and selling diamonds.



P. & A. photos  
*The Berengaria docks at the Cuvard piers in the North River, New York City.*



*William Ballyn.*

"Some of these men you see are undoubtedly smugglers," my friend said. "They get their daily quotas of diamonds from Amsterdam or Antwerp or Versailles. That man with the square hat and the high, dirty collar, however, is a notorious pearl smuggler."

"Every sale made here is recorded—but that doesn't stop smuggling. The buyer can swear he sold his diamonds in London, or that he lost them. Who's to prove him a liar? He buys his stones here, and he buys them cheap. He can give them to a friend to carry into the United States. He can mail them to Jerusalem, and have some confederate put them into chocolates and ship them to New York. There are many candy factories in Jerusalem, and the customs people cannot search every shipment of candy from that city. He, the buyer, has a thousand and one means of getting them into America, and each way is clever."

"One of the men who come here daily to haggle over stones has quit smuggling forever. It's quite a story. This chap is a linguist. He speaks almost any language you might name, and a few you never heard of. He had smuggled quite a few hundred thousands of

sailed from Antwerp he was handed a package. Each time he was told it represented \$50,000. His payment, you understand, was based on the value of the package."

"He had noticed, it seems, that each time he sailed the package was a little heavier, but he made no complaint. He was waiting. One day the package was very heavy."

He opened it and estimated its contents at ten times \$50,000. He sailed as usual.

"Now, it had been the custom of the members of his syndicate to receive code cables from various people in New York and Boston and Chicago, two or three days after the smuggler's ship arrived in America. This time, however, no cables came, and there were some very worried merchants in Antwerp. They began cabling frantically. But still there was no news of the carrier."

"One day, a month or so later, he came into the diamond club, smiling, happy, laughing at himself. 'I learned I was suspected,' he said, 'and at the last minute I lost my nerve and threw the diamonds into the sea. However, you boys won't lose anything. Here's your \$50,000. Divide it amongst you.'

"THEY knew he was lying, but what could they do about it? They never trusted him with another diamond—because some of them went bankrupt and had no diamonds, and because he never smuggled again. He didn't have to. He lives in Antwerp, and drives a powerful car, but he's afraid of his life."

"Are there many women smugglers?" I asked.

"Very few, if any. Women tourists, of course, are more often smugglers than men, but we're speaking of commercial carriers. I know of only one. She baked her diamonds in a cake and got them in without being suspected. But she bragged about it later, and destroyed herself as a carrier. The diamond rings are afraid to employ women because they talk. There are other reasons, of course, but that one is good enough."

"Women passengers are always trying to smuggle gems. Even the best of them will smuggle—for the excitement of it if for no other reason. Some of them think it romantic to smuggle. Some of them can't see why they should pay the government eighty per cent for buying a diamond ring in Europe. Some of them want to boast of their cleverness."

"I know a very fine gentleman in New York, a multimillionaire with ambitions to be a diplomat. He was being seriously considered as our ambassador to Spain, when, unfortunately, he decided to go abroad with his wife. He bought her a pearl necklace in Paris. She tried to smuggle, and was caught. He took the blame, paid a staggering fine, got a lot of nasty publicity in the newspapers, and was killed politically. Somebody else received the ambassadorship he had wanted so much."

We spent a week in Amsterdam, talking to diamond brokers and diamond cutters. We learned a lot about diamonds, but nothing about smuggling. Amsterdam blames Antwerp for it, and Antwerp blames Amsterdam.

"Diamond men die poor," an American diamond buyer

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]



Brown Eyes, painter  
*Hiding gems in a cane's hollow head is an old familiar dodge of smugglers.*



*These are not paste diamonds. You might call them tooth-paste pearls.*



Picture by  
NEU. O'KEEFE

"He had lost a fortune—but he felt that he had saved himself from a term in jail."



dollars' worth of diamonds into New York, but this particular time he had a pound and a half. That would be worth just half a million dollars. And you may well say he was frightened. He had them hidden in a hollow steel cane.

"Some incident happened on the boat to scare him still more. He was convinced there was a revenue man aboard who suspected him. He knew he'd be sent to jail if he were caught, and he was taking no chances."

"When the vessel stopped at quarantine a boat came alongside and a lot of rough-looking men came aboard. The smuggler felt it was all up with him. He stood by the rail, his cane in his hand. Sure enough, it seemed, his suspicions were correct."

"ONE of these rough-looking men came toward him, accompanied by the passenger whom the smuggler had suspected of being a government agent. The passenger waved his hand toward the smuggler. 'That's the man,' he said."

"The smuggler dropped his half-million-dollar cane over the rail, and turned blandly to the other. He had lost a fortune, but he felt he had saved himself from jail—and he was relieved. He smiled."

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

"They tell me you're a linguist," the roughneck answered. "We'd like to have you talk to that Russian opera singer downstairs and interpret for us. We're newspaper men!"

We had some more beer on the strength of that yarn.

"There's a sequel to that story," my friend said. "You've heard how the smugglers in Antwerp operate? This concerns one of their carriers. This fellow had for years taken packages of diamonds to New York for his syndicate. He was a seaman, of course. Each time he



[ DIAMOND SMUGGLING ]  
[ Continued from page thirteen ]

in Antwerp told me. "There is so little profit in diamonds now, and such big risks. Honest men, who have to pay duty, cannot compete with crooks. They stay in the business until they go broke, because it is the only business they know. And the smugglers—it's my belief that every smuggler is caught some day. Many firms have gone bankrupt because a smuggler's foot slipped. Waiter—two more of the same!

"Not so long ago two American Treasury operatives suspected a certain Philadelphia jeweler of smuggling. He was buying great quantities of stones, and invoicing only a third of them. They got acquainted with him at his hotel. They invited him out to dinner one night, and wouldn't let him pay for a thing. They had some excellent Scotch, and when they judged he was in the proper mood to talk they began to run down the American government.

"Presently the smuggler started to talk. The detectives tried—but not very hard—to shut him up. They insisted on telling him how to smuggle. And he insisted on telling them. He was quite shocked, on landing in New York, to find the customs men breaking up every bar of perfumed soap in his trunk. He thought he had hidden his diamonds well. He went to jail. His firm was put in the hands of a receiver.

"Another smuggler I know had a slick scheme. He always bought a round-trip ticket from Antwerp, and remained in his stateroom all the time the vessel lay in New York harbor. He was 'too sick to go ashore.' His relatives came to visit him. Just before the ship sailed back to Antwerp he would hand a package of diamonds to his brother. Of course his brother was never searched. He was merely saying farewell to his sick relative. But a woman babbled in Antwerp, and another jewelry firm went out of business."

Many a smuggler has been caught because some one told, so Meyer D. Rothschild, president of the American Jewelers' Protective Association, informs me.

"Men have blabbed on their mothers-in-law," he says, "and taken their bit for blabbing. Husbands have informed on wives, wives on husbands, brothers on sisters. I have in mind the case of a young man in London. His mother-in-law hated him, and he didn't exactly love her. She was a rich widow, and when she left for New York she took her daughter with her, and all her diamonds. The young man informed my office, and the customs men found a rather sizable amount of stones in the dear old lady's ear trumpet. Her son-in-law got a fourth of the fine she had to pay."

PERHAPS you are going abroad this year. Perhaps you'll enjoy the cognac as I did, and the wines and the beers, and the gins—by the way, I had to mix my own gin rickey in the Hotel de France at Nice, and a semicircle of awed and curious waiters watched me. Perhaps you'll buy diamonds and try to smuggle them in. It looks so easy. You can carry a million dollars' worth of stones in your pocket, and go right by the customs men, you may think. Or perhaps you have some ingenious method you believe has never been tried before. Don't blame me if you land in jail.

If you discover you weren't so smart after all—when the customs man is ripping the gems from the lining of your clothes, or shaking them out of the baby's rattle or the muzzle of a medieval blunderbuss, or prying them out of your false teeth or your cigars or cigarettes or

cameras, or when he's taking your shoes apart or cutting your tubes of shaving cream and tooth paste in two; or when some customs woman is searching your wife and daughter—don't forget I warned you.

Oh, you may get by. Many do. Yet some of these are arrested years afterward. There's no statute of limitations for smuggling. If you get by now it may all come out in the divorce proceedings. Remember the killing of Mrs. Theresa Mors? She died with Kid McCoy's picture in her hands, and the Kid is in San Quentin prison. But the point is that her jewelry was identified as part of a \$250,000 lot smuggled in by a man named Medianski. And the customs men were on the trail of these stones when Mrs. Mors died.

Mrs. Mors' diamonds came from Russia—which reminds me to tell you that most of the Russian crown jewels, if not all of them, have been sold to an American syndicate. My friend in Antwerp told me this. The stones were worth \$300,000,000, he says, but they were sold for less, and the greater part of them is in the United States. These jewels included the famous Orloff diamond of 194.75 carats, which was given to the Empress Catherine by her lover, Count Orloff, and set in the top of the Russian scepter. They also included a pearl necklace. My friend says the necklace was worth \$5,000,000; and the best information he has is that it now belongs to Mrs. Hugh Dillman. Perhaps Mrs. Dillman is the only one who knows whether that information is true or false. Mrs. Dillman is also said to own the blue Hope diamond—but I wouldn't vouch for that either.

THE Orloff was part of the Great Mogul, a diamond of 793 $\frac{3}{8}$  carats, which once blazed in the peacock throne of Aurungzebe, the Great Mogul, at Delhi. The Orloff and the Koh-i-noor and another diamond of 162 carats were cut out of the Great Mogul. The Koh-i-noor—"mountain of light"—was cut from 280 to 186.1 carats in the seventeenth century. It was recut to 102.75 carats by an Amsterdam expert in London in 1852, and is one of the British crown jewels.

The Orloff, you will note, is the biggest of the three stones obtained from the Great Mogul. It is almost twice as big as the Koh-i-noor. It is one of the most valuable diamonds in the world. The Jubilee diamond, 239 carats, named in honor of Queen Victoria's jubilee, and the Cullinan No. 1 and No. 2 are perhaps the only larger stones.

The Cullinan, which weighed 3,024.75 carats before cutting, was the biggest stone ever found. It was split into eleven big diamonds, and a hundred or so little ones. Cullinan No. 1 is a pendeloque brilliant of 516.5 carats. Cullinan No. 2 is a square brilliant of 309 $\frac{1}{2}$  carats. All the Cullinan diamonds are, as you may know, among the crown jewels of the British Empire. You may see them in Windsor Castle.

The Cullinan and the Jubilee diamonds are of South African origin, and comparatively new, while the Orloff is an Indian stone, centuries old.

Like so many other Indian diamonds it was once, according to tradition, the eye of an idol. This idol stood in the temple of Brahma on the island of Srirangam.

After the murder of the Shah Nadir, the diamond was stolen by a French grenadier who had been in the Shah's employ. He sold it for 50,000 francs, and eventually it found its way to Amsterdam.

It was known for many years as "The Amsterdammer."

THE END



Picture by NEIL O'KEEFE  
"What stones?' the steward asked, and the customs officer could see that his hunch was good."





*IN the new  
flame's  
light she could  
see these two  
who fought to  
the death.*

# The LAW of the Hinterlands

*A Love Story of the North*

By

VINGIE E. ROE

*Pictures by ARTHUR D. FULLER*

**F**RENCH AUTREY leaned on the greasy counter at Parsons' Post and made intricate tracery upon its worn surface with a bit of splinter wood.

The whole six feet two of him was limp with bashfulness; there was more than the red of northland cold in his lean cheeks. His slow black eyes were melting soft when he raised them at long intervals from his absorbing pattern. The reason for all this stood patiently behind the counter to wait upon his will; and it was a good reason, the best reason north of Fort o' Light, thought French Autrey.

And so thought every man in the vast wilderness about. Slim and young, straight as an Assiniboin Indian, her

eyes as blue as the cool north skies in spring, her hair as golden as new corn, Theila MacDonald was well worth looking at. And she was gentle, too, with that forbearing kindness which saw a man's embarrassment and did not laugh. There was no coquetry in Theila.

"There is very good salmon this year," she told him helpfully, "in the cans with the green label. And the dried pears from the States are sweet as honey."

French Autrey nodded eagerly.

It was as though she had hit the nail on the head and those two commodities were exactly what he had been thinking of.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTEEN]

"The salmon, then, ma'mselle," he said, "and the pears—twenty pounds of them."

He fell silent again while the girl set forth the cans from the shelves and opened a bin that gave out a sweet aroma. From the tail of his eye he watched her, and his heart hammered against his fur-lined Mackinaw. She was lily fair and the curve of her neck beneath the wound braids of her hair was something to remember of nights beside a man's lone hearth. No, it was not good to remember—it made one's very soul sick with the hunger of possession.

In the midst of these intimate and wonderful thoughts Theila turned toward him and held out a piece of the golden fruit, clear and tempting, on her palm.

"They are good to eat just this way—without cooking. You can carry them in your pockets on the trapline."

French Autrey reached and took it clumsily, and in the process his great hand touched hers for a fraction of a second. At the contact he turned fire red and Theila smiled at him—right in his eyes—as if she knew and understood.

What other girl in all the scattered posts of the north would so have smiled? Rather would they have laughed—to set off every tongue in the store at his expense. And in this glow of grateful pleasure Autrey smiled back at her. With the long look that followed between blue eyes and black something happened. Knowledge sprang alive between them, though no word was spoken—and made bold by the bewildering thrill of it, the man reached out again and touched her hand. It was a hesitant touch, abashed and apologetic, but instinct with humble adoration, and with a little quick motion Theila turned her hand palm up and curled her fingers about two of his. The whole small play was over in a moment, but French Autrey felt his throat contract with a sudden stricture; the shivers swam before his eyes.

He turned abruptly to the great roaring stove beyond, and saw Pritt Parsons watching. He might have known. The whole wild country knew how Parsons watched his niece. Some said he was in love with her, but others shook their heads. He had a wife of his own—Mollie—much too good for him. A pretty woman, kind as Theila, but under her husband's thumb like the veriest slave. French Autrey looked him between the eyes and sat down among the group of trappers and breeders. He did not know that he had left his month's order of supplies half finished, but Parsons knew and considered.

THEILA knew and went on setting out from memory. And presently she called to him, innocently, as if he had told her what to give him.

"Is this all, monsieur?" she said. "The tea, the rice, the salt meat? Will you have beans as well? And sugar?"

"Of a surety!" he cried. "And two new pipes along with the tobacco."

As was the custom of trappers from the farther regions, Autrey stayed the night at Parsons' Post, sleeping rolled in his blankets in one of the cabins which Pritt Parsons provided for the purpose, his dogs in with him, his small sledge turned edge up outside. Of a provident and careful habit was this young trapper who hoped some day to have enough to his credit to warrant taking a wife. Already he had a cabin on the lip of an ice-bound stream, though it was rough of structure and bare of comforts.

Lying glowingly awake he thought of all these things, linked them to the thing he had seen in Theila's eyes, the soft curling of her fingers round his own. Those little fingers! He was conscious still of their tingling contact.

He slept fitfully and very happily, waking at intervals to see the fair face of the girl upon the darkness, to wonder at the miracle.

By dawn he was up and making ready for the back trail to his cabin and his traplines. Though it was still dark there were lights in the big log structure which was trading post and house in one, and Autrey entered with all the thrill of high adventure. There was the smell of frying moose meat in the crisp air, and he could see Mollie and Theila about the business of breakfast. There were half a dozen others waiting also, men like himself who had come in from a distance.

"Good morning, monsieur," said Theila, passing to the long table with a huge platter, and, "Good morning, ma'mselle," said Autrey.

It was a ritual between them and the trapper's heart sang.

He longed to say more, to somehow tell the girl the new sweet hope that was in him, but there was no moment in the crowded place for such a confidence and he could only watch her flying about her work—the age-old work of woman, that of feeding man—and secretly adore her.

But, had he known it, there was no need to tell Theila. She knew.

TWO trips back she had read it in his eyes—those soft black eyes which were so different, so full of modest laughter, of the self-effacement of a good man. For two trips she had been waiting for an open sign. Therefore, when the meal was done and French Autrey had no excuse to linger further, she made a point to have her work of clearing the table take her close beside him.

"When do you come again, monsieur?" she asked. "Soon," Autrey heard himself saying to his vast astonishment, "and—and will you be just a trifle glad, ma'mselle?"

The girl nodded and with a sudden wild daring the man pulled from his smallest finger a battered and ancient ring of soft red gold.

He thrust it into the hand that held a cup and Theila caught it without a sign, save to glance guardedly toward the room beyond where the men were making ready for departure.

"From Alsace," he said hurriedly; "my mother wore it on her wedding day." There was a breathless tension between them, a high, clear loveliness. Both young faces were grave and filled with light, their eyes dilated with a sense of danger touched with glory.

"And I," said Theila bravely, "will wear it on mine, monsieur."

Then she was gone about her business and French Autrey set himself to the packing of his load, bade goodbye to Parsons, and was away in the cold gray light of breaking day.

His head was whirling and it was due to no driving of his own that he came safely with the night to his humble home. Credit for that belonged to the five good dogs who ran with tails waving and noses to the trail. But French Autrey was a good master, liberal with rations, and they would have done more than that for him.

There was to come a time when they would do more—the vast more of frost-burned lungs, of bleeding feet, of half starvation—because they

loved him and he had dire need.

So French Autrey found himself betrothed. Betrothed! He could not believe the miracle at first and pondered it from all angles lest he be mistaken in his longing.

But there was no mistaking Theila's firm promise, "And I will wear it on mine, monsieur."

Betrothed—and without a kiss from the sweet red mouth—with no more than a touch of fingers curling round his own!



For a second the man who towered over him watched, the long knife no longer shining in the light.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETEEN]



## The charm of beautiful colors, *carefully chosen*

MATCHING the fresh brilliance of Spring and Summer are the beautiful colors of the new Ford. They are rich in tone, yet carefully chosen, with a quiet good taste that endures.

There are eleven different Ford body types, and all, with the single exception of the Station Wagon, are finished in a changing variety of colors.

You have the privilege of selecting from among these the color harmony that best suits your motoring needs and personal preference. Such choice

is of course unusual in a low-price car and is one of the very special features of the new Ford.

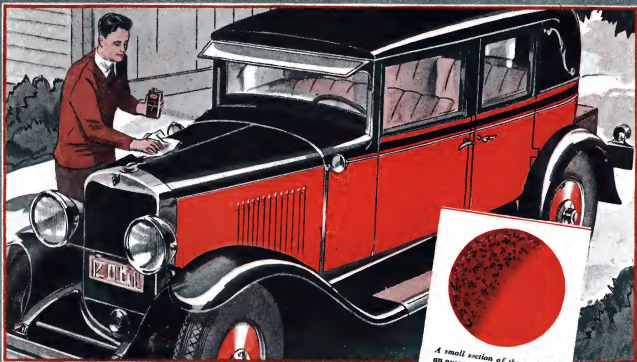
Interior finish, upholstery and appointments are in keeping with this beauty of color and the trim, substantial lines which are so characteristically Ford. To the last detail, you can see evidence of the sincere quality that has been built into the car and the care that has been taken in its manufacture.

In all that goes to make a good automobile—in appearance—in safety—in comfort—in reliability—in economy of operation and up-keep—in speed, acceleration and alert, satisfying performance under all conditions—the new Ford is an unusual value at a low price.

Its convenient ease of control, facility in parking, and freedom from mechanical troubles make it a particularly good car for a woman to drive.



FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
Detroit, Michigan



A small section of the surface of an average car magnified 20 times. The left side is still covered with Traffic Film. The right side has been cleaned with No. 7 Duco Polish.

## Rid your car of TRAFFIC FILM that hides its gleaming beauty

**T**HAT DULL, dirty coating which accumulates on the finish of your car is Traffic Film. It is made up of minute particles of oily, sticky dirt which are constantly settling on your car. These particles collect dust, and are baked together by the sun and the heat into a hard, dull film which soap and water cannot remove. Traffic Film dulls the color of the finish — hides its lustre — makes the whole car look old.

### The Correct Way To Remove Traffic Film

You can easily remove Traffic Film, and bring back the original color and lustre with No. 7 Duco Polish. It quickly penetrates and softens the dirt film and, almost without effort, you wipe away

the dull coating which formerly resisted the most strenuous scrubbing.

No. 7 Duco Polish is made by du Pont, the makers of Duco. It contains no acids or harmful abrasives. It is recommended by leading automobile manufacturers, many of whom put sample cans in all their new cars. Use a little No. 7 Duco Polish every week. It will keep the finish bright and gleaming season after season.

### Three Other du Pont Products To Make Your Car More Beautiful

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH will waterproof the top and restore its original lustre. It is an excellent tire dressing, also.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH will clean and brighten the radiator and lamps.

No. 7 TOUCH-UP BLACK is an ideal finish for retouching scratches and worn spots on auto fenders.



### Send for This Sample Beauty Kit

Send us this coupon (with 10 cents to help cover the mailing cost) and we will send you the following:

- 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 DUCO POLISH (enough for one polishing)
- 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 NICKEL POLISH (enough for the radiator)
- 1 SAMPLE CAN OF No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH (enough for a spare tire)

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & COMPANY, INC.,  
Desk L-2, General Motors Building, Detroit, Mich.  
Canadian Address: Flint Point & Varnish, Limited,  
Toronto 9, Canada

Send me your Sample Beauty Kit for my auto. I am enclosing 10 cents to help pay the mailing cost

Name.....

Street.....

City..... State.....



## Use No. 7 DUCO POLISH ...made by the makers of Duco



[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SIXTEEN]

How he would work now! No man in the world would work like he, French Autrey, to make ready for his bride. The cabin must be chinked anew. He would adze its rough floor smoother. He would make a trip up to Indian Charlie's, whose wife made such gorgeous blankets on her hand-hewn loom, and get a dozen of the best. He would line the walls with them. His best and softest furs should be laid underfoot.

So he planned, and without a week's delay he began putting his plans in action. It was glorious work, the happiest he had ever known, who loved work for its own sake.

And he found he must return to Parsons' Post a full week ahead of his usual schedule because his tea had run out. It was strange how essential it was that he have tea—couldn't do without for another week on any account. So grinning to himself French Autrey went back to the post.

And here he found a thin film of change in Pritt Parsons' reception of him, who heretofore had welcomed him heartily, for French Autrey was a good and lavish buyer.

THERE was a change in Theila, too. Not in the speaking message of her blue eyes, but in her manner. She was distraught, like a young dog that has been whipped and watches its master lest it do wrong, hesitant.

She was very busy and watched Parsons furtively, so that a vague fear shot to Autrey's heart. It was late, almost closing time, before he got a chance to approach

her and then but for a moment. Pritt Parsons was called out by a squabble between two half-breeds and Autrey went swiftly to where Theila got molasses from a shelf for the morning's griddle cakes.

"Ma'mselle—darling," he whispered with all the allure of his race, "what is wrong? Is it Parsons?"

"Yes," whispered Theila back, still busy at her work of finding the right can; "he has forbid me to talk to you, but I have defied him."

"I am fixing up my cabin—it is too poor and rough for you—but love, ma'mselle—" he halted, abashed at the little he had to offer her,—"could love make it suffice?"

"Yes," said Theila softly.

"How soon? Oh, *cherie*, how soon?"

"I am ready, monsieur, when you say," said Theila bravely, "but there is danger—grave danger."

"Eh?"

The girl hesitated, fearful lest she say too much, yet she was nobody's slave. However, she knew Pritt Parsons better than anyone in all the world, save and except Black Pride—Black Pride, who had twice come in to Parsons' Post between the dark and the dawn within the last six months.

"I think," she said lowly, "that he has other plans for me."

"But you love me?" cried Autrey agonizedly. "It is I whom you will marry, ma'mselle?"

Theila looked into his eyes with calm fidelity.

"You and none other, monsieur," she said.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



With the look that followed something happened. Knowledge sprang alive, though no word was spoken.



[THE LAW OF THE HINTERLANDS]  
Continued from page nineteen

"Then," said the man, straightening, "I shall speak to Parsons."

"No," she said warningly; "it can not be open—he must not know. Only come often to the post and we will watch our times. There is a preacher down at Fort o' Light. Are your dogs fast, monsieur?"

"The fastest—and the best—between the Line and Hell o' Land's Rise," he said, "and I will come often—"

"Sh-s-h. Which kind of tea will you have this time, monsieur?"

"The green—and a bit of black to mix," said Autrey, and felt the boring of Pritt Parsons' eyes along his spine.

"In pretty early, eh, Autrey?" the latter said and Autrey turned.

In the straight look that passed between them each read a challenge to the other.

"The tea," the trapper answered, "ran out."

"Better buy a good supply this time."

"Of a surety," said Autrey peaceably; "but I like the trip. The cabin gets lonely in the long nights."

There was no further chance of speech between himself and Theila, neither that night or in the morning, and French Autrey must needs depart with only one long look of undying love and fealty—and with Theila's hand laid against her breast where the ends of a thin cord about her neck disappeared beneath her dress. It was as if she said aloud that there hung the old red ring of gold.

So Autrey went back to his cabin with a load of worry on his heart—and Pritt Parsons sent an Indian runner out to the Pot Hole country with a message.

Black Pride came back with the runner.

Black Pride, stooped in the shoulder, yellow of fang, his small eyes alight with the covetousness that had been in him for many months.

He and Parsons sat late that night in the store and the smell of liquor was thick in the house. They talked and sometimes their voices rose in quarreling, and after a while they drew a paper and duly signed it, both. Thereafter, Parsons came rolling to bed drunk and Mollie cried into her pillow, as she had cried many a night before.

The next day there was a deal of snow and few people came into the store, only a breed or two, and in the afternoon when her work was well done for the day, Pritt Parsons called Theila into the main room.

Mollie wanted to come too, but Parsons bade her stay away.

So Theila stood alone beside the counter and looked steadily at her uncle.

"What do you want of me?" she asked.

The two men were evil—how evil only they two knew—and the straight and innocent courage of her should have abashed them. It did have a faint effect on Parsons, who turned his eyes away, but Black Pride was beyond all shame.

"Tell her, Pride," said the trader.

THE other looked at her with arrogant complaisance.

He did not rise, but sat tipped back in his chair, his heels on the rung, the tails of the long black coat he wore hanging out from under his heavy mackinaw, a greasy fur cap on his narrow head.

"I do you the honor, ma'mselle," he said, "to want you."

"Yes?" said Theila.

"Yes. I do you the honor."

A small smile showed for a second on the girl's face.

"If you will excuse me," she said, "I have some work—"

"Stop," said Parsons; "you listen to Pride."

"The honor, I said," went on Pride, "and by that I mean honor."

"Yes," said Parsons unctuously, "I've got you a husband, Theila. Pride wants to marry you."

"Nothing less," said Pride and grinned.

Theila straightened her slim form against the counter and the loathing that surged over her trembled in her voice.

"Marry Black Pride?" she said. "I'd die first! And as for you getting me a husband—you're buying your own dirty hide, Pritt Parsons, and well I know it. Black Pride has the whip hand of you—I've not been blind these full six years—and you're afraid of what he could tell the Mounteds. So—you get me a husband!"

She threw back her bright head there by the counter and laughed, a full-throated sound that was half derision and half true amusement—and it was to be the last laughter of its kind to pass her young lips—ever. With Parsons' next words the slow fear that had been growing in her for months past took form and shape, a vision of appalling horror.

"As you like," he said thinly; "but Pride goes north tonight and you go with him. There's a priest at Windy Crossing for a couple of days—came in to shrieve Dirk La Rue's wife. Pride says if you'll agree to hold your tongue before him he'll take you by that way and marry you. Think quick." Theila's face, death white by now, set in lines too grim for such a young face. Her knees felt weak beneath her, and in the small of her back against the counter there seemed to be a band of steel, ice cold.

She knew she faced both strength and danger in the two men who had bargained her away and fear took her in every limb. Yet she faced them and there were no tears in her great blue eyes, stretched to their utmost, their black pupils dilated with the slow tide of fright that was rising in her.

"Never in this world," she said thickly, "will I marry Pride."

"Then you'll be just—his woman," said Parsons contemptuously.

"I will not! I'll—" and with a sudden leap she bounded from the counter and fled toward the back regions and Mollie.

But if she was quick, Black Pride was quicker. He too leaped, like a cat, like a big cat of the forest, and caught her by the wrist.

Parsons went swiftly and slammed the door between.

IT was the sugar which ran out next and brought French Autrey back to Parsons' Post. He came at dusk as was his wont, his good dogs running swiftly, their tails in the air, the runners of his sledge singing on the snow. He housed his team in the cabin and came stamping into the store, pulling off his mittens, his bright cheeks glowing, his black eyes eager and diffident. Of a quiet and peaceable nature was this smiling giant, and the thought of seeing Theila had lightened the worry that was in him for her. He greeted Parsons and stood beside the stove and talked with the breeds, but his ears were sharply tuned for sound of Theila's voice, her step. There were voices in the back regions, Mollie's and another's, but the latter was deep and guttural—an Indian woman's voice or he was much mistaken.

He looked at Parsons, but the trader was very busy waiting on Dirk La Rue whose wife had not died after all, and did not meet his eyes. And presently Mollie came to the door and called to come to supper. With his heart hammering he went in with the rest—and then slowly the blood congealed about that heart and stopped its thrilling with the cold of a deadly chill. Mollie was

dishing in the kitchen beyond and an Indian woman was bringing the food to the table—Theila's task—and there was no sign of the bright head, the little straight back with its apron bows tied primly.

As if all the sound in the universe had announced the awful news, French Autrey knew that the girl had gone. For one terrible space the room and all it held swam round and round, and he who had never known an hour's illness in all his life, caught at the table's edge to steady himself. So pronounced was his vertigo that La Rue, beside him, half rose and caught his shoulder.

"Dieu!" he said, "what ails you, m'sieu?"

And then French Autrey was on his feet, was going round the table to where Pritt Parsons sat. His step



[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-TWO]



## MASTER BUILDERS OF MASTER MOTOR CARS

*After all, the factor which determines the quality of every manufactured product is human skill. The skill of the Buick organization, developed during a quarter-century of fine car building, gives to Buick products an extra measure of value and reliability.*

All painters have brushes, colors and canvas; and yet it remains for the master to produce the masterpiece.

All motor car builders employ tools and machinery; but there is a marked difference among finished automobiles.

The makers of Buick and Marquette do not work with jigs, dies and machinery alone.

They bring to their task rare mastery of design and construction developed during a quarter-century of fine car building.

They give unswerving devotion to the highest manufacturing standards and practices.

They add the touch of craftsmanship, without which Buick's matchless plants and great financial resources would themselves be only superb instruments of production.

The fruits of their efforts are motor cars so truly fine that they set the standard for performance, appearance and value in their respective fields.

Buick craftsmen derive genuine satisfaction from the act of creating worthy products. But their satisfaction would be incomplete without the reward of public recognition. And the public bestows that reward in overwhelming measure.

More than twice as many people purchase Buicks, year after year, as any other automobile priced above \$1200. And nationwide interest in the new Marquette, to be introduced Saturday, promises a demand far greater than the demand for any other similarly priced car.

**BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN**  
Canadian Factory Division of General Motors Builders of  
McLaughlin-Buick, Oshawa, Ont. Corporation Buick and Marquette Motor Cars

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY]

was slow, deliberate; the usually narrow, smiling eyes were very wide and round. The fingers of both hands were spread apart, fan-wise. Pritt Parsons' eyes were on him and he made to rise, but Autrey leaped and caught him by the shoulder and jerked him to his feet. The strength of the great man was apparent in the action, for Parsons was no small man himself. He swung him round to face him.

"What have you done, m'sieu," he said, "with Theila MacDonald?"

Parsons glanced swiftly at the ring of faces about the table.

Then he shrugged his shoulders and laughed.

"What have I done?" he replied lightly. "Better ask what she's done with herself—the ungrateful brat! Here, I've fed and dressed her since she was a kid, and this's the thanks I get. Runs off with the first damned trapper that comes askin' her! And not even married to him, mind, though I told them of the priest at your house, Dirk. But she's a willful hussy and—"

The sentence was never finished, for French Autrey, losing Parsons' shoulder, took him by the throat and thereby lifted him from the floor. He shook him like a terrier shakes a rat and Parsons' pale eyes popped with the choking.

It was a terrible sight and Mollie in the doorway screamed.

There was something deep here and the men of the wilderness made no move to interfere. It was a matter between French Autrey and the trader. And then Parsons' clawing hands went limp and Mollie screamed again.

"Drop him!" she cried, "and I will tell you all, monsieur!"

So Autrey dropped him, literally, and he lay where he fell, and the trapper's eyes held Mollie's face like the grip of hands.

"What?" he asked, and, "Where?"

"Black Pride," said Mollie, stuttering with fright, "and I don't know where—into the Pot Hole country, I think."

"When?"

"When you were here before—that night."

A groan like that of a wounded moose tore out of French Autrey's chest. That had been sixteen days ago!

"Did she go of her own accord? Answer before these witnesses, madame."

Mollie was silent for a moment. Whatever Pritt Parsons was become, she had loved him once and she was loyal. To answer with the truth would be to set his guilt before the whole of the lonesome land, for news travels in the wilderness. But Autrey stooped and she spoke.

"No, monsieur." It was scarce more than a whisper.

"She went because Pritt Parsons gave her to this—this Black Pride?"

"Yes, monsieur."

**F**RENCH AUTREY turned to the astonished faces at the table.

"My friends," he said piteously, "she would not marry this—this Black Pride—my Theila—because she was betrothed to me. I have her words, 'You and none other.' So they took her, these men, for what evil barter between them only the good God knows! And she has been sixteen days in the Pot Hole country. I take you all to witness."

Then he turned to the store and from its shelves he took a pared-down ration. The men came in after him, for there was more here than a mere meal, though savory moose meat cooled on the plates, and they knew, watching, that he packed for the trail. Chocolate in bars he took, and salt, and pemmican from the tallowy barrel beneath the counter, and packages of hard-tack biscuit. A dog could travel far on its concentrated strength, so could a man. He took dried fish and tea, much tea. And, last, he took ammunition for the rifle on his sledge. Then he looked at La Rue, a good man whose word was worth another's bond, and spoke direct to him.

"I go," he said, "and I leave you to see that Par-

sons does not kill his wife for the evidence she gave."

"I'll see, m'sieu," said La Rue gravely, "and—*le bon Dieu* go with you."

Then French Autrey opened the door and with his pack on his shoulder went out in the night.

It was to be many moons before they set eyes on him again, but all the vast land was to know of his trailing. It was to become an epic of the wilderness.

Though it was night and snowtime, and both he and his dogs had run all day, French Autrey did not stay in the cabin of the man who had betrayed him. He fed the dogs and packed his sled and in the smothery dark he swung out and away—toward the Pot Hole country. He knew the unpeopled spaces from the Circle to the Line, for he had been born above the timber in the Land of Little Sticks, and twenty of his thirty years had been spent in wandering, with little stops and stayings where the trapping was good.

**B**UT Black Pride, too, was a denizen of the far places, and he knew lost corners and hiding holes which Autrey had never heard of, since he had need of such. Black Pride was little known in the scattered trading posts. He lived as far from the haunts of men as possible.

And only at Parsons' was he known as Black Pride. At Hell o' Land's Rise they called him Greasy Palm, and over at Benniefield's he was spoken of as Gimlet. And at only these three outlying posts was he known at all.

Autrey himself had only seen him twice, but the look of him was burned upon his brain—huge, stooping body, a face that always grinned, a slit of mouth beneath a straggling black mustache, long head under an old fur cap. A vision to chill the heart of woman.

And Autrey's heart was chilled. It had set like ice that night at Parsons' Post and it never thawed. It was cold—cold—except for one wild spot at the center, one spot that burned like molten fire with such a heat of hatred that it warmed the rest of him. It was strange how these two sensations warred in his numbed body, heat against the cold, cold against the heat. Into the Pot Hole country he went, his vision sharp as steel. With eyes trained from infancy to read the page of the wilderness, snow and ice and summer green, French Autrey searched for a sign, some tiny sign in a thousand miles of desolation.

He looked for the smallest thing—a broken bush, an ax mark on a dead dry tree, the faintest plume of smoke. For this he climbed the tallest pine each morning before the sun was up and, with hand above his eyes, scanned the world about. But he saw no sign. He crossed the Pot Holes from south to north, and then, circling for a quarter to the right, crossed from east to west. This took him a matter of two weeks and he lost half a day, at that, in the killing and dressing of a spinster moose. But he needed food for the dogs.

The meat he packed on the sledge and overnight it was iron hard with the freezing, but he was happy over its acquisition, since it meant strength for all of them. It snowed and froze and snowed again, and one day was like the other, and he brooded over his micmac fire at night, seeing always Theila's face under the wound brands.

Always he saw the clear beauty of her blue eyes, felt the curling of her fingers round his own, heard again the deep truth of her voice making her covenant of life and to the death with him, "You and none other." In the black despair that rode him, the anguish that ate relentlessly at his heart, these things it was which kept him from going mad altogether. As it was, he had strange fearful times in those first days when he imagined voices where no voices were, and there was at the base of his brain a place of emptiness that seemed to surge with wind. He talked aloud to his dogs and found a certain comfort in them, for they slept curled about him in the snow at night, their bushy tails covering their paws and noses—after the fashion of dogs and wolves since time was—and their nearness gave him a sense of reality.

It was in the fourth week that he met on the shores of a

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-FOUR]



# See These Wonderful New WHITE CROSS Electrics.. \$

# 50 and up



## ..that Every Housewife Can Now Afford!

JUST imagine—a genuine WHITE CROSS Two-Burner Electric Stove for only \$4.50! And fully guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction—"quality that never disappoints!"

If you have not yet seen the new complete line of White Cross Electric Stoves and Ranges now on display everywhere, by all means do so today. You'll be amazed and delighted, for these sensational units are equal to the finest on the market and yet priced so that every woman can afford them!

You've never seen such beauty, such performance and such variety at such surprisingly low cost! A style and type for

every conceivable need. Finished in beautiful White Vitreous Porcelain Enamel or triple baked black enamel, nickel trimmed. Connect to any wall outlet—no special wiring. Double the capacity of ordinary stoves—more than enough heat for cooking, baking, frying and broiling. Special switch control (patents pending).

No wonder women everywhere buy these wonderful stoves and ranges on sight! But you must see them at your nearest dealer today to fully appreciate them. The coupon below brings illustrated brochure containing full details. Write NOW—no obligation.

### DEALERS

Let us show you how 20,000 electrical appliance merchants are increasing sales with nationally-advertised White Cross Appliances. Write for details.

### NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS

Dept. G-1, 3212 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.

Manufacturers of complete line of electric appliances, stoves and ranges. Prices slightly higher in Far West and Canada.



No. 211  
Broiler Range

Even the finest White Cross broiler range—the No. 211—which cooks, boils, bakes, fries and broils as fine as the most expensive stove on the market—which has 1000 watts capacity in one burner—heat indicator, special switch control (patents pending)—White Vitreous Porcelain Enamel top, black enameled body, and white enameled door panel and front legs—costs only \$4.41



No. 156—Waffle Iron  
Makes full-sized waffles without grease or smoke. Non-leaking interlocking grooves. Price only \$8.80. (Three other styles at \$6.50, \$8 and \$10.)

No. 229  
Reversible Toaster  
Toasts two extra large slices at same time. No springs or hinges. Cushioned legs prevent scratching table. Price \$5. Another style, \$4.



No. 291—T. S. Four-Piece Percolator Set  
Consists of 6-cup copper percolator finished in highly polished nickel plate on solid copper, matched highly polished nickel sugar and creamer gold lined, and 11½" x 20½" brass serving tray. As illustrated, \$14.50; 6-cup percolator alone, \$7.50, and 8-cup, \$8.50.



No. 247—Beaver Iron  
Beautiful streamline, tapered point, latest style full vision extended sole plate. Perfect balance. Priced at \$2.90. Other models at \$3.50 and \$4.00.



NATIONAL STAMPING & ELECTRIC WORKS,  
Dept. G-1, 3212 W. Lake Street, Chicago, Ill.  
Send me your interesting brochure that tells about these amazing new White Cross Stoves and Ranges.  
My dealer's name is.....  
This does not obligate me in any way.  
Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

# WHITE CROSS

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-TWO]

frozen lake two runners of the Assinibouins. They had come from the west and were going down to Fort o' Light with a message from an outlying factor to the factor there; and to them French Autrey put the first question of his search. He spoke in their own tongue easily.

Had they seen a man whose back was bowed at the shoulder, whose eyes were small and black, whose mouth laughed under long lip-hair where no real laughter was? Yes, said the runners quickly, they had seen such a man.

He had good dogs and a sledge. And was there with him—French Autrey's heart missed a beat here—a maiden, white as an ermine skin, with eyes like the wood flowers, and hair like the sun itself?

Yes. There was such a maiden. She sat on the sledge and rode like one who is sick, or very old. As for her eyes, it was hard to tell since they were much swollen and the rims were red with weeping.

She had looked at them with lips that shook and she had made a strange gesture as the four of them parted.

What gesture?

Her hand at her breast as if to clasp something that hung there; a sign as of a string about her neck. But she had thrown back her parka so her throat showed, and there was no string there. A strange maiden. But French Autrey groaned and beat his hands together, though a great light was in his eyes.

He gave the Indians a present of tea and tobacco, and he could not travel fast enough, since this meeting had been but three days back.

Six days apart!

Autrey wore himself and the dogs to a thin edge forcing marches to wipe out the time between. But it snowed again and there was no smallest sign at the place of their meeting to tell him which way Black Pride was making. And never did he make up those short six days. He came at last to Benniefeld's, and here he rested for five days, and traded his watch for new supplies. It was a fine watch, and it, too, had come from France like the old red ring, and Benniefeld gave him a full load, with remaining credit to be taken later. Benniefeld had no word of those French Autrey sought, but he was all sympathy and a man's rage against the Gimlet. So the tale of French Autrey's quest began to spread. He went on again, eternally looking for a sign.

THE winter passed and found him far to the north among the little lakes, but still he found no sign.

The spring came with a thousand miles of blue waterways and homing birds and new flowers peeping from the black earth. Autrey was thin now, worn to the bone with travel, and so were his dogs. But they were good dogs, and Autrey was a good man, hard and enduring and very strong. Also he had an occupation. He had turned steel-smith in the long months, for always at his fires he sat working on a strange contraption of two snap-hooks set together on a swivel. And when he was not filing and polishing on this he was whetting the edges of knives—two—which he had got from Benniefeld. They were excellent knives, exactly alike, slender in the blade, well balanced as to handle.

And sharp—they were so sharp that Autrey, holding

up a hair and slicing it, could point it like a pen, had one had a glass to magnify the thing for sight. So the months rolled on, and everywhere men fell into the habit of helping him in his search.

"Have you seen French Autrey's woman and Black Pride the thief?" they asked each other when they met on lone edges of the wilderness, and always, or nearly always, the answer was the same—a negative, a shake of the head. There was the time when two *voyageurs*, paddling down from the upper regions with a late catch of fur, had

seen a camp smoke on the shore, and, turning in to speak whoever might be there, after the fashion of scant-peopled places, had found a live camp with burning fire, but no occupants. There was evidence of a woman there—an unspeakably ragged skirt hung on a bush. Three months later this word came to Autrey 500 miles below, and he turned his grim face that way.

IT was late in the summer when he found the first sign, and the heart in his breast nearly failed him, for the sign was made for him alone and it renewed the covenant

between him and Theila MacDonald. On the shores of a nameless lake he found it—a ragged blaze in the bark of a tree, and in that white blaze, burned with a bit of hot metal, a small circle, like a battered finger ring, and going up from it two diverging marks which suggested a string to hang about a neck. Autrey wept on his knees before it like a penitent at a shrine. He kissed it and laid his cheek against it, exalted and agonized.

Cutting deep behind he removed the sacred chip and took it with him and it was his solace and his strength.

Summer waned and the great cold of the north came down upon the land, and it was winter again. Autrey was a poor man now. He lived almost entirely on what he could kill, he and his dogs, for he stopped only long enough to trap a few skins here and there to buy tea and flour at the distant posts. His good clothes wore out and he got a tanned moose-hide tunic from some Indians, traded a pound of sugar for thick moccasins.

It was in January of that year that he found the second sign. This time it was scratched upon a standing stone and it was the same deep message of faith and love and fidelity unto death. French Autrey's face was razor thin by now, his eyes great burning fires set in cavernous hollows. He was more than half wild, sleeping with his dogs in any snow bank, inured to cold and hunger, a man of steel and stone.

At the finding of this sign all the fire in him flared to white heat, for there was a date, and the date was—piteous thing!—December 25, Christmas. Day of joy and gladness, and Theila MacDonald, of all tragic women the peak and pinnacle, had left this sign in a thousand miles of loneliness, her Yuletide gift to him.

Again the man knelt and wept with his face in the snow. Again he kissed the mark her patient hands had carved, and with his eyes so close above it he saw a thing which sent his heart hammering within him.

This was a faint scratch, all but obliterated—the sign of an arrow above, and it pointed north-by-northwest. Theila had left him this time both date and direction.

[CONTINUED ON PAGE TWENTY-SIX]



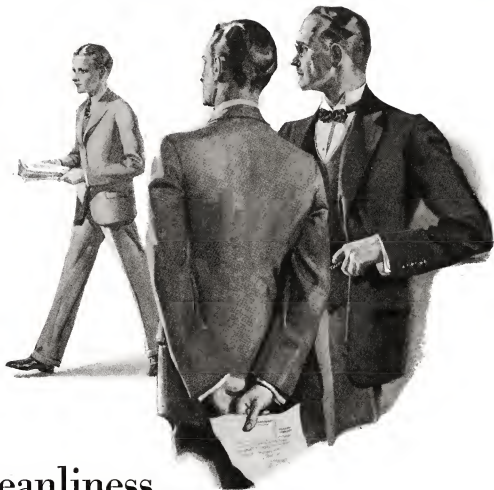


General Manager:

*"That youngster makes a fine appearance, Nelson."*

Employment Manager:

*"That's why I hired him ... clean hands, clean shirt and that lively I've-had-my-bath-this-morning look."*



## Extra cleanliness ... It has a real money value!

People who get ahead *fastest* in business, keep clean in all particulars every day. Think a minute and see if this isn't true.

We call these persons "clean-cut." They command our respect. We find ourselves *wanting* to like them. They have a "pep" and a confidence that we envy.

But we needn't envy them, because the likableness that comes with daily extra cleanliness ... the health, clear-headedness, and attractive appearance... are advantages that anyone may have.



### Watch the boss's hands

Consider your boss, for instance. He's probably a regular fellow ... but he doesn't come to work, even occasionally, with a two-day shirt or dirty finger-nails.

He has learned he can't *afford* to... that appearances count too much.

Then how about the rest of us, with better jobs and salaries *still* to be won, and competition keen? ... Can we

afford not to think a *lot* about the day-in-and-day-out impression our general appearance makes?

It takes a little thought and time, to keep clean in all particulars every day ... but it's certainly worth it.



### Other people know when we take baths

Perhaps it's because of our greater wide-awakeness, our better color, our increased sureness in ourselves ... but the fact remains that other people do seem to know when we do and do not take daily baths.

Besides, the every-morning-bath is worth while for other good reasons: as a tonic and invigorator, as a protection against easy cold catching, as a cure for many minor skin irritations, as a first-class means to a better all-around

happiness. Anyone who doubts this has only to try it a while to be convinced.

Don't forget either that in the eyes of other people, there is no such thing as a "slightly soiled" shirt. To them your shirt, collar, handkerchiefs are either clean or *not* clean.

Underwear is changed with every bath, of course ... or *oftener*.



### How wives and mothers can help

Especially in the matter of daily clean clothes, wives and mothers should be glad to cooperate.

Not only are fresh clothes every day an important business asset, but it is when clothes get *badly* soiled ... *double-dirty* ... that they are hardest to wash, and wear out fastest.

Isn't there a lot of false economy in that too-frequent family caution, that we must "keep down the size of the wash this week"?

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-FOUR)

Like a man renewed of life and hope he plunged away. How many marks of the betrothal had she left in the unpeopled land which he had not found? How firm and courageous was her undying faith that he, her man, would follow! Less than a month apart, and they were far in the hinterland now. There was no trading post within 300 miles, only scattered trappers and a few Indian villages. The cold was terrible and French Autrey's heart ached for the hardships which Theila, healthy though she had been, must perform have undergone in these long months of trailing.

Black Pride rested nowhere, it seemed. There must be in him the knowledge, like an eating flame, that he, Autrey, was behind him, coming, always coming. And he was coming now in all truth—fast. He fed his dogs full ration of fresh meat, for the game was plentiful, and pushed them to a sane limit. He had no wish to wear them out, perhaps lose one or two, and be left crippled in his quest. He was filled with a wild hope now, a sense of Theila's nearness, and the hatred for Black Pride blossomed into a black flower within him, a thing of yearning.

And so he came, as it was inevitable he should, early in February to a height of land overlooking a lone stretch of desolation above Great Slave Lake. And here he found trail's end.

A thin column of smoke curled up in the still air.

Yonder was Theila MacDonald, if she were still alive, and the man who had despoiled her; and French Autrey's blood leaped in his veins; he licked his thin lips. He stopped where he was to wait the night. Black Pride would be armed and would wait no word of parley. He fed his dogs and tied them to saplings, ate himself of his provisions, and sat him down in the snow without a fire. He needed none. The fire within his own breast was consuming him. And here he took from his pack the two knives and whetted them once more, took out the queer contraption of snap-hooks on a swivel. They were strong hooks, set end on, which no man might break.

So the day departed and the night fell, after the manner of the north, with scarce a shade of twilight, and French Autrey started for the spot where he had seen the smoke.

THEY said of him that there was Indian blood in his veins and if there was he proved it now, for no denizen of the wild could have stepped more carefully, crept on its unsuspecting prey more stealthily.

It took him three full hours to cover the distance between his camp and that other, but at their end he stood in the black darkness of the far north night and looked upon what meant to him his life's fulfillment. The camp lay in a small open circle by the stunted trees of the region, and there was a deep fire burning. On its far edge, up-wind from him, the sledge dogs slept in the snow, and nearer, two dark objects lay wrapped in their blankets. One was long and large, of the stature of a man; the other—that other!

It was small, smaller, it seemed, far smaller than memory had painted the girl in her trim starched aprons and dark wool dresses. It lay all huddled together with its face to the fire and from where he stood he could see two gleaming spots of the reflected light that burned in the shadow of her parka. French Autrey clenched his hands and his throat closed with the feel of tears. Awake—she lay beside her captor's fire in this hopeless desolation and did not sleep. And it had been a year. He had been long—long—in coming, but she had believed, leaving her signs in the lonesome land. But he was here and yonder lay Black Pride.

With a soundless motion he raised his gun and fired in the air.

Its climax of sudden sound was the acme of drama in that spot and situation.

It brought Black Pride straight up to his feet in one bound, his blankets shedding down like leaves. It shot the tied dogs leaping up, fierce and ready. It sent the woman in the other bed up to her knees, her hands tearing at the parka that she might see clearly; and French Autrey heard a whistling gasp come from her lips. He saw the glint of gold in the fire glow where her wound

braids shone, and at the sight all the pain and sorrow, all the loss and anguish, all the hardship and despair which she had suffered in the long year surged down about his heart in a flood there was no stemming. His hands tightened about the gun butt. In a voice that shook he spoke:

"Hands over your head, m'sieu. I have you covered. Theila—Theila—little one—if he has a weapon on him take it off."

THE girl arose and took from Black Pride's belt the good automatic that went always with him. There was the alacrity of hate in the motion.

"Ha!" said Black Pride with a sneer of laughter, "a brave man, m'sieu! You would shoot me unarmed!"

"No," said Autrey, panting. "Far from that. Take off your clothes, m'sieu, down to your belt."

"In this cold?"

"It will not matter. I do you the compliment to do the same."

In a strained silence the two men stripped, and ever Black Pride's eyes

were shifting for the smallest opening. It did not come, for Autrey held his gun always with one hand while he worked with the other.

When they stood forth, naked to the waist, they were well matched, since though Autrey had ten years the better of him, Pride was as tall and even broader in his stooping shoulders. And both were hardened by their struggles with the elements.

From a pocket Autrey drew his little jingling contraption of hooks and swivel. When his eyes fell on it Black Pride straightened with a jerk. He had seen the like before and he knew that its use was final—that one of the two who were thus fastened together would never leave the spot alive. Stooping, Autrey took his good knives from his boots, one from each, so careful was he of their razor edges.

"In some lands, m'sieu," he said, "they shoot the despoilers of women in their tracks. I give you a chance, chiefly because I desire the joy of killing you piecemeal—a stroke for every day since you took my Theila from Parsons' Post. Hands up!"

With the gun still in the crook of his arm, the knives in his hand, French Autrey reached and snapped one hook in the buckle of Black Pride's belt, the other in his own. He dropped the gun and kicked it away. He gripped Black Pride's right wrist in his left hand, put one of the knives in his fingers, took a firm grasp on the remaining knife, and held up his right wrist to the other's clasp.

So were they set for the last act of the drama, with only the fire for light, the dogs for witness, and the girl in the bedraggled rags for referee. As he pushed his left foot forward French Autrey paused and looked at her.

"Heart of my heart, Theila," he said, "soul of my soul, though our betrothal was under watchful eyes, though I have never held you in my arms, though your lips have been denied me, still you are mine for all time. You have been mine from that first day beside the counter—never this thief's—and mine will you ever be as I am yours."

(CONCLUDED ON PAGE TWENTY-EIGHT)



He brooded over his micmac fire at night, seeing always Theila's face under the wound braids.

# Mighty Monarch of the Air



MODEL 181

Majestic Radio-Phonograph Combination gives you—at moderate cost—the greatest instrument for musical entertainment the world has ever seen. *Everything in Radio*—an electric pick-up, electric motor phonograph—in a cabinet of beautifully matched butt burl walnut.

SO SWIFT and sweeping has been the success of Majestic radio that it is generally regarded as little short of a business miracle.

Never before has such a flood of popular approval greeted any product. It has swept Majestic to absolute leadership in radio!

In less than one year's time, nearly a million people have purchased Majestic radio receivers. They chose Majestic first—and *instantly*—because Majestic quality caused other radio reception and reproduction to *suffer strikingly by comparison*, and then because Majestic offered this finer quality at a lower price.

Majestic is the first set ever to be manufactured entirely—receiver, super-dynamic speaker, power-pack, cabinet—*everything complete*, by one organization, in its own plants. *Quality-quantity* production principles have enabled Majestic to produce daily 4,000 sets of the highest quality, yet priced within reach of every family.

Hear and see this miracle receiver in your own home. Any one of more than 12,000 dealers will gladly put a Majestic in your home for demonstration, without obligation.

*You can not buy a better radio set at any price*

GRIGSBY - GRUNOW COMPANY  
General Offices: 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago, Ill.



# Majestic

ELECTRIC RADIO

## TUNE IN MAJESTIC THEATRE OF THE AIR

Every Sunday evening, from 9 to 10 o'clock Eastern Daylight Saving Time, Majestic presents headliners of the Stage and Screen over a coast to coast hook-up of the Columbia Broadcasting System and the American Broadcasting Company.

*Licensed under patent and applications of R. C. A. and R. F. L., also by Lektrophone, Lowell & Dunmore and Hogan License Associates.*

*Time Payments in the purchase of Majestic Receivers are financed through the Majestic Plan (owned and controlled by the Grigsby-Grunow Co.) at lowest available rates.*

You can't  
tear  
this

Inter-  
Spliced  
Crotch



## Sensational improvements

in this great  
underwear

\$1.00

Last year, men everywhere called BIG YANK a great "find" in underwear. And it was! A value so amazing that it won new wearers at the rate of a million a year.

Now, see the BIG YANK of 1929! New values have been added to make it greater than ever. A new Saddle Seat—and a new Inter-Spliced Crotch that you can't tear! If you'd never seen a dollar's worth to equal BIG YANK last year, think what it gives you now!

Look over a suit today. In genuine broadcloth, fancy madras, nainsook, or rayon stripe, \$1.

RELiance MANUFACTURING COMPANY  
212 WEST MONROE STREET  
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

### 6 GREAT FEATURES

New Inter-Spliced Crotch from sagging—adds ease—You can't rip or tear it! and comfort.  
New Saddle Seat conforms trouser-like to the body.  
Triple-Stitched Seams—making Big Yank rip-proof.  
Thread-Riveted at all strain points.  
Finished Armholes—stitched with a fine grade of tape, not hemmed.  
Washable Give-and-Take Back—prevents webbing.

**BIG YANK**  
ATHLETIC UNDERWEAR

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-SIX]  
"Amen," said Theila MacDonald and sealed their final covenant.

"En garde, m'sieu!" cried French Autrey suddenly, and the last act had begun. The bright steel of the knives began to flicker in the fire glow as the lifted hands strove each to descend, and were rigidly prevented. Locked together at their middles and by the wrists, the two men strained and strove. Their feet slid here and there along the snow. Weaving and straining, the muscles stood out in their lean backs, for both were worn to sinew and bone. Their necks bowed with their tremendous efforts. There was a snarl on Black Pride's evil face, his small eyes shone like a wolf's. His yellow teeth showed beneath his straggling beard. An evil man was Black Pride, in every way of life, and it stood forth now bare as a fire in the open.

And Autrey, too, was bared to the soul. In his face there was a terrible flame of retribution, a deep fire of hatred justified, of duty to his despoiled love fulfilled. There was blood on the snow now. It dripped from Black Pride's side and trickled slowly down Autrey's back, and the sledge dogs sniffed it and howled.

THE fire sank down a bit and Theila MacDonald, silent in an awful silence, laid wood upon it. In the new flame's light she could see these two who fought to the death and her blue eyes burned in their caverns. Back and forth—to right, to left—into the shadows and back to the light went the two. The whistling of their breath could have been heard a hundred yards away. From far up at the camp he had left, French Autrey's dogs, sensing the weird disaster of the night, howled dismally, a thin, uncanny sound. Time seemed not to be.

There was nothing but the crackling fire, the slip of feet upon the reddened snow—and the thin, small woman who watched with inhaled breath.

Nothing—until presently Black Pride's knees buckled under him, his great body slumped. For a second the man who towered over him watched, gasping for his whistling breath, his freed right hand still held high above his head, the long knife no longer shining in the light.

Then he dropped the other's wrist and unsnapped the hook from his belt. He turned his haggard face to look at the girl.

"It is finished, ma'mselle," he gasped; "the year is wiped out." He rolled the blankets carefully about what had been Black Pride and made ready for a further task. He went a

little way into the wood and cleaned himself in the snow, put on his clothes.

When he came back he looked at Theila.

"I'll need a rope," he said.

TWO weary hours later, the gray dawn of the north in winter came sifting through the trees and French Autrey stood under the largest one he had found, looking up at a crotch some fifteen feet above the ground. There, hunched grotesquely in his blankets, sat Black Pride, already partly frozen, to await

the Law which French Autrey would surely pilot back in spring to witness and to judge his work.

Taking the dogs and the best of the provisions, French Autrey and his girl went up to the other camp. Here, and here only, the man laid down his burdens and turned to her.

Very gently he laid back the parka and turned her to face the growing light, which, strangely, was turning gold with the promise of sun.

Like one starved from birth he drank in what was to him the beauty of her face.

The great tragic eyes in their aging network of lines were full and smiling to his sight; he saw in the hollow, haggard cheeks only the soft round contour of youth; the lips, compressed by unspeakable suffering and endurance, were the laughing lips of the girl who had smiled at him behind the counter at Parsons' Post. The hair, golden and thick, struck to his heart with aching joy, and he bowed his head and kissed her for the first sweet time, timidly, with all the reverence there was in him.

Theila MacDonald, a broken, haggard woman, was to him and his great love still the fair maid of his heart.

"From now to death, ma'mselle," he said, "we go together."

"Together," said Theila, whose inmost soul was white as it had ever been, and who had never doubted either him or herself, "from now to death."

THE END

NEXT WEEK—

## Tough Luck

a remarkable  
short story by

Vina Delmar

## Future Flying

what you'll see next  
in airplanes

by

General

William Mitchell



GRAPHIC  
SECTION

## News of the World

By RALPH  
BARTON

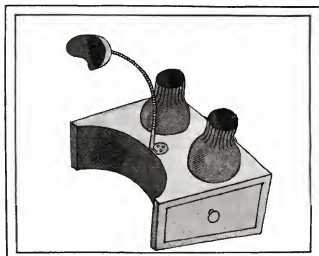
**WE'RE CURED AT LAST.** Dr. Futz, noted psychiatrist, celebrates thirtieth anniversary of Freud's theories by looking for a suppressed desire in America.



**MISS RUBY MAE HAZWALLADER**, beautiful maiden of Battle Creek, Mich., who was recently elected president of the American Society of Only Girls with Whom the Prince of Wales Danced.



**DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA TRAINING GROUNDS**, just outside Washington, where leaders of the Anti-Saloon League are putting Congressmen through stiff spring workout to harden them for the strenuous season that lies ahead.



**THE NOW-YOU-TELL-ONE CORNER.** (A penny is paid for thoughts accepted for illustration in this corner.)

**LAP MUFFLER** for theatergoers who bring paper-wrapped candy to eat during play. Box is inserted in drawer at side and undone through soundproof wristlets. Muzzle attachment for eating peanut brittle. (Idea by J. D. Tully, Kenosha, Wis.)

# No More World

*A Champion Reviews His Career and  
Makes Up His Mind*

By

WILLIAM T. TILDEN, 2d

THE year 1929 sees the end of my international tennis. I have had a grand time, but I must hereafter write and speak of my triumphs and failures in world tennis in the past tense, for I am through. Not through with the game, but through with international competition. My future status will continue to be amateur. I have no thought or intention of turning professional.

I have no intention of giving up playing tennis. I shall play it as long as my two wabbling legs will function and my aged and enfeebled arm will swing, as long as my age-dimmed eyes can see a ball. However, in the future it will be as an individual, not as a member of any American team.

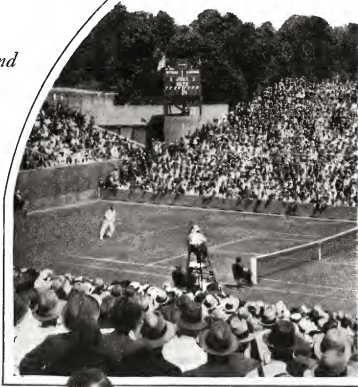
Quite possibly I am flattering myself by the thought that I could still make the team. It is quite likely that inability rather than intention is the deciding factor, but I am taking no chances. My tennis days are over. The "aged net star," that Patriarch of United States tennis, bids official farewell to international play.

However, that rising youngster, William T. Tilden, 2d, the individual himself, in person not a picture, will still in leisure moments miss his passing shots, volleys, and smashes with even greater regularity than usual.

I hope to be able to play for years in exhibitions at schools and colleges or in the public parks where I can feel that I am aiding in the development of our future champions. Not only have I no chance, but I have no burning desire, to sit in the sacred seats of the mighty in the councils of the U. S. L. T. A. My views are at variance with the traditions of the association but not with its ethics. I fear I would want to see too much progressiveness and liberalism in its administration. I am for the players, first, last, and all the time.

I hope, even at the expense of the sudden deaths of a few more dramatic critics, to continue my stage work. I would like to do some movie work. Even though my tennis days are over as a serious player, I will still spoil much excellent space in newspapers if I can persuade them to print my articles.

The cloud is passing from the face of the sun of the U. S. L. T. A. The "Handicap to American Tennis"—myself—is waning. Age has won its battle, and after nearly a decade of serious tennis, I lay aside my international racquets and pick up the ping pong bat of club tennis for fun. It's been a great life. I end my journeys with pangs of real regret. The joys are far greater than the glooms in the sum total of the years.



*Bill Tilden in 1925, after winning his sixth consecutive American championship in singles.*

The coming or going of one star more or less is nothing, but the steady advance of the game is much. I trust that in the years to come I will live to see the game of tennis steadily growing all over the world. I hope to see the Davis Cup back in the United States. I hope to see Wilbur F. Coen, Jr., champion of the world. I hope to see a real solution to the amateur problem, but above all I hope to see tennis played and played and played.

AND now to look back over the "aged net star's" performances in the last nine tennis seasons.

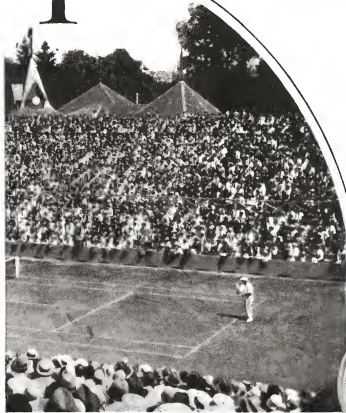
"What do you consider your greatest match?"

Substitute for the word "greatest" any of "most exciting," "most thrilling," "most hard-fought," "hardest," "longest," etc., and you have the opening question of every interview. I am going to try to forestall a few of these questions in

future years by telling what to me were the high spots in my somewhat hectic tennis career.

Omitting all my boyhood's remarkably thrilling victories over "The Boy Next Door," which now shine out in my memory so brightly that they quite eclipse the far more frequent defeats at his hands, I pass by the times

# TENNIS *for Tilden*



P. &amp; A. photo

during my upward climb that seemed so wonderful to me, yet which really were but ordinary matches, and finally arrive at the first outstanding achievement of my tennis life up to that time and one which today still stands as my proudest personal moment.

True, it does not equal some of the matches when I have had the honor of representing the United States in the Davis Cup matches—but from a personal angle nothing has quite approached my first challenge round at Wimbledon in 1920, when I beat Gerald Patterson.

The two preceding weeks, when the tournament was working to its climax, had been a succession of thrills for me. Every match I won brought me an added kick. The final-round match against Zenzo Shimizu, during which I fell and slipped my old knee-enemy, my bad cartilage, ending the match on one foot and a great deal of luck, stands out in my mind as an afternoon of acute physical and mental suffering.

**C**OULD I play the challenge round? Would my knee hold up? Never had I been so nervous up to that time as when I went out on the court against Patterson. I still remember my sinking sensations as he tore his way through that first set, while I fenced to find a weakness to pound. Gradually it dawned upon me that his peculiar backhand was almost crying aloud for exploitation, so I settled to pound it. Gradually Patterson's backhand collapsed, and as it crumpled I grew more confident.

I remembered it was July 3 and we had a famous holiday to celebrate tomorrow in the United States. It seemed to me an omen of good luck. In my pocket was a four-leaf clover that had grown under Abraham Lincoln's chair in his garden. It had been presented to me by Samuel Hardy's sister-in-law, Mrs. Ben Lathrop. How could an American throw down Abraham Lincoln and Uncle Sam on the same day, one day before Independence Day? It just couldn't be done, and in a burst of probably quite uncontrolled patriotic enthusiasm, I ran out the match, giving the United States its first English title.



Wide World photo

*Lacoste and Tilden in 1928. At Wimbledon the French ace won, but at Paris, in the Davis Cup match shown at the left, the American took revenge by a victory that he considers the greatest achievement of his tennis career.*

The ovation given me that day by the English public will live forever in my memory as one of the most generous exhibitions of good fellowship that I have ever known.

It was in the same year, 1920, in the final round of the championship of the United States, that I suffered through a match that for terrible and disturbing incidents stands unique in the annals of my tennis. I was playing Billy Johnston in a match that carried a bitter rivalry, because last year he had beaten me easily, and then earlier in 1920 I had taken Wimbledon, after he had lost to J. C. Parke.

The match meant not only the championship of the United States but also a clear claim to the world's crown to the winner. Never has a gallery been more excited, never were two players keener to win.

The day was cold and cloudy, far from ideal tennis weather. The match was standing at one set all, 2-1 in my favor, when an airplane carrying a pilot and a news photographer, flying low over the court, went dead directly over the stand in which sat 5,000 spectators. I heard the motor die and looked up in time to see the plane nose-dive directly toward the stand.

A gasp like a roar of an explosion went up from the

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## He needn't have worried if he'd shaved with Small-Bubble Lather



Now that morning shave can last much longer. Closer shaving than ever gives millions of men new satisfaction

**A** SHAVE that lasts . . . what man does not seek it? And how easy to attain it now that small-bubble lather has been perfected by Colgate chemists. More moisture at the base of the hairs—so they cut off closely. Note the comparative pictures—now you'll see the point. Better still, you'll feel the difference, once you try Colgate's.

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen: 1.—The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair. 2.—Billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base . . . ready for your razor.

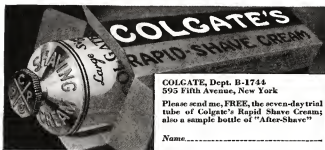
Thousands of men, after various trials with ordinary lathers, have adopted Colgate's as supreme. To prove its superiority, mail the coupon below. We will send also, a sample of After-Shave, a new lotion—refreshing, delightful . . . the perfect shave finale.



**COLGATE LATHER**  
Colgate's lather (greatly magnified) showing moisture contact with beard and minimum air. A common-sense principle, scientifically substantiated and proved out by millions of men.



**ORDINARY LATHER**  
Ordinary, big-bubble lather (greatly magnified). Note air-filled bubbles which can't soften the beard sufficiently. Only water-soaks the job. Only small bubbles permit sufficient water.



COLGATE, Dept. B-1744  
595 Fifth Avenue, New York

Please send me, FREE, the seven-day trial tube of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream; also a sample bottle of After-Shave.

Name.....

Address.....

[NO MORE WORLD TENNIS FOR TILDEN]  
Continued from page thirty-one

stands, but the plane, missing the stand by almost a hundred yards, fell so quickly and hit so suddenly that the thing was over before panic could start. I felt the shock of the crash. A wave of excitement like hysteria swept the crowd, but the match was so close that less than 100 people left the stands to witness the wreck.

The umpire signaled us to go ahead. I have never felt so utterly heartless in my life as I did starting to play that next point, knowing that two men had gone to their death but a minute before, almost at our feet. I could see Johnston felt just as I did. The early thrill in the match was gone. Yet it must be finished, and unless we started at once, mob spirit might break loose in the tense crowd.

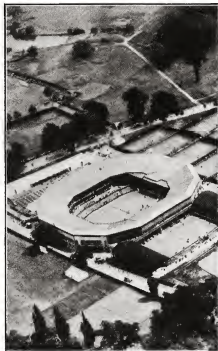
On we went. In the middle of the fourth set, with victory almost in my hand, rain fell so heavily, play was stopped. To complete the almost incredible series of incidents the referee of the tournament overruled the umpire of the match on a question of fact—a thing that was not within his jurisdiction, since the referee has jurisdiction only over interpretations of rules, not questions of fact. When the end of that match came after nearly three hours of the most nerve-racking effort in either of our lives, Johnston collapsed on a chair and became physically ill, while I actually staggered into the clubhouse, too tired to even attempt to get out of my clothes.

**S**UCH a match is not fun. It is torture. It is a terrible thing to play, a disaster to lose, and no great joy to win, even of such matches are champions born.

My trip to France and England in 1921, when I was taken seriously ill in France, played through the French championship when I should have been in bed, going directly from Paris to a hospital in London for an operation that kept me in bed until the day Wimbledon started, climaxed in the crazy challenge-round match against my friend Brian L. C. Norton, in which he held match point only to lose.

I have always felt that if Norton had not known how ill I was, he would have won, but his sympathy for me and his sincere belief I could not possibly last out the match cost him the championship. His easy win in the first two sets at 6—2, 6—1 made him both sorry and really overconfident. I was still in the match, little as he thought so, and he deliberately tossed away the next two sets when I reached a lead in each. I can still remember the crazy match point when, with Norton leading 40—30 and 5—4 in the fifth set, I drove to his forehead and, watching my shot, thought it was going out at the side line.

I started to the net to shake hands, the match over in my opinion. My shot fell flat on the line. Norton saw me coming to the net and thought I was attacking. He



International photo

An airplane view of the courts at Wimbledon, England, showing the inclosed "center" court on which Tilden has staged some of his hardest-fought battles.



missed his passing shot in his hurry, and from there I put in my last bit of effort, ran out the match, reached the clubhouse, and, for the first and only time in my life, fainted dead away.

The same year I had another peculiar match that has been explained by many experts as one of my "old tricks of fooling and deliberately getting in a hole for fun." I would like to make one thing perfectly clear. I never have deliberately gotten into a hole in tournament or Davis Cup play for the fun of getting out. Many times I play tennis when I feel far from well, or my mind is on other things. Lack of concentration brings my game down quicker than any other one thing, and at such times I am in a hole before I realize it and my attempts to get out having often proved successful, I am accused of doing it for fun. I can assure the world I find no fun in finding myself trailing 2-5 in a final set.

THE year 1921 found me in very poor physical condition to the end of the tennis season. I had not really recovered from the Wimbledon match against Norton when the Davis Cup match against the Japanese came along. I met Shimizu in the first match on the hottest day I have ever felt at Forest Hills and the first extreme heat I had played in all year. I started attacking from the net with success until I led at 5-2.

Here, according to all competent sidelines critics, I let up for fun. Actually I let up because I felt heat exhaustion turning its slimy, chilly fingers around me. I shook and my head swam. Shimizu was a stone wall. He bore down and kept me moving. He ran ahead to two sets to none, 5-3 and 3-0, when suddenly something happened. Whether it was a cooling breeze, or a glimpse I got of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford urging me on from the stands, or just a moment of frenzy, I do not

know, but for four games I came to life, and in a staggering rush ran out the set.

I literally wobbled up to the showers. Sam Hardy, my good friend, was with me.

"What can I do for you?" he asked.

I turned on the cold water in the shower and fell under it.

"Undress me," I muttered.

Sam, ruining his clothes and his temper and paying no attention to the clamoring reporters who were trying to get by him to see me, stood in the pouring shower and dragged my tennis duds off me. Finally he yanked me out of the shower,

dried me off, pushed me back into dry clothes, and started me for the court. In that ten minutes a miracle had occurred. Hardy had beaten heat exhaustion and sent me on to the court, a tennis player who could run through Shimizu in the last two sets with the loss of but three games.

That is the true story of the famous mystery of what happened to me in the clubhouse. I have since heard

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

## Hotel Porches CAN Be Critical...where Luggage is concerned



### DOES YOUR TRAVELING EQUIPMENT CAUSE SMILES?

IT'S AWFUL, isn't it? You can almost feel the snickers, the whispers, the sly, humorous remarks going on behind your back. It's the "minute that seems like a lifetime"—as you stand, waiting—the sole parent of the luggage you never thought anyone would notice—the antiques you hauled from the attic.

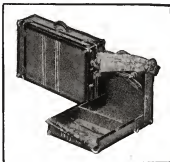
Once is enough—we've tried it. How much different you feel with a swagger debonair Hartmann—the Tourrobe, for example. Here's wardrobe trunk convenience in a case to be carried by hand. Light, small, yet holding three to four costume changes on hangers—mind you—and all the accessories you'll need. Reasonably priced, stronger than it needs to be, in fascinating colorful finishes and interiors.

See it at the better shops and department stores everywhere.

*The Hartmann Tourrobe holds 3 to 4 suits, accessories, etc., or the equivalent in women's attire.*

*Price, \$20 to \$70.*

*The Hartmann Arrobe holds from 1 to 3 suits or costume changes—commodious detachable accessory tray. Beautifully finished—attractive colors. Price, \$22.50 to \$30.*



## HARTMANN Trunks

Hartmann Trunk Co., Racine, Wis.

THE SMARTEST WAY TO TRAVEL

**The Scenic Route to California**

Over the *ONLY* route thru the very heart of the Rockies and Sierra Nevadas

**Burlington Route**

**D E R G W R D**  
**ROYAL GORGE ROUTE**  
**SCENIC LINE**

**thru the canyons, over the tops!**

Chicago to California—via Denver, Colorado Springs, Pikes Peak, the Royal Gorge, Tennessee Pass, Salt Lake City, Great Salt Lake and Salt Beds, Flower Lake Pass, enchanting Feather River Canyon and many thrilling natural beauties seen on other transcontinental route.

Thru Pullmans from Chicago . . . or stop-overs at will.

Low summer fares apply via this incomparable scenic route.

Ask for information from any railroad ticket office

— Go the Escorted Tours Way if you prefer. Delightful two- and three-week, all-expense, care-free vacation tours, going out thru the Colorado Rockies, and returning via the Grand Canyon and Colorado Southwest.

[NO MORE WORLD TENNIS FOR TILDEN]  
Continued from page thirty-three

stories of booze, dope, and some magical charm, but the truth was Sam Hardy and cold showers.

The year 1922 produced one of the greatest matches of my life, and what in my opinion is the greatest match Billy Johnston and I ever played. Again it was the final-round match of the U. S. Championship. This time the famous trophy was to be retired by one of us. We each held two legs on a cup that bore also the names of William A. Larned, Maurice E. McLoughlin, R. L. Murray, and R. N. Williams, 2d.

Once more Billy and I met before a gallery torn by the keenest partisanship. Once more tension was terrible. Never have I seen Johnston so eager to win, or in better trim, mental and physical. I set out to run him for a set, even if I lost it—which I did, Johnston getting home, but having paid a toll. The second set I determined I must have and put forth every effort, but he was too good and took it at 6-4. I remember hearing him draw his breath through his teeth with a hiss and say, "Thank God!" as my shot went over the base line on set point, and the thought went through my mind, "Billy is near the cracking point mentally."

The third set was all mine and during the rest period I received much incoherent advice from Sandy Wiener and many others.

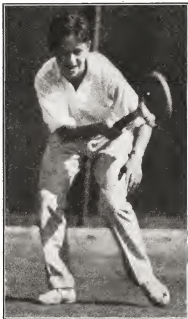
THE gallery was wild at the opening of the fourth set. Johnston, sensing victory, started with a rush. He had gained mental poise again. He dashed away to 3-0, and led 40-30. A terrific rally ensued, and finally Johnston reached the net and volleyed hard at my feet to the backhand, apparently a certain winner. I spun backward in desperation and reaching behind me trap-volleyed the ball. It rose over Johnston's head for a clean lob, the luckiest of shots. A howl from the crowd. One man's voice rang out above it in a scream, "I tell you he didn't make it! He couldn't make that shot!" Johnston was shaken to his soul. For the first and only time in all my matches with Billy, he faltered and his nerves played him false.

It was the turning point of the match. Six games in a row I ran and the score was two sets all. The gallery was wrought up to fever pitch, yet held so quiet you could hear a pin

drop. Just as I was poised to serve the first ball in the final set, some woman whose nerves were strung to the breaking point screamed, "I can't stand it! My God, I can't stand it!"

Johnston was done now, physically as well as mentally. I went to 4-1, and here, with defeat staring him in the face, Billy, with that courage in defeat that transcends all else, driving his failing body cruelly, made a rally that almost saved him. It stopped just short—and with a passing

shot down the side line as Johnston came in I closed the greatest battle of my Battles of Bills.



F. & A. photo  
Wilbur F. Coen, Jr., Tilden's young protégé, whom he hopes to see world champion.

MANY matches linger in my memory. Certainly every time Billy and I met it was a match I could not forget. No matter what the result. Billy always was the same charming sportsman, generous in victory or defeat, quick to praise and slow to alibi. There will never be anyone in my tennis career that will occupy just the same place in my respect and admiration that Johnston holds.

The Davis Cup challenge round of 1925 brought two remarkable matches

to me, in both of which I escaped defeat by the narrowest of margins. The day prior to the first match I obtained some food that was not in all its glory of youth. I fear, in fact, its demise had been untimely and of some standing. Anyway, the ancient creature gave me an attack of incipient ptomaine poisoning that is not conducive to good tennis or extreme comfort. Jean Borotra started my suffering the first day by leading me two sets to one and 6-5 in the fourth, while René Lacoste went still better by leading two sets to none, 4-0 and 5-3, and four match points on the last day. Only a staggeringly large dose of aromatic spirits of ammonia from Sam Hardy, some incredibly lucky breaks, and, I guess, the aid of the Lord saved the second match for me.

It was my first experience with the French and should have served as a warning for the years to come.

In 1926 came my first Davis Cup defeat. René Lacoste and my own clumsiness combined to attend to that little matter. Leading Lacoste at set point, at 6-5 and 40-30 and one set all, I chased a short drop shot, hit it—and suddenly sat down on the court with my favorite semilunar cartilage out in my left knee. Lacoste comfortably dispensed with my remaining

efforts in that set and won the fourth to start his series of victories over me.

Less than a week later, Henri Cochet added his name to those who have used me as a stepping-stone to championships by eliminating me from the American Championship on that fatal Thursday when France put the skids under American tennis.

I can still remember how close I came to pulling out and what a dismal failure I was in the pinch. I led at 6-5 in the final set, but lost my service at love. Cochet reached match point and drove to my backhand corner. I chased after it and drove what I intended to be a low cross-court passing shot. The ball rose gently to Cochet at the net instead.

"There she goes," I said aloud, and how true it was. A flashing volley, a racket flung high in the air, an excited but courteous opponent wringing my hand and I was just the champion, to be known for the rest of my career as the "aged net star."

So ended my championship matches in which I had the satisfaction of hearing, "Game, set, match—Tilden!" as the usual ending. Since then I still hear "Game, set, match," but listen in vain for "Tilden." Somehow it sounds like "Lacoste" or "Cochet." However, I still had other great matches to follow. There were two matches in my trip to Europe in 1927 that will always stand out in my memory as two of the finest efforts I ever made, matches in which my tennis was at its best, yet not quite good enough. The first was against René Lacoste in the final of the French Championship at St. Cloud. I had beaten Cochet in straight sets the previous round and was full of confidence.

WHAT a match Lacoste and I played! Four hours we struggled. In the middle of the third set Lacoste was so cramped by running he could hardly move. I was no blooming rose myself, but my condition was better than his. I have since learned they took him in during the rest period and gave him hypodermic injections to deaden the pain. Anyway, he came back like a new man. He took the fourth set to pull even, and then the battle started.

Game after game we fought, each of us actually swaying and staggering between points. I too was badly cramped. Finally I led at 11-10, and at 40-30 missed a service ace by an inch that would have ended the match, and stopped dead. Lacoste won at 13-11 in the fifth set. They literally had to carry him off the court, while I was physically propelled up the hill to the clubhouse. In all my tennis I have never played any match in which both players stood the physical punishment that Lacoste and I took that day. I was sore and drawn for a week after, and at Wimbledon a month later Lacoste told me he had not recovered even then. His statement was borne out by the fact that Borotra beat him in the semifinals.

[CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE]

# RUMIDOR

keeps your smokes fresh  
with genuine 12 year old RUM!

At last a scientifically constructed humidor that supplies just the right amount of moisture all the time. With dry air kept out and flavor kept in, the Rumidor holds your smokes in prime condition. No more dry cigarettes, split cigars or dusty pipe tobacco.

Smart models in handsome metals and genuine leathers—for 1 lb. or ½ lb. tobacco, 25 or 50 cigars, 100 or 200 cigarettes, \$3.50 to \$100. If local dealer can't supply rum refills, send dollar bill and we'll mail you four.

THE RUMIDOR CORP.  
501 Fifth Ave. New York



Sponsored in Europe  
by Alfred Dunhill, Ltd.



NO MORE DRIED OUT SMOKES

## AMUSE THE PUBLIC AND EARN 60<sup>00</sup> WEEKLY

No experience required. Wonderful opportunities for men and women from 18 to 70. Stay at home or travel. Nothing to sell. No canvassing or soliciting.

### FREE

WRITE FOR BOOKLET EXPLAINING  
50 DIFFERENT WAYS

Entirely new plans. Hundreds earning from \$60 to \$100 a week and more. Write quick for full particulars and free book. Trifling investment required.

### STOREKEEPERS

retailing cigars, drugs, groceries, candies, etc. You can add \$30 to \$50 a week to your profits without interference with your business.

H. C. EVANS & CO., 1524 W. Adams St., Chicago, Ill.

## SANFORD'S INK ERASER

Takes Out Blots and Stains  
The Kind that will Remove  
OLD Writ up and Blots  
SHOULD BE IN EVERY  
HOUSEHOLD



## Boys! tennis! equipment free!

BOYS! Don't delay! Here's your chance to get all your tennis equipment absolutely free! Boys all over the United States and Canada are getting tennis nets and all the other equipment—every regular fellow wants for tennis—without a penny of cost. It's easy! You, too, can be happy with these and other wonderful sporting goods if you grasp this opportunity! In addition we will show you how to earn money every week. You don't need to leave your own neighborhood. We supply full instructions. Send the coupon today! Don't wait any longer!

LIBERTY MAGAZINE,  
Boy Sales Division,  
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can join your organization of Boy Salesmen and make money.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CITY.....STATE.....



**GEORGE  
OLSEN  
and his  
Music at  
CLUB  
RICHMAN  
etc.**

## To Be Well-Groomed Start with Your Hair!

"The best looks and the most skillful tailor can't offset a tousled head of hair," says George Olsen whose music and personality are the rage of New York. "Realizing the importance of a neat-looking head of hair, I make use of Hair Groom. I find that it keeps the hair in place without that 'pasted' look."

"Hair Groom" comes in two forms—cream and liquid. If your druggist cannot supply you, send 50c in stamps or money order to Wyeth Chemical Co., Inc., 578 Madison Ave., New York City. A sample of Liquid Hair Groom is free. Clip coupon.

Wyeth Chem. Co., Inc., Dept. L61 **FREE**

578 Madison Ave., New York City.

Mail me free sample Liquid Hair Groom.

Name

Address

City  State



Visit this Peninsular Paradise. FOUR of the five GREAT LAKES lap its soil. It possesses 5,000 inland lakes and thousands of rivers and streams. A \$250,000,000 highway system leads to 76 state forests, 67 state parks, Huron National Forest, game refuges, hundreds of golf courses, federal and municipal airports, gay resorts and quiet retreats. A vacation for EVERY vacation budget. Reduced round trip fares on railroads and boat lines.

### MAIL THE COUPON

East Michigan Tourist Ass'n  
Box 296 Bay City, Mich.

Please send (without charge) information I have checked:  
Summer hotels ( ) Cottages ( ) Camps ( )  
Golf ( ) Fishing ( ) Touring ( ) Boating ( )  
Buses and Girls' Camps ( ) Hay Fever and Asthma ( )  
Geat Int. ( ) Mineral Baths ( )  
Hunting and Fishing Clubs ( ) If I come it will be by Auto ( ) Rail ( ) Boat ( ) Air ( )

Name

Street

City  State

### [NO MORE WORLD TENNIS FOR TILDEN]

Continued from page thirty-five

The other match was the one that will always remain to me the inexplicable mystery of my tennis career. That was the match that Cochet beat me at Wimbledon in 1927 after I led him two sets to none, 5—1 and 30—all in the third.

Never had I played as well as to that point. Cochet did not materially improve there. He deserves great credit for holding his head and seizing his chance when it came.

What happened to me, I have no idea. It may have been heat, it may have been that my concentration suddenly snapped—but whatever it was my game collapsed, I made eighteen errors in succession, and never regained control until the match was over. I have been asked by hundreds what really happened. I have seen in the press that the entry of the King of Spain induced me to let up so he could see some of the match. Actually I did not know His Majesty was present. I have been told a spell was put on me by a group of Hindus present. This struck me as a new and interesting alibi.

My final-round match with Lacoste in the 1927 Championship of the United States and my five-set match with him at Wimbledon in 1928, both of which he won, were fine matches, but not unusual in any way. Just a case of the best man winning.

So was my defeat of Cochet in the 1927 Davis Cup and my defeat by Lacoste in the same competition. They do not warrant comment.

THE climax of my whole tennis career, the match of which I am most proud, the match which I consider the greatest performance of my life, was when I beat René Lacoste in five sets in the Davis Cup Challenge Round last year in Paris, in the first match following the debacle of the amateur fight with the U. S. L. T. A. I played very bad mechanical tennis, but never have I tried so hard, wanted so desperately to win, and been so certain I could not; never have I used what few brains the Lord gave me to such good advantage as I did that day.

The greatest moment of my life was when Lacoste drove out to end the match and I stood on a French court, cheered to the echo by the generous French public, and felt my hand almost wrung off by Joe Wear, Sam Cullum, Sam Peacock, Frank Hunter, George Lott, John Hennessey, Junior Coen, and S. W. Merrihew, our little American band.

That moment took much of the sting out of the days of bitterness that had gone before. It was worth all the stress and strain I had undergone to feel the joy of relaxation and the thrill of that victory that I had believed to be out of the question and beyond my ability.

In an early issue Mr. Tilden will tell how Elsie Janis helped him win a championship and Mary Garden taught him how to beat Lacoste.

## Now Youth Can Be Yours

Practice this simple preventive measure and you'll look and feel younger—much younger than your years. Take Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets, nightly. Better than calomel. They cleanse the system, banish constipation, tone up sluggish liver, renew energy, give cheeks color. Made of vegetable ingredients mixed with olive oil. Know them by their olive color. Safe, non-habit-forming, effective. Used for 20 years. Capture youth. Get Dr. Edwards' Olive Tablets from your druggist—today. 15c, 30c and 60c.

*Dr. Edwards'* **OLIVE TABLETS**

## COOKS DINNER WHILE YOU DRIVE!

### KYSOR CAR COOKER

This marvelous stove of steel and aluminum, attached to rear bumper of your car, is fed with heat from the motor exhaust; contains a standard Steam Pressure Cooker, into which is placed a complete meal (meat, vegetables and dessert). After one hour's driving, meal is cooked, ready to eat. No fire building—No waiting. Great for camping, tourist, etc. size, \$22.50; 10 qt. size, \$27.50. Write for circular. Wonderful proposition for agents.

**KYSOR HEATER CO.**  
Dept. 61, Cadillac, Mich.

## The Face Powder of Quality



TRY IT—YOU WILL LIKE IT

50¢ a box—at all

Druggists, or  
SEND 10 CTS. FOR SAMPLE BOX  
BEN LEVY CO., Dept. L, 125 Kingston St., Boston, Mass.

## SPENCERIAN'S

FINE DOME ~ MEDIUM ~ STUB  
POINTED ~ BROAD ~ EDGE

100% write!

SPENCERIAN PEN CO., New York City L10-6-1-23  
349 Broadway

Gentlemen: Enclosed find 25¢ for an expert CHARACTER ANALYSIS of my handwriting, and sample pens. (Ask any questions about yourself or your vocation.)

Name

Address



# And NOW, the DEBUTANTE Doughboy

*Mr. Hughes Spins a Yarn  
About War*

A Page of Movie Reviews by  
**FREDERICK JAMES SMITH**

In the following reviews the photoplays are rated by stars. One star preceding a review means fairly good; two stars, good; three stars, excellent; and four stars, extraordinary.

★ ★ ★

**RUPERT HUGHES** attempts to present the woman's side of battle sacrifice in *She Goes to War*.

The film fails of the cinematic heights because of the improbability of its big situation, the bloody trench masquerade of the heroine, a war worker in a behind-the-line canteen. She dons the uniform of the man she has loved, a drunken weakling, and takes his place in going over the top.

Mr. Hughes has Joan climb out of a shell hole to escape two over-boisterous doughboys, flee across a gun-swept field, and, in surprise, kill the German machine gunner with her revolver. Confronted by his blood-dripping face, cold in death, she faints into the arms of the man who has loved her all along. This upright youth had been only a garage mechanic before the war—and below the deb's social status. Now he's a captain.

*She Goes to War* probably sounds a little unreasonable. Still Director King has invested it with loads of realistic detail. There is an attack in tanks upon a hill manned by Germans who release electrically charged kegs of liquid fire. The steaming tanks, jammed with doughboys, lumber through the flames to victory in as thrilling a war scene as has been filmed since Jack Gilbert marched through Belleau Wood.

Incidentally, *She Goes to War* certainly glorifies the international cottie.

Eleanor Boardman is excellent, but the best scene is one between Alma Rubens, a muddy war worker, and an unknown extra who does a blinded, dying soldier.

★ ★

Al Jolson set the talkie pace and it is inevitable that we must face Irish Jolson, French Jolson, and, in fact, Jolson of every nationality. An independently made film, *The Rainbow Man*, presents the Celtic Al in the per-



*The one in the center is Eleanor Boardman, the heroine in *She Goes to War*, dressed in her sweetheart's uniform.*



*Eddie Dowling, Broadway song-and-dance artist, and Frankie Darro in *The Rainbow Man*.*

son of the popular Broadway song-and-dance man, Eddie Dowling.

The morning after the opening Dowling and his producers turned down a million for the film.

*The Rainbow Man* is the story of Rainbow Ryan, a minstrel, who has adopted the little son of a dying actor friend. Rainbow Ryan loses his heart to the daughter of a village hotel keeper, but he is thrown out of the hostelry and the minstrel show for his pains. So Ryan and his little pal drift to the bottom, always brave and cheery.

There is no reason why *The Rainbow Man* will not coin a fortune for everyone concerned. It is built on the accepted movietone formula of a sentimental balladist as a clown with a breaking heart, a kiddie, and a theme song. True, this version is a little skimpy of production, but Dowling has a disarming blarney

personality that gets across.

★ ★

Richard Dix's stage background is apparent in his first talkie, Paramount's *Nothing But the Truth*. Dix has his gutturals well in hand and makes his chatter debut very nicely. This is a comedy of a young man about town who bets \$10,000 that he can tell the absolute truth for twenty-four hours. Helen Kane walks away with a hit as a baby-talk cabaret cutie.

★

Emil Jannings is returning to Berlin and, despite Hollywood's protestations, is never to return to the film capital. His final Paramount effort, *Betrayal*, is the worst he has made in America.

Emil plays a stolid Swiss burgomaster who is betrayed by his wife and his best friend. Keep away from *Betrayal* and retain your memories of Jannings.

**Do you know that—**

Marian Nixon does a surprising come-back in *The Rainbow Man* and is one of the real talkie hits? . . . Frankie Darro, the sonny boy of *The Rainbow Man*, is ten and was born in Chicago? . . . John Holland, in *She Goes to War*, has been in films for four years?

• SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO •

# ATWATER KENT RADIO

*You can have an*

JUST as you suit your own tastes in the house you live in, the car you drive, the clothes you wear, the furnishings of your home—so now you can harmonize your radio with your own individuality.

Do you like simplicity, compactness? Have it! Do you prefer a bit of elaboration in a period design? Have it! Do you want your radio to blend with the appointments of your living room—or dining room—or a bedroom, perhaps? Suit yourself—at an Atwater Kent dealer's.

#### YOUR CHOICE OF FAMOUS CABINET MAKERS' DESIGNS

*Great news.* The best of American cabinet makers—famous for sound design and sincere workmanship—are cooperating to meet the world-wide demand for Atwater Kent Radio in the finest wood cabinets. You have the choice among the creations of not just one or two cabinet specialists, but of many.

On the front of every Atwater Kent in a

## Atwater Kent in a cabinet

*just like your neighbor's... or so different!*

furniture cabinet you will find a name-plate showing that the radio was made by Atwater Kent. On the back you will find a name-plate showing that the cabinet was made by a famous furniture manufacturer expressly for Atwater Kent Screen-Grid Radio.

The price depends upon the cabinet you choose. Whatever you pay, you may be sure you are getting the biggest value for your dollar that you can find in the whole world of radio.

And remember—

The radio within the cabinet is the new Screen-Grid Atwater Kent, whose marvelous performance you can appreciate only by trying it in your own home. See it at the nearest Atwater Kent dealer's—*today*—hear it—have it!

ATWATER KENT MFG. COMPANY, *A. Atwater Kent, Pres.* 4700 WISSAHICKON AVE., PHILADELPHIA, PA.

## SCREEN-GRID RADIO

• SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO • SCREEN-GRID RADIO •

# 14-EE



## *A Story of Cops and Courage*

By

ODGERS T. GURNEE

*Pictures by KENNETH CAMP*

WHEN Terrence Grady reached a bright green world and the good Father greeted his coming with a burry assurance that "here was a broth of a boy," he qualified as diplomatist and prophet. Terrence was big from babyhood to pension age—and big all over to boot. It was that heft of him that first sent him into a copper's uniform and out on the pavements of the old First Precinct. And it was that heft and the way he handled it from head to foot that kept him on the one beat along the rough-and-tumble water front of East Side New York through eighteen years of service and the good Lord knows how many comings and goings at police headquarters.

Terry Grady was a born patrolman of the old school that runs his district like a czar, albeit kindly is when

*THE man laughed again. "Pretty swell boy you got. He'll look nifty with a coupla candles where he can't see 'em!"*

kindly does, and with rare judgment for the fitness of things.

And because he was born to the pavements, he loved them. Not a cobble or a street flagging along the devious trail of the stony First Precinct but the Grady feet had touched its angles and charted its peculiarities. Not a twist or a turn through the First's odorous streets that the Grady nose had not scented and catalogued. It was his, and he loved it for his own.

It was a love he carried home with him as well, and as the Grady babe, himself a bit of Grady heft in all particulars, grew up to swell the Grady pride, old Terrence strove to carry the lad along in his father's footsteps—literally, indeed.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

14-EE  
[Continued from page thirty-nine]

But it was a new generation—this age in which young Terrence Edward Grady lived and moved. And none so slow to realize as old Terrence. But even when the boy reached manhood, and the name his father'd given him was dropped without a by your leave or question mark, did the light dawn over Patrolman Grady's head.

"It's Eddie he'll wish to be called, is it?" he asked. And answered himself at once, "It's Eddie we'll call him. 'Tis a good name for a cop, at that."

The two of them walked out together and down the windy way of Front Street where the ships from every port made lacy backgrounds for the steam and smells and sailormen.

Patrolman Grady waved a huge blue sleeve across the scene. "It's a good place and getting better," he said, "and your old man's made it so." He stopped and stamped one massive foot upon a steel cellar grating, its front edge up a bare quarter inch above the pavement level.

The boy's eyes followed the movement and centered on the foot. He winced. No feet on all the force to match them. It took size 14-EE to house them, but to Eddie Grady of the rising generation they were a badge of shame.

He bit his lip and raised a hand to his father's shoulder. "I know what it is you're going to say," he began hurriedly: "that you've got two more years to go, and I'm coming on. You want me to walk your beat?"

He dropped the hand quick and stiff to his coat pocket.

"It's out. I won't do it." His voice cracked a bit and he flushed.

"Do you think," he said, "I want to be a damned flattie all my life?"

Unconsciously his eyes went down again to the old man's feet and Terry saw the look.

"They've been good feet to me, Terry m' lad. They've been good feet to bring home the bacon for your mother and you. I'm not ashamed of them. I'm damned proud of them."



HE eased his weight forward a bit and the grating snapped back into its appointed place.

"What," he said slowly, turning to face the boy again—"what are you going to do? You're a rookie copper now, and they tell me the makings of a good one."

"I won't quit." The young Grady stuck out his jaw and his teeth clicked shut. "I'm going on—and on, if you get me. There's money to be made—and success. But not pounding your heart out against the stones."

"It's plain clothes you want, eh?" the old man interrupted.

"It is," said Eddie, and with that they turned away from one another like two soldiers on parade and Patrolman Terrence Grady put his handkerchief to his nose and trumpeted so loudly that the last team of dapple grays on all of Front Street took fright and danced along the cobbles.

The young Grady went on as he'd set his mind to do. Slow at first, for the New York Police Department is an unwieldy institution of 17,000 odd souls, and files move up with no great speed.

But there are ways of improving one's status that never were writ into the Civil Service manual. And Eddie knew them all.

There came the day when he hung the brass-buttoned coat in his closet and the uniform cap with its nicked shield beside it.

"One harness bull in the family's enough," he told his mother, and went off with his badge in his vest pocket and a cigar in his mouth.

Things moved faster after that. Too fast. Old Terrence coming home in the shank of the evening saw a

bright blue roadster at the curb before his house. And inside he saw Eddie washing the grit from his fingernails.

"So you've bought a car?" he said.

"I have," answered Eddie grinning. "Come out and take a ride for yourself—and bring the feet along."

"Yes, it's a grand car," agreed Terrence as Eddie toolled the bus through traffic. "How much would one of these things cost?"

"Three grand," says Eddie, "so much down and so much whenever they catch up with you. Will you move some of the heft of you so I can turn the corner?"

The next day but one, Terrence took sick leave, which left a man-sized gap in the squad room of the First Precinct station.

"I haven't seen so much of the floor since the day I come here," confided Sergeant Teague to the turnkey, looking down at the polished rows of number tens and elevens at roll call and nary a fourteen in the lot.

At 11 o'clock of the same morning Terrence walked into the big building on Center Street and sent in his name to a big man who opened the door to his office and waved his pipe in welcome.

"You'll pardon the intrusion," said Terrence, standing. "I've come to ask a favor."

THE other waved his pipe again. "Sit down," he said. "We were rookies together. We're brother officers now, or whatever it is they call us in the newspapers. What do you want?"

Terrence eased himself with proper caution into a chair. "On the list of assignments to the Broadway squad," he said, "you'll find Edward Grady. He's my son."

"I know," the other answered. "I put him there."

"Take him off," said Terrence.

There was a bit of silence. "It's a good job," the big man was saying; "I thought you'd like to see the boy move along."

"Not that way." Terrence planted his feet and rose.

"As man to man," he said, looking straight at the other's eyes, "he's *spending* too much."

The man behind the desk raised his eyebrows a bit.

"Easy come, easy go," he said slowly, and he made a motion with his fingers like a man counting in money and he looked intently at Patrolman Grady, but Terrence pretended not to see.

The other man got up too and came around the desk. "So they got to him," he said slowly. "It's a damn shame, but not too late. He's got good stuff in him." His hand came up and squeezed all he could get of the Grady biceps in his grip. "I know."

"Thank you, sir," said Terrence. "Shut up," said the other. "I'll put him on the Safe and Loft Squad."

"You're a good friend," said Terrence.

"I'm trying to be a good cop," said the other, putting his pipe back in his mouth.

Terrence Grady never told anyone about the talk. He asked no questions of the young Grady when that one came home with a black scowl on his face the end of the week. But he smiled to himself as he walked the windy way of Front Street in the early fall mornings and rattled at the locked doors of O'Neil's Fish House and the little Widow Banta's smoke shop, against the forgetfulness of humans that go off home and leave their latches out.

It was October when the big haul was made from the Caravan Trading Company's docks on South Street—on a murky night when Terrence was off duty and sound asleep in bed.

"It's a case for the Marine Division and the Safe and Loft Squad," the desk reminded Terrence the next day. "But if the two dicks they sent down ain't too damn' dumb they'll be asking you a lot of questions."

Terrence met Eddie at the dock. "I'm transferred," the young one said. "A mob knocked off this dump for ninety grand last night."

"You don't tell me," said Terrence. "And have you caught the culprits yet? Or is it apprehend 'em you do in plain clothes?"



"Quit razzing me. You know this district like a book. Have you any idea where the mob hides out?"

Old Terrence looked down at the boy and his grin faded. "Do you really want I should help you?" he asked.

"I do," said Eddie, and he had the grace to smile broadly. "Nobody can help me more."

"Then go on with your investigatin' and meet me at the house for supper," said his father. "There's a bit of looking around I have to do myself."

The rain was falling in a cold pale sheet when the two

of them came down the front steps at 8 o'clock. Terrence had hung his uniform in the kitchen to dry and there was nothing more to show him a cop than there was about the trim youngster at his side—nothing but the big badge pinned underneath his vest and the feet of him with an inch of sole leather between his socks and the dripping pavement.

"I don't know where the stuff is now," he said as they walked along. "But I can take you to the spot where the scallawags cooked up the deal, and there's no telling offhand what fingers they may have left behind to give the lot of them away."

IT was dirty weather. Beyond the occasional all-night lunchrooms, which made pale yellow blobs of light in the blackness, and the clacking passage of a few stray cabs, not a sign of life did the Grady's see abroad as they slugged, long-strided, toward the river front. At the entrance of an old smoke-brown loft facing the spurs of shipping across the cobbled gap of the East River docks, Terrence swung smartly right about, herding Eddie into the shadows.

"The next door," he whispered. "Have your gat handy-like in your outside pocket." Old Grady's hand slid along the square shoulder at his side, down the forearm, and gripped hard above the elbow. He felt the biceps harden under his fingers and he smiled.

"Come on," he said, and moved swiftly across the intervening pavement and into the oblong tunnel of the next door.

There was no lift shaft. Only the stairs running straight a whole floor height to the narrow halls, with doors opening off, front, back, and on the right-hand side.

Eddie made to move up shoulderwise with his father, but the pressure of Terrence's elbow stopped him and forced him back. The big man placed the sole of one foot gingerly upon the bottom step and felt cautiously for the give of the wood and the possible creak. He went up, two steps at a time, goat fashion, one foot before the other close to the rail where the boards were firmest.

At the rear door of the second floor he paused, feeling for the lock. With his right hand he steered Eddie to the left side of the opening. Then he took one stride forward, wheeled, and swung his right leg up. The heel of his 14-EE struck the door beams directly over the lock and the barrier bounced open with a crash of shivering panels and torn screw holds.

Terrence slid against the right wall and the beam of his flashlight bit into the blackness of the room, moving methodically knee high across the visible space of the three walls before him.

The beam flicked over the dusty outlines of a broken-backed lounge, a wooden table, scarred and battered chairs, a litter of cigarette stubs, bottles—nothing that lived.

GRADY shut off the light and swung himself around the bend of the door, keeping always the feel of the protecting wall against his shoulder blades. He could hear the faint sound of Eddie's breathing from the hallway. There was nothing else to break the silence. He snapped on the flash.

"Come ahead," he called.

Eddie's heels clicked smartly on the boards, advancing, and the sharp sound echoed through the closed room. Faintly, almost in an indefinite whisper, Terrence's ears caught another sound—a soft padding thump as of the muffled fall of live weight. Three things happened at once: A

hand gripped his coat collar from behind, a cylinder of steel jammed hard against the small of his back, and a hoarse voice said, "Stick 'em up." Terrence breathed deep once and raised his hands. He heard Eddie call out, there was a scuffle of feet, a whistling intake of breath, a heavy slap of blunt sound, and the unmistakable sequence of a falling body striking hard wood—knees, hips, head!

A stab of pain went through the deep chest muscles above Terrence's heart. But not from the touch of any weapon. It was Eddie that had been hit. Terrence's body tensed for a leap in the dark, but the fingers at his neck felt the swell of muscles and the gun at his back dug deeper. A light flashed on overhead.

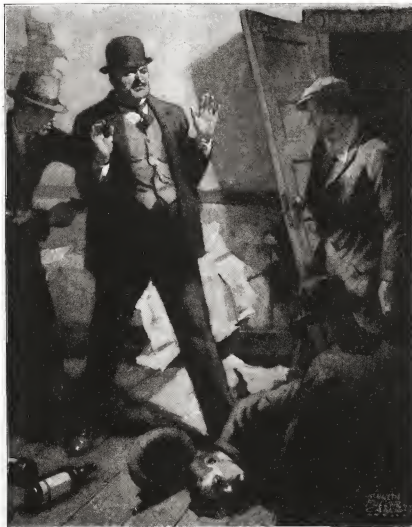
Two men, short, bulgy at neck and shoulders, hats drawn down to meet the bridge of thick noses, stood over Eddie. The voice spoke behind Terrence:

"Let's give 'em th' works."

One of the bending figures reared up over the recumbent figure of the young Grady.

"Hold it, bum," he snarled. He jerked a finger toward Terrence. "That's the copper on the beat. Take the both of them to Joe."

[CONTINUED ON PAGE FORTY-FOUR]



The voice spoke behind Terrence: "Let's give 'em th' works."

...on the track it's  
**SPEED!**



**Chester**  
FINE TURKISH and DOMESTIC tobaccos, . .

...in a cigarette it's

# TASTE /

## TASTE *above everything*

From the time the tobaccos are bought until the fresh package of Chesterfields comes over the counter, one idea governs its making: *taste*.

\* \* \*  
Chesterfield's formula calls for a variety of tobaccos, but each type, each special quality, is chosen for its particular appeal to *taste*... chosen on the shores of the Black Sea, in Thrace, in Asia Minor, in Kentucky, Virginia, Carolina, by men to whom tobacco is a life job.

\* \* \*  
These selected tobaccos are aged, in Nature's slow, perfect way — for *taste*. They are blended... and "cross-blended"... with scientific precision, to an exact formula which cannot be copied.

\* \* \*  
Nothing sensational; no fads. But Chesterfield offers, and delivers: mildness... without flatness; flavor... without harshness, a pleasing aroma rarely achieved. A good rule for making a cigarette, a good rule for choosing one... "Taste above everything!"

# field

...not only BLENDED but CROSS-BLENDED



MILD...  
and yet  
...THEY SATISFY

[Continued from page forty-one]

There came a murmur of dissent from the man at Terrence's back, then a swift plunge of fingers into his coat pocket where his gun rested. The others jerked Eddie upright and lashed a handkerchief across his eyes. They shook him.

"Snap out it."

Another handkerchief swung before Terrence's eyes. The folded cloth cut into the flesh as it was drawn tight and knotted above one ear. He felt the bite of heavy cord slipped under his coat and lashed below one elbow. It went up and around his neck in a strangling loop. Then to the other arm. His hands stuck out grotesquely breast high, the arms drawn up. He was trussed beyond all chance for combat with his fists.

"O. K.," the voice grunted at his side. An echo answered from the door, "O. K."

A hand steered him forward.

They went down the long steps slowly. Then a halt, while some one reconnoitered, and they were out in the pelting rain, stumbling across the cobbles where the Grady feet had trod their majestic way for eighteen charted years.

"North a block," said Terrence to himself.

Something of the like must have flashed into the leader's mind. The group halted abruptly, backing into an area way. Terrence could feel the presence of a taut figure in front of him.

"You're wise to this beat, ain't you?" it said. Fingers moved up and tucked the edges of the blindfold up tight, close to the line of his eyes. He felt his hat jerked forward, completely shading the cloth.

"Spin him," said the voice. Hands gripped him by either elbow and he rotated under the twisting pressure, around and around on his heels.

"Steady." The hands swung him to a halt. "Come on." They moved again, across flat pavement, broken cobbles, iron grills, and smoothworn curbs. Up streets and down, this way, that way.

Twice Terrence stumbled and fell full length, his fingers groping across the obstruction which had seemed to throw him.

Twice he sucked in his teeth in an inward grin.

They detoured suddenly. The footing changed from stone to wood again. The whipping, rain-filled wind of the streets shut off suddenly. The multitude of strange odors that were a part of the First Precinct merged and faded into one sharp, stinging, dominant smell. Terrence sniffed guardedly and grinned again.

**B**UT these were thorough workmen, his captors. They stopped short where the smell was thickest and again they whirled him about until his head was dizzy with the swirl of mounting blood.

Then a doorway, steps, turns, steps, turns. Silence and a sharp rap, three times repeated—and a fourth.

A door creaked and men were whispering. He could feel a light on his face. Someone shoved him forward and they passed into the room.

"Hallo, big boy!" This voice was acridly threatening. He tried to place it. "Joe" the other had called him. Joe what? He flipped the catalogue of his mind in desperate haste. Joe Gaetano! He'd helped send Joe away two years ago. Terrence cleared his throat.

"So you're back again, Joe," he said.

"Dam' right I'm back, Grady." The other sucked in his breath with a chill whistle. He laughed.

"I see you bring the little boy along, too. Regular family stuff you pull, hey, Grady? What the hell, you a reception committee or what?"



Terrence eased himself with proper caution into a chair.

The man's voice picked up in intensity. He strode forward, halted, and laughed again. It was not a nice laugh. "Pretty swell boy you got. Some class. He'll look nifty with a couple candles where he can't see 'em!"

The voice rattled away in a growling undertone. "You know what?" it said suddenly. "I'm gonna cut his heart out. You fool with me once too often that time. I'm putting you where you won't do no more funny business, you cheap cop."

He moved rapidly away. Terrence could hear the low hum of whisperm. The sound ceased and steps approached him again. He was thrown backward heavily against the wall, hands seized his head and thick manila rope gagged him, cutting his lips and tongue and bearing in upon his teeth and jaws until it seemed the bones must give.

**T**HEY kicked him to his feet and spun him through the door and down the steps.

The sound of an automobile starter droned at his left. The motor coughed and settled into a steady throb. The sound came closer; halted before him. He was pushed

into the back seat, a silent figure on either side. The clutch took hold and the car jumped forward.

Grady knew what that meant. A "ride." They were heading for open country. Out beyond Brooklyn, perhaps, or Long Island. Somewhere along the way they'd put a bullet into him. His body would be found a couple of days later in a ditch.

The car swung around a corner and picked up greater speed. They'd be on one of the bridges soon, probably Manhattan. There was hope there, perhaps from outside. But that would be too late to help Eddie. Terrence knew he had to do something and do it fast.

He waited for another corner, another turn. Directly it came. The car throttled down a mere fraction of miles. Terrence leaned forward, bracing himself. His reaching toe touched the back of the front seat. His arms were bound; he was blindfolded and gagged. But his feet were loose.

The car started its swing, rocking on two wheels with the speed. Terrence raised his right knee and shot the heel of his heavy boot high and straight at the spot where the driver's head should be. It was.

The blow landed with a crushing impact.

He threw himself on his back in the bottom of the car. His hands gripped the legs of one captor at knee and ankle. He twisted with the leverage of his thick wrists and the man came down in a heap on top of him.

The staggering car dived into the curb; there was the snap of a smashed wheel and then a kaleidoscopic whirl of bodies, glass, and splintered wood as it leaped the pavement and caved its nose against the solid masonry of a warehouse wall.

It had happened in a split second; the door at his feet, sprung by the crash, sagged open. Terrence could feel the tread of his other guard stumbling drunkenly across his legs and the lurch of the chassis as the man slipped from the running board. A shot cracked and a bullet seared the floor boards at his side. Then the feet pounded away.

Something wet was trickling down Terrence's neck. A cut from flying glass perhaps. The man on top of him was struggling weakly. Maybe he had been hit. Terrence felt the pressure of the other's elbow as he fought to raise himself. He thrust upward with his knee, driving at the man's stomach, but the effort broke his handhold and the body wrenched free and away.

He dropped his head to within reach of his right hand and tore at the blindfold. His fingers found the knot above his ear and forced upward.

His eyes ached with the surge of congested blood.

Vaguely he could see the face of the man who had broken free. A jagged gash ran across his forehead. He raised a wavering hand with a gun and fired.

The bullet stabbed high up in the left shoulder. Terrence groaned and shut his eyes. When he opened them the face was gone. He inched his body forward through the door until his feet touched the running board, and he could rise.

The driver lay alone in the smashed front seat, his head folded grotesquely at the neck against the cowl. He was dead. The others had gone. The fingers of Terrence's left hand felt numb, but he could wriggle them. He grinned hopefully. It meant the bullet had not smashed a bone.

From far down the rainy street behind him he heard the staccato clatter of a nightstick on stone. He turned and ran toward it, choking for breath against the bite of the manila gag.

He saw the glint of polished buttons against a blue coat. Then, for a moment, he could see nothing. A hand reached out and caught him by a blood-soaked shoulder as he swayed. A familiar voice swore deeply and he felt a knife sawing at the rope in his mouth. It fell away and his jaws were free.

"Paratti," he said hoarsely. "Is it you?"

He pointed to the smaller rope about his throat. Again the knife bit into the hemp. His fingers tingled with the returning flow as his bound arms came down to his side.

Paratti asked no questions. "Sit here," he said grimly. "I'll get them." But Grady's bark stopped him in mid-stride.

"They're gone," he said. "Mind what I tell you. First—give me your gun."

PARATTI drew his heavy service revolver. "Hadn't you better let me—" he began. But a bloodshot eye glowed at him from above the rope burn across the Grady jaw. He handed it over.

"Now then, call the desk," Terrence directed. "Tell them to send every available man on the jump. Meet me at O'Neill's Fish House, north side of the back alley. If you don't see me, you'll hear me." He twirled the revolver in the light, broke it and examined the shells. "Beat it," he growled.

"What the hell is it?" Paratti called, running for the box.

"Joe Gaetano," said Terrence, steady as a rock. "Joe Gaetano—and maybe murder."

And with that he set off running, with the blood ebbing and flowing in red spurts from his shoulder and his heart heavy as lead in his chest.

A block away an empty cab was pulling to the curb in front of a one-arm lunch. He had his gun in the driver's face before the boy's feet had hit the pavement.

"The police," he said, hooking a leg over the front door, "step on it."

They made two turns and a breathless dash through sloping crisscross streets. Terrence swung free and waved his one good arm. "Keep going," he called.

At his back was the evil-smelling wooden driveway into which he had stumbled but a few minutes gone. He slithered cat-footed across the boards. On three sides of him, the buildings reared bleakly in the black night. Everywhere there were doors, big doors, little doors. Only one door was the right one. Only one would give him a fighting chance for Eddie's life.

He swayed back on his heels for a moment and his eyes shut in pain. Ah, that was it, after all.

He returned to the mouth of the alleyway and closed his eyes, groping forward, feeling his way with his feet, step by step. He stopped. Then he swung ponderously a full turn to the right, a half turn back. He shut his eyes again and walked obliquely across the grain of the planks. He hesitated, then turned to the left; opened his eyes. There was a door before him.

The handle turned and the door swung in. Terrence drew his gun and felt his way forward, a halting step. Then he stopped abruptly, blankly. It was the wrong door. Here the jamb ran flush with the outer boards. That other door had had a good four-inch rise.

(CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE)



Even  
when  
teeth  
are  
white

## NOBODY'S IMMUNE\*

*\*4 out of 5 Neglect the Gums and Surrender Health to Pyorrhea*

**D**ANGER seems so remote when teeth are white. But, as your dentist will tell you, teeth are only as healthy as the gums. And diseases that attack the gums seldom reveal their presence until too late.

So start taking proper care of the gums to preserve teeth and safeguard health from dread Pyorrhea—the disease of neglect that ravages 4 persons out of 5 after forty and thousands younger. Prevention is easier than cure. For when Pyorrhea is once contracted only expert dental treatment of long duration can stem its advance.

Every morning and every night, when you brush your teeth, brush gums vigorously with the dentifrice specifically made for this purpose—Forhan's for the Gums.

Within a few days you'll notice an improvement in the way your gums look and feel. In addition, your teeth will look cleaner and whiter. For while this dentifrice helps to firm gums and keep them youthful (the surest safeguard against Pyorrhea) it cleans teeth and helps to protect them from decay.

### Get This Good Habit

Remember, nobody's immune. And the safeguard against disease is proper daily care and a semi-annual visit to your dentist.

Get a tube of Forhan's from your druggist today. Two sizes—35c and 60c. Start using it, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. It will protect their health. Forhan Company, New York.

*Forhan's for the Gums is far more than an ordinary toothpaste. It is the formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S. It is compounded with Forhan's Pyorrhea Liquid used by dentists everywhere. You will find this dentifrice especially effective as a gum massage if the directions that come with each tube are followed closely. It's good for the teeth. It's good for the gums.*

# Forhan's

## FOR THE GUMS

YOUR TEETH ARE ONLY AS HEALTHY AS YOUR GUMS





14-EE  
[Continued from page forty-five.]

He stepped back quickly. Two other doors flanked the one before him. It took only an instant's scrutiny to see they, too, were flush. It stopped him cold for a full minute, that discovery.

He shook his head to clear the cobwebs and went back to the entrance, following all over again the stumbling blindfold trail. When he halted midway of the wood court, he swung this time, a full turn left, a half turn right. Again he weaved in that oblique search.

This time it was the right door. His feet knew the instant they settled on the worn curve of the stairs.

Terrence wheeled and peered anxiously out of the doorway to the alley mouth. There was no sign of Paratti and the relief. Nor was there time to wait.

He breathed deep and went up. He knew the other door he sought, half-way along the smelly hall. It might be sheet steel, this one, for all he knew. Sheet steel and double-locked. But it was that way in or not at all.

He laid his gun against the lock and fired. Then he heaved his good right shoulder hard against the wood. It flew back and the heft of his 240 pounds went with it, half into the room in one mad charge.

A single light bulb glowed above a table at his left and beyond it, against the far wall, he saw three figures.

One of them raised his arm and Grady fired. He saw his bullet split the other's skull—then the light went out.

It was like a blow, that caul of dark across his eyes. He tensed his body for the impact of a bullet from the other gun. But none came. Gaetano was shrewd. That gave him the edge. He could hold his fire and wait for Grady to make a target. And Grady couldn't fire haphazard into the pitch-black veil across that far wall. The third man was Eddie!

Terrence shifted silently until only the helpless left side of him was exposed directly. Then he gripped the gun butt in his teeth and felt behind him with his right hand. His fingers found the back of a chair. With infinite caution he raised it waist high and flung it ahead of him.

It struck the piled debris of the side wall, tumbling noisily to the floor. Two orange jets stabbed out of the gloom from behind the table. Terrence leveled and fired once.

**A**BOVE the reverberation of sound he heard a smothered gasp, and the metallic tinkle of heavy steel bouncing across the boards. Twice more he fired, waist high, right of the sound, and left.

It was even now. Better than even. He'd hit Gaetano in the shooting hand.

His body swung forward. A rush and he'd be in the corner where Eddie sat bound against the wall. But a thin voice cut across the acrid smoke clouds and stopped him.

"You want the kid, hey, Grady?" it asked. "You want to plant him youself?"

Terrence choked back the threat that belled at his throat and held his tongue. Gaetano might have found the gun again.

He moved another step forward. "Stand still, you." The voice snapped him rigid. "Stand, and don't shoot. I show you something."

The light came again. Eddie lay across the table. Behind it stood Gaetano. His left hand held a knife across the boy's eyes.

"Pretty, hey?" He twisted the blade suggestively and laughed. The laugh broke off. "I'm goin' out that door, Grady," he said then. "You get the kid, see? Throw me you' gun."

Grady's head came down low and his jaw set till the muscled ridges rode wavelike across his jawline.

"You touch that boy, Joe, and you'll burn."

"Yeah? What good that do you?"

Gaetano slipped the knife behind the bound man's ear. "Wait," he said, and cut the gag. "Tell poppa what to do, kid," he snarled.

Eddie stretched the cramped muscles and his swollen tongue passed slowly across the cracked lips. He looked at his father in the sick, smoky light and the Grady smile was in his eyes.

"Kill the skunk, dad," he said, and the brave laugh that came out between his teeth set a glow in the old Grady's heart and put the strength of two men in his spine.

"You win, Joe," he said, short and hard. "You win because he's too damn' good a man to risk for the likes of you." He was talking slow and deadly and killing time in the measured cadences of that big rolling voice of his. And all the time he had the gun behind his back, the half-dead fingers of his left hand reaching out to break it open and to pull its teeth.

**I**T was new torture. But he made it. Inch by inch the left came back to meet the right. He counted the shells as he drew them out. Four there were. Safe in his palm. He raised his voice in one last biting fling and snapped the gun in place beneath the cover of the sound.

"Yes, Joe," he said more softly. "You win." With that he tossed the gun. It fell as he had planned. Ten feet, perhaps, beyond the table length.

As though its fall had been a signal, both men moved. Terrence had three times the way to go. But he had planned the edge. It was all one way. Like a cat Gaetano swooped and cupped the gun in his palm. Terrence was coming on—half the way to go. The little man laughed deep and pulled the trigger.

One blank look he gave when the hammer fell dead. He knew he had been tricked and the black rage spat out of his eyes. Ten feet away lay the bound figure of the young Grady. Ten feet beyond was Terrence charging in.

Gaetano raised his left hand with the knife and dived. Through that film of hate he saw the boy's face below him. Saw his eyes—and then saw nothing. Saw nothing but a sudden shadow that curved up between those eyes and his, and struck him with a stab of pain that blotted out all else. The Grady boot had struck.

There was no more sound in the room. Only a long sigh and young Eddie's voice: "The knife, dad. Cut me loose and I'll be taking you on home."

They stretched old Terrence out on the back seat of the police car with his feet in the young one's lap, and they drove that slowly over the bumpy First's unlovely streets you'd have thought it was a hearse. But it wasn't, at all.

"Twas a great job you did, Eddie boy," said Terrence in twice the size of his natural voice when they had halted at the curb of the station house.

"A grand capture, and you'll be getting promoted, no doubt, at once for it," and he grinned broadly at the surprised faces ringed around them.

But Eddie only gulped and did a strange thing indeed. He pulled one of the mammoth feet against his breast and rubbed a bit of Joe Gaetano's chin whiskers from off the sole.

"Promoted, is it?" he laughed, as one laughs after a good cry. "And promoted I would have been, indeed—to a harp—but for the grace of this."

"What a man!" said Paratti, getting his hand beneath the other leg.

And—"What a man!" echoed the young Grady. So they lifted him up slow and easy and led him in to report that everything was quiet again in the First Precinct.

THE END

Prize awards for  
solutions of

## The Dead Under the Crab-Apple Tree

the final problem in  
Sidney Sutherland's  
recent mystery series

will be announced

in

LIBERTY for June 15

# EXTRA!

# CUBS

and

# Washington

to

# Win!

*A Baseball Forecast for 1929*

By HUGH FULLERTON

CHICAGO'S Cubs, matured and strengthened, and the restored Washington team should win the National and American leagues' pennants this season and meet next October to decide the world's championship.

There are two great problems in the baseball of 1929.

First: Can the American League clubs "spot" the New York Yankees' 120 runs and beat them?

Second: Will Rogers Hornsby be an asset or a liability to the Chicago Cubs?

If those two questions could be answered now, the task



Joe Judge  
Senators

Oscar Blume  
Senators

Buddy Myer  
Senators

of the dopester would be comparatively easy, despite the fact that the five leading clubs of the American League rate closer together in figure strength than at any time since the era of the Yankees commenced, and the further fact that the three tail-end teams of the same circuit are stronger than in years.

The National League presents just about the same problems it did a year ago, save that the order of strength has changed. The Cubs, successors to Frank Chance's great teams, will (unless Hornsby upsets the team) become heir to the title now held by the St. Louis Cardinals. The Cardinals, with the finest organization, the greatest reserve power, and the most intelligent directorship in baseball, have a chance to repeat, should the Chicago management fail to get the best results out of Hornsby.

The Yankees, seemingly invincible for three years, are not so strong this year. Ruth is not done, by a long way,



*The big punch in the Cub attack. From left to right, Kiki Cuyler, Rogers Hornsby, and Hack Wilson.*

but he is wearing down. He was "finer" in condition this spring than at the close of last season. Nor is the Yankee team as a whole as good as it was. Larry, the expensive youngster from the coast, failed to show form in the spring training, and Durocher, the hustling, aggressive boy, starts with the job, although he cannot hit much. Penneck is a problem. If the neuritis in his hand, which crippled him last year, does not strike again, the pitching staff will be as good as it was.

The Yankees have, in fact, about 120 runs the advantage of any other team in the league, due to the long

## THE DOPE

A YEAR ago, in LIBERTY, Mr. Fullerton predicted correctly which teams would win the pennants in both the major leagues and forecast almost exactly the finishing positions of ten of the remaining teams. Here are the figures (explained in his article) on which he bases his prophecy for the current season.

### AMERICAN LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Washington .....	6937	4808	11,745
New York .....	6943	4732	11,675
Philadelphia .....	6842	4677	11,519
Detroit .....	6857	4635	11,492
St. Louis .....	6816	4620	11,436
Chicago .....	6731	4639	11,370
Boston .....	6650	4524	11,174
Cleveland .....	6588	4560	11,148

### NATIONAL LEAGUE

	Offensive	Defensive	Total
Chicago .....	6792	4668	11,460
St. Louis .....	6703	4712	11,415
Pittsburgh .....	6787	4573	11,360
New York .....	6720	4514	11,234
Cincinnati .....	6637	4528	11,165
Brooklyn .....	6609	4515	11,124
Boston .....	6561	4470	11,031
Philadelphia .....	6444	4528	10,972



F. Marberry  
Senators

Goose Goslin  
Senators

Mike Gonzales  
Cubs

hitting of Ruth, Gehrig, and Lazzeri. Last year the Yanks made 257 runs more than their opponents scored; yet their opponents counted more runs against them than against any other club in the circuit.

Philadelphia, as we will see, seems to have gone back from the high promise of last fall, and so have the St. Louis Browns. The Detroit Tigers, strengthened by Harris, the new playing manager, may develop their inherent strength and press the pace.

The first five clubs of the National League rate closely together in figure strength, with the Cubs having the best distribution of power both in attack and in defense. Pittsburgh, a semidormant team, weakly handled, rates ahead of the New York Giants in figure strength, but will have trouble in beating out McGraw's team, although the Giant team is far from being a great aggregation. If the Giants can win a championship with

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[EXTRA! CUBS AND WASHINGTON TO WIN!]  
Continued from page forty-seven

a mediocre first baseman, a question mark at second, a just-above-average outfield, a weak back at third base, and a treacherous leg at shortstop—with no good replacements at hand—it either proves that the day of miracles is not yet past, or that the Grand Jury ought to meet.

The dope is somewhat scrambled due to an unusual number of shifts in the line-ups of teams, changes of management, and uncertainty as to the condition of

schedules. For instance, the New York Yankees are an "early season" team. They are more than liable to wear down during the last half of the year. Their terrific hitting force is most effective during the first two months, when the opposing pitchers are not yet at top condition. Study their schedule: They play nineteen games against the weak Boston club before July 4, and only three afterward; they play thirteen with the Athletics before July, and only nine afterward; they play fourteen with Washington up to July 4, and only eight later.



Art Shires  
White Sox



Babe Ruth  
Yankees

Tony Lazzeri  
Yankees



Minton Hayes  
Senators



Lyn Lary  
Yankees



H. Heilmann  
Tigers

players, especially of Lazzeri of the Yankees and his team mate, Herb Pennock; of Thevenow, recently crippled in an automobile accident; of Paul Waner, Glenn Wright, and Rogers Hornsby.

My system of doping the pennant races depends entirely upon official figures, analyzed. Not only is it necessary to figure the batting average of each man, but his ability to wait, as shown by bases on balls, his speed in running, and his skill in base stealing. To reach any accurate results we must figure, first, the offensive strength of a team, which is about 64 per cent of the total strength of any team with the modern ball in use; then the defensive strength.

Where many analysts of ball teams err is in their methods of computing defensive strength. The idea of figuring each of the nine men as equally important brings disaster. You will discover, in studying the game, that the strength of any team is largely in a straight line: catcher, pitcher, second baseman, and center fielder. These four are more than 70 per cent of the total defensive strength of any team. The second base-shortstop combination is the most important (excepting pitching) in the defensive scheme. There never has been a championship team that was not strong around second base, and there is an old saying in the sport that no team ever won unless it could make double plays.

THE dope, to be correct, must show the position strength of each of the nine places. In my plan (based on total chances) the pitcher is 36 per cent of the defensive strength, catcher 14, first baseman 8, second baseman 9, third baseman 5½, and so around the field. After studying this position-strength table, you must figure the defensive value of each man in his position. If the second-base position has an average value of 9, how much greater is Hughie Critz' value?

I have figured the American and the National leagues in this manner and find that the Yankees have lost power and have declined in both attack and defense—not much, but enough. It is impossible to dope how Babe Ruth's marriage will affect his work, or how long his weary legs will carry all his bulk. We must stick to facts and figures, throw away all preconceived ideas, and calculate the strength of each team. Then, by figuring reserves and comparing teams, position by position, by computing the strength of each team against the defensive strength of its opponents in twenty-two games, we reach the relative strengths of teams. After that, it sometimes becomes necessary (as this season) to make a close study of the

It is obvious that the Yankees have a big advantage over Washington in the schedule, and, added to that, Washington is a slow starting and strong finishing club. The Yankees have wobbled in to win three championships because they have accumulated a tremendous lead in the early part of the season and held on to it by sheer hitting power and the masterly handling and scheming of Huggins through the final month.

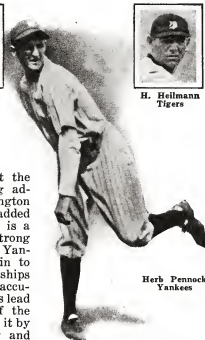
The Giants have an even greater schedule advantage. There are three weak teams in the East. The Giants play sixteen games each against the Philadelphia, Boston, and Brooklyn teams prior to midseason, and six each against them in the latter half, so that if the Giants are in form in early season they have a tremendous lead for the others to overcome.

THE Yankees this season, despite their tremendous hitting force, are not so formidable as they have been. True, it is necessary for the American League clubs either to reduce the New York scoring by at least 120 runs, or to make 120 more runs against their pitchers than they have been doing. Chicago, St. Louis, and Washington pitchers last year held the Yankees in check. The Athletic pitchers failed miserably against them, and the Yankees really won their championship by trouncing the Philadelphians in nine of eleven games at Philadelphia.

Gehrig is improved in defense, but he is not a strong defensive man and his hitting will not be so heavy. Lazzeri's physical condition is not good. Lary, the expensive experiment from the Pacific Coast, has not shown major league ability, although he may later; and the fresh, hustling Durocher, who replaces him at short, cannot hit much. The catching is below par; the recruit pitchers, excepting Wells, promise little help. The pitching problem is, as usual, Pennock.

The great grief in doping the Yankees lies in the fact that, when such a team collapses, it does not stop short of a complete break. Once convinced it cannot win a pennant, this sort of team is likely to go to pot completely. Should Ruth's legs quit under him, Pennock's neuritis cripple his hand, Lazzeri's arm stay bad, the Yankees may conceivably not stop at second place, but slump to fourth or fifth.

Washington's figure strength will be a surprise to many. Here is a well built team, with the strength placed where it counts most. With Goslin's arm good, the outfield is remarkable. Judge is satisfactory at first, Minton Hayes is one of the most promising second basemen to



Herb Pennock  
Yankees

enter the league in years, and Bluege a remarkable shortstop. Buddy Myer at third is liable to be one of the ranking occupants of the hot spot this season.

The pitching staff is strong, especially strong against the Yankees, chiefly because the Washington pitchers are not afraid to pitch against Ruth and Gehrig. Jones and Marberry refuse to believe the tradition that no one can pitch a fast ball past them.

Washington's catching is above average, and its hitting power well distributed. Its chief trouble is that it has been a slow starting club. It is perhaps the gamest club in the circuit and the hardest fighting, and this season, under Johnson, it is liable to get away better. If this team is within eight games of New York on August 16 it ought to win the championship.

The Athletics are a disappointment. They seemed to be a coming team, and they figure well up if the pitching stands up and the infield rallies. There has been a lot of mudding around the infield and a slump from last season's enthusiastic rush. The team appears to lack fight and finish. Besides, it is handicapped by the fact it is the most unpopular organization in the league among the players.

Mack has the strongest left-handed pitching staff in the circuit, and perhaps hopes to stop the Yankees by left-handing them to death—a tradition which is shared by Clark Griffith, owner of Washington.

DETROIT presents more a psychological than a playing problem. Bucky Harris, the new manager, is a remarkable field leader and his playing contributes a great deal to strengthening the infield, but he is a bad handler of men off the field, a weakness revealed at Washington. His work with pitchers, after Walter Johnson left the team to manage Newark, was bad, and he appeared to be

governed by tradition. One of his theories was that Marberry was not a starting pitcher. After Marberry had won four and lost two games, Harris decided he could not win when pitching full games and returned him to part time—which weakened the entire staff. This year Marberry will start games, and he will contribute not a little to Johnson's winning side.

Harris has made a poor start with Detroit as far as handling players is concerned—got crossways with Heilmann, the greatest hitter on the team, and disturbed conditions without material improvement.



Hugh Critz  
Reds



Travis Jackson  
Giants



Fred Lindstrom  
Giants

THE Detroit team was badly managed last season because George Moriarty forgot that players of this generation cannot be managed as players were in his day. The team was much better, really, than the record shows and possesses a terrific punch.

If either the Detroit or Chicago batters can hit Huggins' twirlers as they did last year, and their own pitchers can check the champions even 20 per cent, it will make a vast difference in the won and lost columns.

The St. Louis Browns proved the sensation of the American League last year, but the team does not analyze strong enough to get above fourth or fifth place in the race. The infield, strengthened last year by two youngsters who were going great guns, does not look so good, and the team figures not to hit as well as it did. The team is well handled and hopeful. It has lost a little of last season's strength in pitching, and a trifle of the punch—due more to improvement in opposing teams than to deterioration in its own ranks. This is a coming ball club, but it had a great deal of luck in catching stronger clubs in slumps and in getting the breaks last year, and both Detroit and Washington are much stronger than they were. It might possibly beat out Detroit and edge

(CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE)

## Delicate Fingers Take Off

### \$500 IN PRIZES

We are offering \$500 in prizes for the 24 best letters describing "Your sudden and most injurious, or embarrassing experience in taking off the old-fashioned bottle crown cap, that requires an opener."

- \$200 . . . 1st Prize
  - \$100 . . . 2nd Prize
  - \$50 . . . 3rd Prize
  - \$25 . . . 4th Prize
  - \$10 each for the 5 next best letters.
  - \$5 each for the 15 next best letters.
1. Your letter must be a personal experience.
  2. Only letters post marked before midnight, July 15, 1929, will be accepted.
- IMPORTANT: A 50c Bottle Tester will be sent FREE as evidence that we have received your contest letter. No letters will be returned.

## Tilt Top Caps with EASE!

For 30 years a bottle cap that would do away with the annoyance of using an opener, has been a public necessity and demand.

The new, sensational Tilt Top Cap fills this need completely—a metal cap of finest material that forms a gas tight seal and can be taken off with the forcing finger and thumb. Think what this means!

Millions of dollars have been spent to accomplish what the Tilt Top Cap has fully solved. You will find Tilt Top Caps and Cappers at leading Department, Hardware, Grocery and Malt Stores. Look for them. See them demonstrated.

NOTE TO BOTTLERS—Slight change on Crowning Machine will adapt Tilt Top Caps. Tilt Top Caps are the only visible sales feature of any drink.

### TILT TOP MFG. CO.

1821-23 Berteau Ave., Chicago, Ill.

#### TILT TOP

The Perfect Copper. Safe, Easy to operate. Guaranteed for a full year. \$2.50

#### TILT TOP Jr.

Beats all competition at a price for all. \$1.25

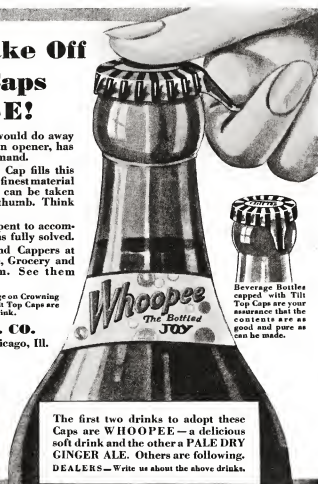
#### CITRATE

#### TILT TOP

for drug stores who bottle their own citrate. \$1.00

Prices slightly higher

West of the Rockies



Beverage Bottles capped with Tilt Top Caps are your assurance that the contents are as good and pure as can be made.

The first two drinks to adopt these Caps are WHOOPÉE — a delicious soft drink and the other a PALE DRY GINGER ALE. Others are following.

DEALERS — Write us about the above drinks.



[EXTRA! CUBS AND WASHINGTON TO WIN!]

Continued from page forty-nine

into the first division if dissension in the Tiger ranks prevails.

Chicago is spotty and uncertain. Blackburne is already having his managerial troubles. The idea prevails in the White Sox ranks that the manager of that club is a figurehead and that Comiskey, the owner, is the real manager.

Blackburne, trying to show them this was not true, stepped into trouble which he had invited by appointing Art Shires, a first-year kid of doubtful record, as captain. This boy, Art Shires, is one of the most brilliant of the rookie crop.

The White Sox are not promising. They have a lot of pitching strength, a brilliant but probably erratic infield, fair outfielding, and ragged catching.

The dope, however, indicates a fierce battle between them, Boston's Red Sox, and Cleveland for the cellar honors, with Cleveland the favorite to finish last. Bill Carrigan at last has acquired some material with which to work. He had to sacrifice Buddy Myer to get it, but he has a team that, while lacking punch and probably being the weakest hitting bunch in the American League, will hustle. He has some potential pitching strength and, for the first time since he returned to the game, has a chance to get out of last place.

Cleveland, starting to rebuild from the bottom, looks bad. It is a makeshift team at present: a couple of brilliant youngsters, some has-beens and trade goods, fair catching, and Joe Shaute. Joe Sewell, the hitting ace and the best man on the regular team, loses much value by shifting from short to third base, where he will have about one-third as many chances to show his fielding ability.

Four clubs are certain to furnish a contest in the National League, with the possibility of Cincinnati getting into the race and making it more interesting for everyone until their lack of punch and lack of strong reserve material drops them back. The strength of the four leading clubs—Cubs, Pirates, Cardinals, and Giants—is extraordinarily even, the Cubs having a slight figure advantage over the champions.

THE danger of doping the Cubs to win lies in Hornsby.

We know he is a great batter, probably the best right-handed hitter since the days of Anson, but is bitterly disliked by the majority of ball players with whom he has played. Contrary to the ideas of some, he is a bad ball player aside from his batting. He covers little ground, is bad going toward second base, and does not work well with the shortstop. He is a poor base runner and scores few runs in proportion to the number of times he reaches first base.

But his own ability, or lack of it, is not the question. Branch Rickey (who suffered more from him than anyone else) has an idea that Hornsby will be a good boy, at least one season, with the Cubs. One thing is certain, and that is that, if he does not, neither Owner Wrigley nor Manager McCarthy will keep him long on their team.

The Cubs, figuring Hornsby's hitting power, are the class of the league. They have the strongest outfield, above-average catching, with old Mike Gonzales supplying a lot of brains and cunning, and a strong young pitching staff, perhaps the best in the circuit, despite its tendency to blow up all at once. The worst flaw in the machine is third base—which is not yet patched up.

The team has been erratic, winning and losing by spurts. It tossed off the championship last year by losing six games to Philadelphia just when they shon'd have won.

In spite of Chicago's new attacking power, the St. Louis Cardinals figure within forty-five points of being as strong a team, and the Cardinals are far better fortified with reserves than any other club in the country. They are slightly stronger than they were last season. Their pitching department is improved and enlarged. Alexander, old as he is, is almost as good as ever, and Sherdel is perhaps the best, hardest working, and most reliable left-hander in the league. It is dangerous to experiment with new material on a championship club, but the Cardinals had no choice. Thevenow was done, as far as usefulness with them was concerned, and Maranville was a makeshift (and a marvelous one) last year. The strength of the team is its reserves, enabling instant replacements.



G. Alexander  
Cardinals



Bill Sherdel  
Cardinals



Paul Waner  
Pirates



Joe Shaute  
Indians



Glenn Wright  
Dodgers

is, and will be for some time, a team of discontent. Petty may or may not help the wabbling pitching department, but the odds are he will not fit into the Dreyfuss scheme of things.

## PITTSBURGH

The hitting has vital weaknesses, despite the hitting power supplied largely by the Waners. It is doubtful, too, whether

Paul Waner will be as good this year. His dissatisfaction and his long holdout did not help, and it is indicative of the discontent with the management that has affected the team ever since the row which dismembered it, ruined Glenn Wright, and caused drastic changes in the team.

If Pittsburgh were capably administered and managed it might have a chance to rise above both St. Louis and Chicago, as it is strong enough (excepting for clean-up hitting) to accomplish that feat and overcome the natural superiority of the others. Its grounds give Pittsburgh's team a peculiar advantage, because the shape of the field fits the style of batting. They make fewer home runs and more three-base hits than almost any other team, the triples being largely due to the field and to the speed of the Waners. The shift of Grantham to the outfield should help, although it will weaken the infield to a slight extent. Pittsburgh is in better shape at the start of this season than it was last, especially in the pitching department, but unless it should get a strong advantage in the breaks of the season, it is not the championship team.

New York's Giants might reach the heights if they could be kept intact and at their best during the entire season. It is not a well constructed club. The pitching ought to be improved, although picking up worn-out material and bringing it back is not a promising way of making a winning team. Second base is not satisfactory, and the fragile condition of Travis Jackson and Freddie Lindstrom does not indicate they can go the full route, although they did last year, much to the surprise of many.

Out of curiosity I compared the present Giants with those of 1917-18-19—and it is not so good by at least 15 per cent as those teams were. The pitching staff is liable to carry the club along fairly well, and McGraw has kept even worse teams in the race for long periods.

Cincinnati, as usual, is a curious aggregation. It has tremendous potential pitching possibilities, two really great pitchers, a new man who has all the earmarks of being great, but not enough punch to carry through to the top. It has perhaps the best defensive second baseman in the last decade. In fact, I doubt if ever there was a better defensive second baseman than Critz. Third base shows improvement, but the fact remains that neither George Kelly nor Ford is of championship caliber now. The catching is average and the outfield just fair. The team packs no killing punch and will need a lot of luck to get above fifth place.

Boston is stronger, and Judge Fuch's experiment will be interesting. The Braves have found a very promising second baseman, and undoubtedly Gowdy, Evers, and Maranville have put a lot of fight into the team. The

pitching is not good and shows little sign of improving. Philadelphia is, as usual, hopeless. Some think it has a chance to beat out Boston, but the figures do not show that to be true.

The unloading of Glenn Wright on Brooklyn by Pittsburgh was a rather cruel joke—if the college yell of the realtors, "Caveat emptor," be accepted in baseball. Wright's arm was, is, and perhaps always will be, bad, and some things are not as they should be with his conduct. The situation at Brooklyn is bad. Robinson, one of the best of managers, is almost helpless, since whatever one owner wants the other will not have. Robby has to patch up, do without, or do the best he can. He has done very well with what he has had to work with, and relied upon Wright to mainstay the infield. With Wright crippled, the plan is upset.

However, Petty is not liable to help Pittsburgh any more than Wright will help Brooklyn.

Brooklyn's pitching staff should carry the team into sixth place and keep it there, despite the weakness of the remainder of the team. Boston should be next and Philadelphia last. It is rather a pity, as Philadelphia has four ball players of near-championship caliber being wasted on the desert air of eighth place, and, in addition to everything else, probably the best catching staff in captivity.

It is odd for a tail-end club to have two great catchers while five other clubs are waiting for even one.

The dope indicates that the Yankees will push to the front early and stay there for a long time, but not so far in the lead as in the last three years. Washington, Philadelphia, and Detroit should keep within striking distance, and St. Louis (feasting on weaker Western clubs in the early season) ought to be up close to the leaders on July 4.

The race should gradually tighten up in August, when four clubs will be pushing the Yankees, who will fade as the pitching gets better. Then the Athletics and Senators will make their bid, and unless the Yankees are too far out in front, Washington should wear them down and win in the last few weeks.

In the National League, five clubs ought to be in a scramble for the lead all the way to August with the Giants setting the early pace. The prospects are that Cubs, Giants, Pirates, and Cardinals will all be within a few games of the lead up to the last month, when the Cubs' superior punch and pitching ought to enable them to move forward and win by a narrow margin from the Cardinals.

Mr. Fullerton's series on "greatest games" chosen by various baseball notables will be resumed next week.



## Touch a CORN with this amazing liquid

SCIENCE has perfected new methods in ending corns and callus spots. No more paring. That is temporary; that is dangerous.

You touch the most painful corn with this amazing liquid which acts like a local anesthetic. The pain stops in 2 seconds. You wear tight shoes, walk, dance, in comfort... instantly!

Then soon the corn begins to shrivel up and loosen. You peel it off with your fingers like dead skin. The whole corn is gone. Works on any kind of corn or callus, hard or soft; new or old. Ask your druggist for "GETS-IT." Results are guaranteed.

**"GETS-IT"** World's Fastest Way

Don't  
Do  
This —  
use



## LEONARD EAR OIL

An Ear Oil of great benefit in many cases of Catarrhal Discharge and Head Noises. Simply Insert in Nostrils and Rub in gently back of Ears. Booklets and Pen-cups have written of the relief obtained. Price \$1.25 at drug stores. Folder about "Earaches" on request to A. O. LEONARD, INC., Suite 825, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

## ARTHRITIS

What Insulin is doing for Diabetes, RENTON'S Rheumatic Tablets, are doing for Arthritis, Neuritis, and Rheumatism. Former bed-ridden Arthritics, are walking without a cane, and driving their own cars in California. Not a failure of record. A strictly pharmaceutical preparation, free from habit forming and injurious drugs. For confirmation of the above statement, ask any bank, or druggist in Pasadena, California. One month's treatment \$5.00 delivered in U. S. or Canada.

**RENTON'S** THE RENTON  
RHEUMATIC COMPANY  
TABLETS STATION C.  
PASADENA, CALIF.

## STOPS FALLING HAIR

**Lucky Tiger Knocks Dandruff and Scalp Irritations like Whyte-Fox (1 and 2) Medicated Massage heals skin eruptions, and No. 2 Whyte-Fox knocks piles in 2 to 3 weeks. Used and endorsed by millions. Money-Back Guarantee. Write for free booklet. At Barbers, Druggists, Beauty Parlors. Everywhere. Dept. LUCKY TIGER REM. CO. City, Mo.**

## How Many Mistakes Here?



Careful observation will disclose eight inaccuracies in this picture.  
Try to find them without the aid of the list on page fifty-nine.

# FOOL ERRANT

PATRICIA  
WENTWORTH'S

*Serial of Dangerous Men  
and a Girl's Devotion*

Pictures by RAYMOND SISLEY



THERE were dozens of right things in Hugo Ross' life, and one thing perilously wrong. Some of the right things were: He was in love with Loveday Leigh, had told her she was going to marry him, and she seemed glad. His uncle's will, lost for so long, had just been found; he was to have an estate—Treneath—and plenty of money.

The wrong thing was the danger he was running—the danger of being called a thief and, possibly, thrown into prison. Half of him wanted to run away from the terrible risk, but the stronger half knew that, as a loyal Englishman, he never could.

Hugo was the private secretary of Ambrose Minstrel at Meade House, out from London. Hacker was his assistant. Minstrel, a famous inventor, had just completed the plans of an invention that would be invaluable to England.

Mr. Benbow Smith of the Foreign Office had helped Hugo to see what Minstrel and Hacker were probably plotting, and Loveday had overheard enough to make these suspicions a certainty. They intended selling the plans to a foreign power, and proposed to make it appear that Hugo had stolen and sold them for his own profit.

Miller, who was a foreigner, and Hélène de Lara, a fascinating neighbor of Minstrel's, were in the plot on the inventor's side. Loveday had overheard them pretending to be sorry for Hugo. She was Hélène's cousin, and was visiting her. Loveday was a tremendous help to Hugo. Another help was the fact that Mr. Smith had sent him a set of false plans which would be useful when the trap was sprung.

## PART TEN—HUGO FACES RUIN

THE morning dragged interminably. At about 2 o'clock Minstrel stalked out of the laboratory and into the bleak fireless dining room, where he partook of tinned salmon, pâté de foie gras—slabs of it on hunks of bread with the salmon—and a really fearful-looking cup of cocoa which had grown cold with waiting. He scowled as he ate, and did not speak until he had finished, when he got up with a jerk that sent his chair sprawling.

He called back over his shoulder to Hugo as he left the room:

"Hurry up—I want you to take a telegram."

In the study Hugo asked tentatively, "Am I to telephone it?"

He had his head snapped off for his pains.

"I said take—t-a-k-e—take. You don't understand the

English language, I suppose!" Minstrel strode to the study door, slammed it. "The trouble about you, Ross, is not so much that you haven't got a brain as that occasionally some impulse from the great Inane prompts you to act as if you had some kind of thinking apparatus. Get a telegraph form and a pencil. Take this down: 'Green, Air Ministry.' That is the address. This is the telegram: 'Am sending assistant with plans this afternoon. Do not send anyone down here. My time is valuable. Minstrel.' Have you got that? Read it over to me!"

Hugo read it over. He stammered a little over the word "assistant." Was Hacker to take the plans? Hacker hadn't come in. He had gone out whistling more than three hours ago, and he hadn't come in. Hugo didn't think that Hacker meant to come in, and he didn't think that Hacker was meant to take the plans. His heart began to beat rather fast and he colored under Minstrel's contemptuous stare.

"You will now take that telegram to the post office and send it off. The word 'take' in this connection means 'convey'—it doesn't mean 'telephone.' Oh, by the way, there's a second telegram. You needn't write it down if it doesn't stretch that—er—thinking apparatus of yours too much to remember three words—or, to be quite accurate, four."

"Yes, sir?"

What was coming? And why wasn't he to write the second telegram down?

"The name is Miller," said Minstrel. "Can you remember that? M-i-double-l-e-r—Miller. And as the address is the one at which I understand you stayed when you were in town, perhaps you can remember that."

"Yes, sir."

Hugo thought that he might allow himself to look modestly surprised. He was in fact surprised into a condition of tingling expectancy. Miller—he was to wire to Miller, and he wasn't to write the telegram down. That



*"Here—this is it." If he had been really asleep, the light touch would never have waked him.*

is to say, he was to walk in to the village post office and write the telegram there as if it came from himself. He felt a natural impatience to know what he was going to wire to Miller.

He looked round at Minstrel and said, "M-M-Miller? What am I to s-say?"

"I won't tax your memory. The message consists of three words—'Five o'clock today.' Kindly repeat it."

HUGO repeated the words. He felt sure that Hacker wouldn't return. It was he, Hugo, who would be given the plans to take to town. And somewhere on the way—at 5 o'clock, to be accurate—the obliging Mr. Miller would contrive to relieve him of them. A subsequent inquiry at the post office would establish the fact that Hugo had met Mr. Miller by appointment, and that the appointment had been made as soon as he knew when the plans were to go to the Air Ministry.

He looked again at Minstrel, and found him dragging at his beard.

"Any s-signature?"

"No—it's not necessary. May I inquire whether this is what you call thinking? If it is, desist. Now get along!"

Hugo got along. What was he going to do about the telegram to Miller? He could send it, unsigned, and

pile up another damning bit of evidence against himself. Or he could send it signed with Minstrel's name, in which case Minstrel would merely repudiate the signature, as he undoubtedly meant to repudiate the message.

Or he could omit to send the telegram. All the way to the post office he considered this alternative, only to reject it in the end as too dangerous.

Supposing he altered the telegram, or didn't send it, or added a signature, and Minstrel rang up the post office? It was just the sort of thing that Minstrel might do—if he had the smallest lurking doubt of Hugo, it was what he was almost certain to do.

Hugo decided that it would be too dangerous to depart by a hair's breadth from the strictest path of muggishness. A single spark of intelligence would be fatal to his being intrusted with the plans.

What was one more bit of evidence, however damning, if he could only leave Meade with the plans in his pocket?

The post office was also a general shop. It was kept by Mrs. Parford's brother, whose name was Alfred Dibbin. There were a good many people in the shop when Hugo entered it. Mr. Dibbin wore a worried air, and his hair was standing on end.

"No, we haven't any," he was saying. "I'm sorry, Mrs. March, we don't stock it.—No, sir, I'm sorry I can't change a five-pound note, not this afternoon.—Now, Bobby, you just run along 'ome and ask your mother what

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[FOOL ERRANT  
Continued from page fifty-three.]

sort of stamps she wants—and don't you go and forget the answer this time." He looked back over his shoulder, raised his voice, and called, "Chrissie!" and then began to weigh out fruit drops with a slightly distracted air. After a moment he called "Chrissie!" again.

Hugo stood back to wait his turn. There were now three village women and a little girl waiting to be served. Mr. Dibbin went to the door at the back of the shop, opened it, and again called to the absent Chrissie. He came back, leaving the door open. It was just at Hugo's elbow. He wondered vaguely what Chrissie was doing; and as he wondered, he heard a giggle and the sound of hurrying footsteps.

Miss Chrissie came in rather flushed, patting her hair. She was a pretty girl with a bold rolling eye and a fine pair of rosy cheeks. She pushed the door with her foot, but before it shut Hugo heard something that he had not expected to hear. It brought him up with a round turn, and it settled the matter of the telegrams. He sent them both off and walked briskly back to the house.

The adventure was certainly afoot. He had done well not to take any chances over the telegrams, for what he had heard through the open door was the sound of a man whistling idly. The air that he whistled was the air that Hacker had been whistling when he walked out of the study. Hugo had heard him whistle it half a dozen times in half a dozen days, and he felt perfectly certain that he had just heard him whistle it again. He whistled flat, and always took a wrong note in the same place.

Hugo was very glad that he hadn't taken any chances over the telegrams.

## II

MINSTREL was in the hall.

"Where's Hacker? Yes, I said 'Where's Hacker?' Get a move on and find him! Out? How do you mean out? Why should he be out?"

"I d-don't know, sir."

"You don't know! No—you wouldn't. When did he go out?"

"Oh, hours ago."

"Hours ago—and not back? What does he mean by it? What does he think I pay him for?"

Hugo suppressed the temptation to say that he expected that Hacker was paid to keep out of the way when he wasn't wanted. He said nothing, and was sworn at for a tongue-tied booby.

"Did he say when he was coming back?"

"N-no, sir." He added innocently, "I d-don't think he m-meant to come back till late."

Minstrel stared at him. It was a cold, resentful stare. "You don't think! I don't ask you to think—I don't pay you to think—I pay you to do as you're told. You'll have to take the plans to town instead of Hacker. I'm not going to keep them back just because he's out playing the fool, and have those cursed interfering busybodies at

the Ministry come down here shoving their noses into what doesn't concern them and interrupting my work just because Hacker's played me a fool's trick."

So he was to go in Hacker's place. He was expecting it; but all the same there was a sort of shock. He asked, "W-when?"

Minstrel took him up with a snort.

"When? Now—at once. Leonard'll drive you. You're to go straight to the Air Ministry and give the plans yourself to that ass Green."

"I'm not to go by train?"

"No, you're not—you're to go by car—my car. And you're going as soon as Leonard can bring the car round, so get a move on!"

Hugo got a move on. As he ran upstairs, he heard Minstrel's rasping voice at the house telephone calling Leonard. He came down in a minute or two; and there was Minstrel in the hall again.

"Come along—come along!" he said. "Leonard's bringing the car round. Go and see if he's there."

It was a physical impossibility in the time, but Hugo opened the door and looked out. Then, turning, he approached Minstrel with diffidence.

"W-would there be any objection—"

"What?" snapped Minstrel. "Speak out, can't you!"

"W-would you m-mind—"

MINSTREL made a violent exclamation.

"Would I mind what? Haven't you got a voice—haven't you got a tongue? Can't you say what you want and have done with it instead of following me round like a puppy-dog and blushing like a girl—only a girl don't blush nowadays. I suggest that you join some young ladies' academy and learn how not to do it." He laughed a short raucous laugh. "Well, what is it? What d'you want?"

"I w-wanted to know if—that is, I m-mean w-would there be any objection to my going to a s-shop—after I had been to the Ministry, of course?"

"Buy up the whole town if you like!" said Minstrel contemptuously. "What sort of a s-shop do you want to go to?"

He mimicked the stammer in a way that made Hugo see red. Rage nerved him to a supreme act of self-suffice. He drew his flute from his pocket.

"My f-flute wants m-mending."

Minstrel burst into a roar of laughter.

"Great Jupiter! He plays the flute! That finishes it! To a select academy for young ladies you must go! We'll advertise for one—Genteel surroundings. A refined atmosphere. All the comforts of a home. Music a specialty!" His voice changed suddenly to one of sharp command. "There's the car. Get along!"

Hugo stood his ground.

"The p-plans, sir."

"I'll get them. Go and get in."

Hugo went out on to the steps. It was colder; there was a little tingling breeze. He was glad of it. He got into the car with a word to Leonard and sat there leaning from the window, his eyes on the hall door.

In a moment Minstrel came out with a long envelope in his hand. Hugo's heart jumped when he saw it. The envelope was like the one which had been sent him by Ananias. He had been afraid that it would be sealed. But it wasn't sealed; the flap had been carelessly stuck down, and the gum was still wet. The papers had been



*Hugo experienced a number of sensations in rapid succession, the first of which was a horrible stab of fear.*

just crammed in anyhow. They bulged, and the gum on the flap was wet and soft; it stuck to Hugo's thumb as he took the envelope from Minstrel's hand.

"Personally to Green," said Minstrel, still in that sharp voice of command. "And you're to get a receipt from him, mind. And then"—he slipped into a draw—"you can go and sack the city if you like."

He stepped back and stood in the open door.

"Right, Leonard!"

They started down the drive. As they turned out of the gates, Hugo settled himself and drew up the rug. The envelope which Minstrel had given him lay on his knees. He drew the rug across it and folded back the fringed end so that it made a loose, untidy heap. Then he sat back and looked through the partition at Leonard's square shoulders and his neck with the black bristling hair growing rather low down.

Hugo had taken the right-hand corner; he was immediately behind Leonard. He stretched out his legs and leaned back. He was wondering whether Leonard could see him in the windshield.

Presently he made a slight change in his position and drew the rug well up about him. Then he leaned back and shut his eyes.

It was nearly 4 o'clock. About 5 o'clock something was due to happen. He had plenty of time. But he wasn't going to bank on having plenty of time; and he wasn't going to bank on Leonard's not being able to see him. Reflections were odd, chancy things; and he didn't mean to take any chances.

Under cover of the rug he was opening the envelope that Minstrel had given him. The flap came up easily. He got the papers out and slid them gently down on to the seat beside him. Then, under cover of getting out his handkerchief, he extracted from an inside pocket the envelope sent him by Ananias. It took him about five minutes to get the papers out of this envelope and into the empty one, because he could only move his fingers and he had to be very careful not to jerk the rug.

WHEN it was done, he changed his position a little and threw the envelope out on the seat beside him. It didn't matter about Leonard seeing it; in fact, it was quite a good plan that he should. He got the empty envelope back into his pocket, and came to the most difficult part of the whole job. He had to get out his flute and get Minstrel's plans inside it, rolled up tight. It took a long time, and it was surprisingly hard work. He would never have believed what hard work it was to roll up a number of sheets of paper without moving anything except your fingers. He was as hot when he had finished as if he had run a mile, and the rug was insupportable.

As soon as the flute was safely back in his pocket, he threw the rug off and leaned out of the window. It was dark now. They passed through a straggly village street and began to climb a stiff hill. At the top Leonard slowed down, and after running at a crawl for a few hundred yards stopped dead and came round to the window.

"She's running very hot," he said in a worried voice. "I'll let her cool off a bit if you don't mind, sir."

"Is anything the matter?" said Hugo. "I don't want to be late, you know. We're running it pretty fine as it is. I don't suppose anyone stays in a government office after six—do they?"

"I don't know, sir. I'll just let her cool down a bit."

If this was a breakdown, Leonard was being a little previous.

"I don't want to run a bearing, sir."

"No, of course not. But Mr. M-M-Minstrel won't like it if we're late—he'll be awfully f-fed up."

Instead of answering, Leonard went forward and raised the bonnet. Five minutes later he got back into his seat and started again.

They ran over the brow of the hill and dipped down into a belt of woodland. The smell of damp leaves came up from it, cold and chill.

Hugo stopped feeling hot. For the first time he wondered, a little breathlessly, whether robbery with violence was to be the order of the day. The lonely wood had the air of having been especially designed as a setting for a



## This investment service saves time and worry even in your absence

Business has a long arm these days. Not even in mid-ocean is a busy man free from its clamor for his attention. Because of these constantly increasing demands for your time you seek new ways of saving moments here and there. In making your investments, for example, there are hours to be saved if you are still selecting securities by a personal study of investment markets.

Most busy men nowadays rely on one or two nationally-known investment houses to give them investment advice. The National City Company makes a specialty of this time-and-worry-saving service to investors by maintaining branch offices in 50 American cities. Just telephone the nearest office—one of our investment advisors will gladly help you select new issues from widely diversified lists of carefully investigated securities. Abroad you will find the same service.



## The National City Company

National City Bank Building, New York

Offices in 50 American Cities. Interconnected by 11,000 Miles of Private Wires. International Branches and Connections.

[FOOL ERRANT  
Continued from page fifty-five.]

little quiet highway business. Out of the recesses of his mind there poured a veritable mob of tales, in all of which valuables, a lonely traveler, and a dark forest played an uncheering part. In most of them the traveler was never seen again.

At this moment the car stopped and Leonard once more approached the window. Hugo experienced a number of sensations in rapid succession, the first of which was a most horrible stab of fear. He suppressed the impulse to shout for help, reflected that if Leonard wanted to do him in, he had every chance of succeeding, as he could certainly give him three stone, and—this as Leonard put his hand on the door—he suddenly stopped being afraid and began, instead, to feel a sort of tingling excitement.

"What's the matter, Leonard?" he said.

"Well, I don't know, sir. I wish I did. She's running red-hot and very lumpy. I'd like to get her into a garage where I can have a look at her."

"But there isn't a g-garage," said Hugo innocently. "Well, sir, there's one about half a mile further on. There's an inn there, the Wheatsheaf—a biggish place with a good garage, and if we pass it, there's nothing for ten miles. I don't like to risk going on like this—there's something wrong with the lubrication and we might run a bearing any moment."

"I don't want to be l-late."

"Perhaps you could ring up from the hotel."

"Well—I c-could."

"Yes, sir," said Leonard.

He climbed back, started the car, and proceeded to crawl between the lines of black shadowing trees.

Hugo sat up and did some thinking. It was just on 5 o'clock. The Wheatsheaf was Miller's rendezvous. Hugo was to go into the hotel to telephone, and there he would meet, or be met by, the red-haired Mr. Miller with the accent which Mrs. Miles considered to be Russian. He felt a very lively interest in what was going to happen after he and Miller met. Up to this point everything had been very well arranged. If he were really the unsuspicious fool they thought him, it would be the most natural thing in the world to go into the inn and ring up the Air Ministry to explain that he had been delayed upon the road.

HE felt very curious to know what was going to happen at the Wheatsheaf, and he had to consider whether it was still necessary for him to play the mug. He thought that it was. He thought that it was not only necessary, but essential.

Minstrel—he had no proof that Minstrel wasn't on the straight. Strong suspicion and moral certainty are not proof. He couldn't disobey Minstrel's instructions on suspicion. He had got to go on in Minstrel's car and deliver his papers to Mr. Green. He thought the sooner he allowed himself to be robbed the better. He hadn't the least idea how Miller meant to get hold of the papers; but once he'd got them, he'd have no further use for Hugo—his idea would be to get across the Channel as quickly as possible.

Hugo rather thought it was up to him to smooth the ingenious Mr. Miller's path. Let Miller steal the wrong papers and get away with them as quickly as possible. Hugo, with a clear coast and clear conscience, could then take any way he liked to town with his flute; whereas, if he dodged Miller here, he would certainly have to continue to dodge him all the way to town.

They emerged from the trees and saw the inn as a black blur set with little lighted windows. It had the look of a toy at that distance and against the sweep of lonely open country. There was not another light to be seen.

"Well—we've g-got here," said Hugo as the car drew up.

"Yes, sir," said Leonard. He didn't say anything more.

Hugo poked him a little just to see.

"How l-long do you think you'll be?"

"I couldn't say, sir." He raised his voice a little as the hotel door opened. "How long will you be, sir?"

"I'll j-just put that call through."

The hall porter must have heard both question and answer, for he met Hugo with, "You wish to telephone, sir?" And then, without waiting for an answer, "This way, sir. Mind the step. Allow me, sir."

Half a dozen feet of dark passageway, rather stuffy; a step that was a real trap; a glimpse of himself in a huge old-fashioned mirror with a frame of tarnished gilt; and the porter was opening a door and standing aside to let Hugo pass him. He took two steps into the room and heard the door close behind him.

He was looking for Mr. Miller, but he did not see him. He saw walls covered with old sporting prints, a clutter of outrageously incompatible furniture—an old warming pan, a fine tallboy, a staring Brussels carpet, a suite upholstered in crimson plush, white lace antimacassars, and—Mme. de Lara.

IT was Hélène de Lara who gave the last touch of incongruity. She had an air of exquisite aloofness, a mournful elfin air, as she sat on the edge of one of the vast crimson armchairs, pouring out coffee.

She looked up, exclaimed in a soft fluttered way, and almost dropped the heavy and much discolored coffepot.

"You? Oh, my dear, how nice!"

Hugo crossed the room warily. He was still looking for Mr. Miller. Hélène de Lara's little cold fingers clung to his for a moment.

To see a friend in this desolate spot! Isn't that just the very nicest thing that ever happened? I was so cold and so vexed, because I have been to town, and I should have been back at Tarring House by now. Actually I have someone coming to dinner—an old friend—so I was feeling—oh, all at sixes and sevens, and wishing I had gone up by train—because trains don't ever have anything

wrong with their engines—do they? And then, just when I was so cross—to see you! How nice!"

She had a way of looking out of those big dark eyes that suggested a great many things. Hugo, for instance, had to resist the pleasant suggestion that he was the one person in the world Hélène de Lara wished to meet, and that this was very natural because he was without doubt the most delightful, attractive, and charming young man of her acquaintance. Such suggestions, even if resisted, are not altogether without some effect on the atmosphere.

Hugo blushed.  
"I want to put a c-call through," he said.  
"Ah now, and I've just asked for one! And I'm afraid it may take some time—but they've promised to tell me as soon as

ever it comes through. Are you in a terrible hurry? Or are you waiting for your car, like me?"

"W-well—I am."

"Ah! How nice it is to have a companion in misfortune! Does it console you a little to feel that you are consoling me—a great deal? And you'll have a cup of coffee now—won't you?" She was pouring one out as she spoke.

It was the second cup on the tray that made Hugo's gaze continue to travel round the room in search of Mr. Miller. The grinning mask of a fox set on the wall immediately above a case of dilapidated stuffed birds was the nearest approach to the red-headed gentleman with the Russian accent.

Mme. de Lara was holding out a coffee cup.

"Black?" she said.



Hugo put some milk into it and took two lumps of sugar. He was wondering about the coffee. Mme. de Lara was drinking hers. He put the cup to his lips and pretended to sip from it. After that he stopped wondering. The coffee was certainly drugged. He had a very keen sense of smell, and this sense informed him that there was something in the cup besides milk, sugar, coffee, and—possibly—chicory.

He began to wander round the room looking at the old prints and still pretending to sip the coffee.

Hélène de Lara never took her eyes off him.

"You like these queer old pictures?"

"V-very much."

He came to a standstill under the grinning fox. There was a rosewood table on his right; a magazine or two had been thrown down on it; there were two metal ash trays, a bright blue jar containing soiled calico daffodils, and a plant, which might also have been artificial, spreading stiff striped green and white leaves above a furiously shiny yellow pot.

Hugo gazed lovingly at the pot. As a receptacle for drugged coffee which one didn't want to drink, it was quite perfect. If Hélène would only look away for a second.

"Do you think that t-tallboy is really old?" he said.

Mme. de Lara did not look at the tallboy; she continued to look at Hugo.

"That one over there," he said, pointing.

She did turn her head for a moment, then; but only for a moment.

"I expect so," she said languidly.

HUGO had been very quick indeed; the stripy plant had received a lethal dose, and the empty cup was at his mouth. He tilted it, felt the last drugged drop against his lips, and then, with a half-suppressed yawn, he came across and put the cup down on the tray.

"It's w-warm in here."

He thought he had better go to sleep and let them get away with the papers—it would save a lot of trouble.

"Are you too warm?" Why don't you take your coat off and be comfortable?"

"Well, I've got some p-papers of Mr. M-Minstrel's that I oughtn't to leave about—but I can put them in another pocket."

He took off his overcoat, hauled out the envelope, and put it into his jacket pocket. He didn't want Miller pawing him all over. If they were going to have the papers, they might just as well know where to look for them. He folded the overcoat, and for a moment the flute showed.

Hélène exclaimed: "You take your flute when you go to see other people, but you wouldn't bring it when you came to see me."

"I'm only taking it up to be m-mended." He yawned again. "I b-beg your pardon."

"You do look tired," said Hélène. "Why don't you have a little sleep? I'm sure Ambrose works you quite cruelly—he is cruel, you know. I told you we were friends once, but cruelty is the thing I can't bear. Men are all cruel, I think."

She put her hand across her eyes for an instant, then smiled sadly. "I don't think you're cruel, you know—not yet, Hugo."

In spite of everything, the thrill in her voice when she said his name did move him. It stirred the springs of his imagination, as acting has the power to stir them even when we know that we are being played upon. Hugo knew, and was stirred. He was glad when the door opened.

The porter stood there.

"Just a moment, sir, if you please."

As he went to the door, Hugo wondered what was coming.

"About your call, sir—the lady has one first—they say at the exchange that it may take time. Perhaps she wouldn't object to yours being put through first."

Hugo hesitated, then suddenly decided not to ring the Air Ministry, but to shed Leonard and take the plans to Mr. Smith. The embargo on a visit might now be considered to be off. Mr. Smith would know where Mr. Green was to be found after office hours.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

# St. Louis

*the Natural Aviation Center*  
offers the Ideal Location for Aircraft  
Manufacturing and Allied Industries

AVIATION, as an Industry, today offers great business possibilities. Past the experimental stage, it is now entering the period of standardized manufacture. Many new companies are coming into the field. Those most likely to succeed, will utilize to the full the basic advantages of Strategic Location.

In the thousand-mile open spaces of the Middle West is America's natural Aviation Headquarters. Its level country, free from dangerous air-currents or large bodies of water, spots the nation's geographical and population centers. Here, superior manufacturing and distributing advantages, and favorable topography and climate have already attracted nearly half the country's aviation activities.

## 76 of the 153 Airplane Manufacturers are Located in the Central States

Here are now 50% of all the Airplane Manufacturers; 42% of the Licensed Pilots; 44% of the Registered Aviation Mechanics; and 51% of all the Planes in the United States. Materials and allied parts; men and machinery; money and markets—all are here. Within a 500-mile circle around St. Louis—key manufacturing city, with its massed resources—is most of this territory... Five hours as the plane flies.

In air-minded St. Louis itself are 4 Flying Fields; 5 Aviation Schools; 4 Airplane Manufacturers; an Engine Manufacturer; and a great Transcontinental Airway Headquarters. Here are 99 foundries; 21 producers of aluminum castings; 11 forging plants; 200 machine shops; 34 pattern shops; 56 manufacturers of tools and dies; 2 piston ring plants; and warehouse stocks of steel, brass and aluminum. Here are manufacturing sites directly on St. Louis' huge \$2,000,000 Airport, and elsewhere within 20 minutes of downtown.

St. Louis has interesting facts for the manufacturer of anything connected with Aviation. Correspondence is invited from manufacturers, bankers, and business men. A special Aviation Survey will be made upon request.

Write Dept. A-5—Industrial Bureau of  
THE INDUSTRIAL CLUB of St. Louis  
511 Locust Street • St. Louis, Missouri.





[ FOOL ERRANT  
Continued from page fifty-seven ]

He said, "No—it's all right—it doesn't m-matter—it's too late to catch the p-people I wanted to."

He hoped he had done the right thing.

Hugo went slowly back to the red plush sofa where his coat was lying. He yawned again, said, "I b-beg your pardon," and sat down. He thought the time had come when he might stare vaguely before him and desist from conversation. He was aware of a most sympathetic glance.

"My dear boy, you look dead tired. Do have a little nap. I'll wake you at once if your car comes round."

Hugo mumbled something and allowed his eyes to close.

He let his head give a drowsy jerk, and was aware of a cushion where no cushion had been a moment before. Through his lashes he caught a glimpse of Mme. de Lara bending over him.

She stepped back with a caught breath that sounded like a sob. Then she went and sat down again on the edge of the big armchair.

Hugo began to breathe as if he were very fast asleep. The cushion hid most of his face. It was horribly soft and hot and feathery, and the feathers smelt of mold; but it was certainly useful.

The moments passed into minutes. There was a heavy stillness in the room, broken only by Hugo's own breathing and the sound of a clock ticking somewhere out of sight; he thought it must be in the passage. It ticked with a heavy irregular tick—dot dash—dot dash—dot dash. Hugo began to count the ticks, and then stopped because he was afraid of sending himself to sleep. He wished to goodness that something would happen. And as the thought passed through his mind, Hélène de Lara gave a little sigh and got up.

She came round the back of the sofa, leaned on it, and put a soft fluttering touch on Hugo's hair. It was most frightfully difficult not to move, but he kept still and went on taking those long deep breaths. At least his face was hidden—or nearly hidden. She stroked his hair two or three times, and then bent down and kissed him. It was really the most frightful moment of the whole adventure, because he felt the blood rush to his face.

But Hélène had turned away with another of those sobbing breaths. She went to the door and opened it. After a moment he heard it close again. There was someone else in the room.

HE heard Hélène say in her low mournful voice, "He is fast asleep. I touched him just now and he did not wake. The papers are in his pocket."

"How do you know?"

This was Mr. Miller. Hugo wondered again if the accent was really Russian.

"I saw him put them there. They are in a long envelope. He is very ingenious, of course—he showed them to me and told me what they were."

"Which pocket?"

They were quite close to him now; Hélène's dress brushed his knee; he felt her hand touch him lightly.

"Here—this is it."

The envelope came out easily. If he had been really asleep, the light touch would never have waked him. There was the faint sound of paper being folded; Mr. Miller was putting the envelope away. Then he spoke:

"You had better get away—as quick as possible. I congratulate you, madame."

"Don't!" said Hélène. "I—poor boy—I could wake him—now."

"You'd better not," said Mr. Miller. "You wouldn't like what you'd get for doing that." He laughed a little and said, very slowly and distinctly, "Two—thousand—pounds. That is much better—eh?"



"He is fast asleep."

"Don't!" said Hélène de Lara. She turned and went out of the room. Mr. Miller followed her. They left the door ajar. The ticking of the clock was much louder now.

Hugo stayed just where he was for what seemed like a very long time. He heard a car go off in the direction from which he had come. That would be Mme. de Lara going down to Torring House to keep her dinner engagement. A minute later another car went off toward London. Mr. Miller was also on his way.

He got up, stretched himself, and rang the bell.

"Ask if my car's ready," he said.

As soon as the man was gone, he allowed himself to laugh. The car would be ready now—unless Mr. Miller was afraid of being followed.

He picked up his overcoat and put it on. Just for one moment he had a sense of something wrong, something missing. And then he knew what the something was. He thrust a cold hand into an empty pocket.

THE flute was gone!

He stood there with his hand in his pocket. He didn't move it, because he couldn't move it. For a moment he could only stand there. He couldn't move; and, as certainly, he couldn't think. The flute was gone. This presented itself, not as a thought, but as a horrible concrete fact which he had suddenly run up against, and which had knocked all the thinking out of him. He felt very much as if he had run into a brick wall and been stunned.

The moment passed. He withdrew his hand slowly, and slowly he began to think again. The flute

might have fallen out of his pocket.

He looked on the sofa and on the floor; but even as he looked, he knew that he wouldn't find it. It hadn't fallen out; it had been taken out. The only question was, who had taken it? Miller had gone to London, and Mme. de Lara to Meade. One of them had taken the flute and the plans that were inside the flute—the real plans. There wasn't any question that one of them had taken it. But which of them? Good heavens! Which—which—

which? Hugo began to steady from the shock. It wasn't Miller who had taken the flute—Miller couldn't have taken it. For one thing, he didn't know it was there—and Hélène de Lara did. For another, Hélène de Lara had had the opportunity of taking it whilst he was speaking to the porter, and Miller couldn't have taken it without his knowledge, because the coat was behind him and half under him all the time he was pretending to be asleep. Hélène had taken it.

Then, quick and sharp, "What a fool you are! If she took it, that's not to say she kept it. She'd give the plans to Miller—wouldn't she, you fool?"

The fool hesitated, and wasn't sure. It was of his folly that he had a doubt. She must have given them to Miller. She wouldn't take them back to Meade. Why, that was the plot—to give Miller the plans and to let it seem that it was Hugo who had given them away. It would certainly seem like that now. It could be shown that he had met Miller by appointment, and that Miller had gone away with the plans in his pocket. Had he? The fool wasn't sure—remained obstinate and immovable in not being sure. Suppose—

Hugo opened the door and went into the hall.

The porter told him what he knew already. The lady had gone, and the red-headed gentleman had gone. They had gone in different directions. Then a surprise—"The lady left a note for you, sir."

The most ardent lover could not have snatched a love letter more eagerly.

The note was on the hotel note paper, and it was very short. It began:

MY DEAR:

If you want your flute, come and get it. And if you want help, well—perhaps—I'm going home.

The signature was "Hélène."

Hugo ran out of the front door and round to the garage. He found the car, and he found Leonard; they were at opposite ends of the rather ramshackle place.

Leonard didn't turn a hair. He said respectfully, "I think she's all right now, sir. I was just coming in to tell you." And that was that. What was the good of giving him the lie? Nothing mattered except to get back to Meade and to get there quickly. But would Leonard take him back to Meade?

He put this to the touch.

"Look here, I've got to get back."

"Back, sir!"

"Back to M-Meade. I've had my papers stolen."

"Stolen, sir!"

Leonard wasn't really a very good actor. He was too stolid.

"Yes, I must get back as quick as p-possible."

"Very good, sir."

There seemed to be an interminable delay before they got off. This was, of course, to be expected—Miller was to get as good a start as possible. Well, Miller had got his start. But had he got the real plans? Or had Mme. de Lara got them? Hélène de Lara had the flute.

But did she know that the plans were in the flute? Or had she just taken it to tease him and to bring him to Torring House again? For the life of him Hugo could not be sure; and for the life of him he could not help remembering that Hélène de Lara had kissed him. How could she have known that the papers were in the flute? Perhaps she didn't know. Perhaps—

THEY started. The long, interminable road stretched between him and Torring House. His thoughts pursued Hélène de Lara with an ardent intensity which might, or might not, have pleased her. Even if she had not known that the papers were in the flute, she would find them in a moment if she began to fiddle with it. Women never could keep their fingers off things. She might be finding the plans at this very moment.

They passed through the dark wood. But now it was most unromantically void of glamour; it was just another stage on the long, interminable road. If Hélène found the plans, what would she do with them? Would she try to catch Miller? Or would she take them back to Minstrel? Or would she try to drive with them some private bargain of her own?

Leonard drove slowly; it was half-past 7 before they passed Meade station. In another five minutes they were turning in at the gates of Meade House. Hugo tapped on the glass.

"You needn't drive up to the house. I'll get out here, and you can go straight to the garage."

Leonard nodded. He brought the car to a standstill, and Hugo got out. Then Leonard drove slowly on, keeping straight ahead instead of turning to the right to take the gravel sweep. Hugo saw the red light going away and, turning, ran back down the drive and out into the road.

He had burned his boats.

*Hugo's fate hangs on the next hour. Is it to be victory, Treachery, and Loveday—or defeat, disgrace, and prison for the rest of his life? You'll learn in next week's Liberty.*

## HERE ARE THE MISTAKES ON PAGE 51

The wire is not in the center of the picture frame.

The window shade is rolled in the wrong direction.

There is no receiver hook on the telephone.

One of the bows is missing from the spectacles.

Only one book-end for the row of books.

Author's name on Hamlet should be Shakespeare instead of Hugo.

The calendar shows thirty-one days for September.

One plain and three carved legs on the radio cabinet.

## Smoother— More Comfort- able To Hold!

Says Miss Jeanne Malament,  
Secretary to the President of  
the Benrus Watch Co.



The Pitman Shorthand above, written with a Semi-Hex Pencil, when translated reads: I find Semi-Hex Pencils so uniform and dependable that I am not aware of the pencil with which I am writing until I try another make. The lead of Semi-Hex Pencils is smoother and the rounded corner make them more comfortable to hold.

General Pencil Co.  
Jersey City New Jersey

## SEMI-HEX

THE COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO. U.S.A. MADE IN U.S.A.



Your hand is Steadier  
with a **COLT**

### The Lure of the Open — the thrill of the well-placed shot

**PISTOL** shooting ranks high amongst beautiful, eye-quickening, nerve-steadying outdoor sports. Hitting the mark, whether it be still or moving, is rated as a real accomplishment—easy to acquire with this ten-shot Colt .22 Automatic Pistol—the "Woodsmen" model.

Here's a versatile automatic pistol of well-nigh rifle accuracy—perfect balance—long barrel, no recoil, smooth, easy action.

Those traits result from Colt's 93 years of fire arms manufacturing experience. Each part of the "Woodsmen" is forged from special steel, machined to micrometer exactness—then hand finished, fitted and assembled. One hundred and eighty-seven gauge and visual inspections culminate in Colt's expert target test.

An effective Sporting Arm, too, for, besides shooting the economical .22 Long Rifle cartridge, it handles the new 200-yard ammunition with complete satisfaction.

Note, too, the Safety Lock, preventing accidental discharge by locking both slide and hammer—another Colt feature.

Colt's Service Department will help solve shooting problems; suggest the Arm best suited to your needs; assist you in forming an enjoyable Revolver Club.

Colt's new Catalog No. 26 is the most complete Fire Arms Manual ever issued. Write for it; also for your copy of "Masters of History," the thrilling story of Colt accomplishments.

COLT'S PATENT FIRE ARMS MFG. CO.

SMALL ARMS DIVISION

HARTFORD, CONN., U.S.A.

Phil. B. Beckett Co., Pacific Coast Representative, 717 Market St., San Francisco



... The ARM of LAW and ORDER



### Miss Weiman and the Fear of Death

ROCHESTER, N. Y.—“Voltage,” Rita Weiman’s amazing piece of maudlin propaganda against the execution of the death penalty upon murderers, should have been given no space in a magazine which, supposedly, stands upon the side of law and civilization.

If we pursue the story’s perverted logic to its ultimate conclusion, second-story workers, safe crackers, stick-up artists—in fact, all criminals of every kind and degree—become persecuted victims; the law becomes but a “scrap of paper,” its administration a farce, gunmen become saints, and those charged with the administration of justice the only criminals!

What this country most urgently needs is—more executions!—*Will Thomas Withrow.*

GREENSBURG, PA.—I am not in favor of your “Voltage” editorial, “The Fear of Death,” in which you advocated capital punishment. The commandment, “Thou shalt not kill,” does not give any conditions under which “Thou shalt kill.” The fundamental of the gospel of our Lord is: “Forgive.”—*David Fulton, Sr.*

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Wish to congratulate you on your editorial dealing with Rita Weiman’s story.

Many of your editorials give me a severe pain in the neck. But your ideas in regard to capital punishment are full of sound logic. Hope Rita did not miss reading them.

There are three classes that are responsible for a lot of crime: 1. The lawyer who, for a price, helps the criminal to escape justice. 2. Those who make heroes of cold-blooded murderers. These are usually women. 3. The type that Rita Weiman belongs to. They are full of sentimental bunk.—*Arnold E. C.*

BALTIMORE, MD.—“Those who commit deliberate murder are the scum and refuse of society, and are better out of it,” said your editorial writer. Who set up that standard of life? Can you point to a single great teacher, all down the ages, who advocated that the weak and the foolish should be snuffed out?—*Henri A. Bostdorf.*

JEFFERSON CITY, MO.—I read your editorial of the May 4 issue and turned to Rita Weiman’s story. Even then I was hardly prepared for the amazing tale she wrote. It was of particular interest to me at this time, as I have been fighting a losing battle on the floor of the Missouri House of Representatives against the type of emotionalism that portrays absurdities analogous to the plot and details of “Voltage.”—*Merrill Spitzer.*

### Oh! Oh! Mr. Carpenter!

NEW HARTFORD, CONN.—After reading Miss Weiman’s story, “Voltage,” in the May 4 number of LIBERTY, I cannot understand how it could have inspired your editorial in the same issue. Your bias in favor of capital punishment seems to have blinded you to the graphic and forceful qualities of a convincingly told tale.

To make one point: it is fairly obvious that you have not enjoyed the companionship of a dog as highly sensitized as the collie. I have owned dogs of that breed for years and I can assure you that I have witnessed reactions on their part fully as strange as those recorded so understandingly by Miss Weiman.—*Edward Childs Carpenter.*

### All Right; Please Remit

BOSTON, MASS.—An issue of LIBERTY which does not contain a story by Perfectly Gorgeous Wodehouse is well worth five cents.

An issue of LIBERTY which does contain a story by him is well worth five dollars.—*E. Sears Cabot.*

### We Wouldn't Care for It

ST. PAUL, MINN.—That yarn, “A Night in Chamonix,” may be Lillian Gill’s first story, but she’ll have to go some ever to write another story as good as her first one.

Varva and Tony had all the luck, because the wall between their bedrooms was thin enough to talk right through. But most of the companies that build



hotels are unfeeling enough to construct their hostleries more solidly.

What we need is a movement to build hotel rooms with square openings between the rooms—like the apertures through which speak-easy proprietors look out at you when you ring their bells.

The hotel guests wouldn’t be able to enter one another’s rooms—but they could talk—and they could look.

It would make life more interesting.—*Dave.*

# Vox

### What Did the Cop Say?

NEW YORK, N. Y.—The other day, I was a spectator at a tragedy of true devotion to LIBERTY. I was getting change at an “L” station and was amazed to see a short, fat man trying to squeeze through, under one of the turnstiles. He was carrying just a little too much excess baggage under his belt to make it.



He was backing out, when a chance cop grabbed him by the seat of the pants, and pulled.

What do you think he told the burly “bull”? That he was trying to save a nickel so he could buy a LIBERTY at the platform news stand just beyond the turnstile.

Just tie that, if you can!—*Seein’ is Believin’.*

### Oh No. It Comes Natural

SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH—Some of these Vox Pop fellows are busier than a one-armed paper hanger with the hives trying to find something bad to say about LIBERTY.—*Bob Daly.*

### World Problem Solved in 26 Lines—

PHILADELPHIA, PA.—Anent your “Liberty Also Is a Religion” editorial, if one considers only the right of personal indulgence in something which gives only a temporary physical exhilaration, unleashes the worst passions of men and women, and makes them indifferent to the decencies of life, then your editorial was well framed.

The teachers in our public schools bear testimony to children now much better clothed and fed than prior to the Eighteenth Amendment’s adoption. Employers of labor point to the greater efficiency of their employees. Throughout our land, in thousands and thousands of cases, men who went home at the week-end with virtually empty pockets—their wages spent for whisky or beer—have, since the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment, been supporting their families and paying for their homes.—*Calvin G. Feneil.*

# Pop



—or 13 and a Picture

CHICAGO, ILL.—Want to know how prohibition can be made a success? You say you do?

Well, this is how: Begin with the children.

You can't have real prohibition now, but if you start educating the kids along dry lines you can have prohibition in



twenty years, when the kids grow up. "Just as the twig is bent the tree's inclined"—and if you bend young children away from alcohol, they'll stay away.—*L. Collins.*

### *How Do You Mean Reasons?*

MAMARONECK, N. Y. — President Hoover has asked citizens to respect the laws. Answer: Have we not always shown that respect? Sure we have, with one exception—viz., the cancerous Eighteenth Amendment, that black mark on the Constitution rushed through by the Anti-Saloon League and which every red-blooded American citizen (not looking for political office) will gladly disrespect, for, as you say, "Liberty Also Is a Religion."

I predict that, within five years, a job in the prohibition department will be worth as much as a seat on the New York Stock Exchange—for obvious reasons.—*Tom Davis.*

*Glad You Are With Us*

SAN DIEGO, CALIF.—I greatly enjoy your magazine, for no other reason but your continued stupidity.—*Nora Parks Avery.*

### *Sidelights on a Liberty Serial*

NEW YORK, N. Y.—Your "Red Napoleon" is wonderful.

At times I become so engrossed in it as to have to stop reading and go out for a walk to cool off.

Only please see that Karakhan and his bloody hosts are all slaughtered in the worst way imaginable.—*M. Dietrich.*

ASHTABULA, OHIO—I have been reading, with a strange commingling of mor-

bid curiosity and disgust, Mr. Gibbons' serial, "The Red Napoleon."

Has he become so infatuated with bloodshed that he is not satisfied to relate actual occurrences of historic feats of arms (which as a war correspondent it was his privilege to witness) but must let his war complex run riot in imaginative rivers of blood and despoliation?—  
*G. H. Leggett.*

PEORIA, ILL.—A word or two about Floyd Gibbons' "Red Napoleon": The story, so far, is very good, and the illustrations contribute a touch of reality that could be attained in no other way. Incidentally, if Karakhan, upon his triumphant entry into New York, will endorse a certain well known brand of cigarettes, I will almost be tempted to think it is fact instead of fiction.—H. M. Nelson.

NEW LONDON, CONN.—I have just finished reading Part Four of your fanciful story, "The Red Napoleon," by Floyd Gibbons.

In any other country you would be forbidden to use the names and portraits of certain people, but as your story is intended as a recruiting effort, our "peace-loving" government allows any old bunk to be handed to its gullible people.—*J. Brown.*

### Yes? Tell Us More

PORTLAND, ORE.—Say, listen! Isn't it about time that Mike Shea married Marg? Or does Mike realize that he's too soused to stand on his feet, next



her, long enough for the ceremony to be performed?

Here's an idea for the wedding. Have it in the open air, and have Mike held up by a rope hanging from a derrick. Even if chock-full of giggle soup, he could depend on the rope. He wouldn't have to depend on his feet.

I only wish my boy friend—now Friend Husband—had been helped by a derrick when I married him. It would have simplified our wedding so.—*Bert Green Fan.*

### One at a Time, Gents; the Line Forms Over Here

BALTIMORE, MD.—I would call the attention of Elliott White Springs to a slight geographical error he made in his wild story entitled "A Scar of Battle." It was laid, according to him, in "Carolina." Springs had his pilot muse as follows:

"I might have climbed and tried to go over the storm, but I knew there was at least one mountain fifteen thousand feet high somewhere near there, and I didn't know how many others."

The highest mountain in all the eastern United States is Mount Mitchell, in North Carolina, and its altitude is but 6,711 feet!—*A Geologist*.

SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.—Springs told how a flier, en route from the Carolinas to Detroit, flew near a mountain at least fifteen thousand feet high. Too bad our school-teachers are telling their pupils Mount Whitney is the highest peak in the country, though it lacks several hundred feet of being fifteen thousand.

But maybe these teachers have never flown from the Carolinas to Detroit.—  
*D. E. Leet.*

NEW ORLEANS, LA.—A mountain in North Carolina fifteen thousand feet high? Elliott must have gotten hold of some of that moonshine that flowed so freely through his yarn, "A Scar of Battle."—*Chas. P. Stone.*

ST. LOUIS, Mo.—That Springs story was misnamed. It should have been called: "A Scar of Bottle." Tell Elliott to learn arithmetic. Then maybe he could give us the correct number of feet in that mountain he computed as fifteen thousand feet high.—*Ted.*

ST. LOUIS, Mo. — Elliott White Springs' knowledge of geography about equals in solid substance the well known hole in a doughnut.—*A Reader.*

FORT MILL, S. C.—I suppose the Vox  
 Poppers will have a good time with that  
 mountain. You will notice I did not say  
 there was a mountain that high in that  
 range. My character, who was telling  
 the story, thought so. But I worded the  
 sentence badly. Sorry. Hereafter I  
 won't let any of my characters exaggerate.—*Elliott White Springs.*

*You Said a Mouthful, Vern*

WICHITA, KAN.—LIBERTY is distinctive in that it is the only magazine that has enough deference for public opinion to conduct, in Vox Pop, a sincere open column. The people are not dumb. The people can think and judge for themselves, and the people have their say in LIBERTY.—*Vernus Pyle.*



# The Steeplechase PIER



*"Jane's young, all right, but you don't know the half of it."*

*A Fable of a Modern Frail*

By

ELLIOTT WHITE SPRINGS

Pictures by JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

"Jane's young, all right, but you don't know the half of it. If your ancient comrade makes his customary wise-crack at her, he'll think he got into the Steeplechase Pier by mistake. She was debarred from polo once for rough play. Mike Stevenson says she hit him with a mallet harder than that Englishman. I believe she took a set from Helen Wills, and she was runner-up in the state golf championship last year."

"I didn't know she was all of that," I confessed. "How time does fly! Well, trot her out and let her do her stuff. I haven't seen Mart since the war, but I guess he can hold his own with anything this generation has to offer. Anybody that can make money out of the lumber business has to know how to take care of himself."

"Has he made a lot of money?"

"I think so. At least, he told me he wouldn't quit until he did, and he's a determined cuss. I came back on the boat with him in March of 1919. We had a state-room together in the sick bay. He got hit in the hip with a phosphorus bullet in August and was still in a plaster cast. God, what a time of it he had! He was in terrific pain every minute."

"But he'd lay there in his bunk and plan what he was going to do when he got well. He was particularly sore because he'd missed the celebration that followed the Armistice. That stuck in his craw worse than his broken hip. So he'd lay there and plan how he was going to celebrate the Armistice when he got on his feet again."

"FIRST he was going back to his business and work in double shifts until he made a million dollars. His partner had stayed on the job and, I gathered, had done pretty well with it. When he got his million he was going to sell out and go back to Europe to put on the show he would have if he hadn't been in the hospital on November eleventh. I didn't have a chance to talk to him very long over the phone, but I gathered that he is sailing for Europe as soon as he gets his passport and passage. So I suppose he's made his pile."

"All right. Bring him out," my wife said. "But if he's like your other aviator friends I won't bother to lay a plate for him. They all assume the second drinking position with the caviar. And I suppose I'll get the usual line. Before dinner I'm a lucky girl to have gotten such a fine fellow as their dear old pal—God bless his heart! Then along in the cool of the evening they want to know how much longer I'm going to keep them waiting while I waste myself on such a hopeless bum. And did I ever hear about the time you got thrown out of a hotel in Edinburgh because the chambermaid was jealous? Some day the worm will turn and I'll tell a few myself. Well,

"I'M bringing out an old friend for the week-end," I told my wife at dinner on Friday. "You've probably heard me speak of him—Mart Canfield. I think he sent us a silver pitcher for a wedding present."

"What—another visiting fireman to whoop and holler!" she exclaimed without any evidence of pleasure. "He's from Ohio, isn't he?"

"Yes. He just got in town today and called me up first thing."

"What's he like?"

"Big, good-natured, rotten pilot, good machine-gun shot, fine poker player, hard-boiled, but a gentleman."

"Does he drink?"

"Does he drink? Does he! He was with the British flying corps for a year. What would you expect? He'll go through our cellar like Sinclair through the navy. But he won't get obstreperous. I'll guarantee that. He's got a hollow leg."

"What's his taste in rags and bones?"

"Indifferent. He used to be rather naïve. His idea of finesse was to bow politely when he met a lady and ask her, 'Are you really a lady?' If she said 'Yes,' he'd treat her with respect the rest of her life. If she said 'No,' he'd lose further interest in the dancing."

"That sounds interesting."

"He's a good fellow and would appreciate anything we have to offer in the way of light entertainment. This is the first time he's been east since the war. Better get in some good talent for the party."

"Who'd you suggest?"

"How about the Walshes for the chorus? He and Jerry are old friends."

"All right. And Jane Stahl for him."

"Isn't she a bit young? It seems only yesterday that her mother spanked her for using rouge."

"Don't dwell on your age. You look old enough without trotting out your memories," my wife cautioned me.



*"What that man can do to a piano! Why didn't you tell me he was the original jazz king?"*

bring on your retired millionaire! I'll order a couple of crates of oranges and a case of vermouth."

So we left it at that.

Saturday I had lunch with Mart at his hotel, and Joe Gish and Winnie Chappel and Jerry Walsh were there to talk over old times and drink to the king. Then Mart and I drove out for a round of golf.

"Well, Mart, did you make your million?" I asked him as we followed the traffic.

"Yes, I did, as a matter of fact," he admitted modestly. "Or rather my partner made it for me. The war didn't do our business any harm and we decided to spread out. We've got branches in ten cities now. That's how we made the money. Just recently my partner and I drew down a million each and then incorporated so our subordinates could have a share in the business. I've retired, but the business will go on."

"Aren't you pretty young to retire?" I asked.

"Yes, I guess I am," he confessed. "I'm only thirty-five, but you know I promised it to myself. After you spend a year on your back wondering whether you'll ever

walk again, you get strange ideas. What's your life worth? That's the question that keeps bothering you. Who wants Rockefeller's money if they have to take his indigestion along with it? How much good was money to me when I was on my back with my leg harnessed to the ceiling? How much good was a fortune to me if I had to keep on working all my life?"

"Didn't you like your work?"

"Sure. But when I got out of that bed I found I'd lost my ambition. I didn't want to be mayor or president of the bank. I didn't want a big house with marble baths. I didn't want a yacht. I didn't want to have to play polo. I wanted to do the one thing that I had not been able to do—celebrate the Armistice.

"I wanted to push street cars off the track and kiss

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE STEEPLECHASE PIER  
Continued from page sixty-three ]

strange women. You boys were out raising hell all over Europe from November eleventh until blue in the face while I was lying up in bed watching the flies on the ceiling and holding my breath to keep from screaming. Now that I've got my pile I'm on my way back to take up where I left off when that Hun shot the bottom out of my seat. He was in a red triplane. I can still see him under inside my S. E. and put a burst into me from underneath.

"Anyway, I'm going to Paris and take up my duties as a victorious aviator just back from the heat of battle. I shall be drunk and disorderly in four languages. I shall get the taste of Volstead and Blue Sunday out of my mouth. I shall pick out the most beautiful woman in France and take her with me on a tour of the old battlefields. I hear that Wipers and Albert and Bapaume are rebuilt. I don't believe it's possible, but I must have a look. I shall charter a plane and go back to visit all the old clouds I used to hide behind.

"I shall find the woman with the reddest hair in England and take her with me while I revisit all the old pubs where we used to huddle around the stove with the local politicians. I shall find the Waac in Scotland with the broadest burr in her accent and take her back to Turnberry with me to play golf on the old machine-gun range in the dunes where we used to slap each others' faces to keep them from freezing. I shall row out to Ailsa Craig where I flew once on a bet of five pounds.

"In other words, I shall purge my mind of bitter memories and redeem my soul from its travail. I shall wrestle again with fate. I am Faust in reverse gear, for I have already been in hell. Like Jacob, I have served my seven years at hard labor and now claim my reward. Better come along and hold my coat for me."

"You forget that I am married," I reminded him, "and have a business with no partners in it. Besides that, I wouldn't want to see you disappointed. I went back in nineteen twenty-one myself to do the same thing. I only stayed two weeks. I couldn't stand it. Everywhere I went there were ghosts of the men who were gone. All the women we used to know had either turned professional or reformed. The place is cluttered up with curfews and taxes. Remember God made Europe as well as America and they pay a lot of reformers to remind them of it. I'd never go back again even if I could. Better luck to you."

"YOU must have hit an off season," Mart told me, discouraged. "I've kept track of some of the old crowd. Murray's is still running. Peggy and Sheila and the Brainless Wonder and the Queen Bee and Baby Child and the Strawberry Blonde are all still tripping the light fantastic and spending the week-end at Skindle's. They still have electric punts on the river. And the girl who nursed me at the Lancaster Gate Hospital is back on the stage. I had a letter from her last month. We still have a date."

"More power to you," I wished him. "Youth fatteneth on illusions and the wisdom of old age is a hollow nut. Joe Gish says he'd rather play post office with the dumbest senior in the Gallipolis High School than be fought over by all the mistresses of the king."

"Joe ought to know. I'll guarantee he's had both experiences."

"Well, give my regards to Jack May, the Trafalgar Lions, and cold tubs," I told him. "I hope you get your money's worth. You certainly had a hard time on your last trip and deserve anything you take a fancy to now. If Mademoiselle from Armentieres is your idea of Marguerite, I hope the devil delivers the goods. You've certainly surrendered your soul to him. There's the club over on that hill. We'll only have time for nine holes."

When we got home everyone was dressing for dinner. We changed and hurried down for cocktails.

Mart was able to meet the wives without a drink first, but Jane sort of stuck in his throat. She had on full regimentals. There was more of her out of her dress

than in it. But it was all good, so I didn't see why he was gasping. The cocktails restored him temporarily and we went in to dinner. After dinner the conversation loosened up with the coffee and liqueurs.

"I understand you are going back to Europe," my wife said to Mart. "Isn't this an off season?"

"Yes," he agreed, "but I want to get back in time to celebrate the anniversary of the Armistice."

"Can't you do that here?"

"Not the way he wants to celebrate it," Jerry explained for him. "This is sort of a pilgrimage he's making. He's going to get drunk and disorderly all over England and France and give the wild women something to tell his grandchildren about."

Mart blushed.

"Well, hardly that," he temporized. "But I did miss the big show and I'm going back to see the sights I couldn't see the last time."

"WHAT kind of sights?" Jane asked.

"Suppose you guess," Jerry offered. "I'm all for you, Mart, old boy."

"I suppose you'd like to go with him," Jerry's wife commented caustically.

He subsided quickly.

"Do you have to go all the way to Europe just to celebrate the Armistice?" Jane asked him.

"Well, that's not exactly the idea," Mart explained.

"I expect to stay over there."

"You mean live over there?"

"I think so."

"You're too young to understand such things, Jane," Jerry admonished her, "but the European species of wild woman is far superior to the American brand."

"What do you know about either?" Jerry's wife asked him.

"If Mr. Canfield is really looking for companionship in a brawl, it's a shame he has to waste money on a ticket. You ought to be able to introduce him to the right people."

Jerry subsided for good.

"I suppose that home life in a Paris bar has its charms," Jane surmised, "and those Continental women certainly have a way with men that turns our souls green with envy. They're so attractively wicked."

"What about some contract?" my wife asked to relieve Mart's embarrassment.

"You four go play your usual cutthroat game," Jane suggested. "And I'll take Mr. Canfield over to the Barlings'."

"What's over there?" asked Mart uncertainly.

"Oh, just a crowd of people celebrating Saturday night. It won't be like Paris, but the likker is good, and

Peggy Watts will make immoral propositions to you. They have a regular bar in the garage and a jug band. You might just as well get into training for big game."

So Jane and Mart left us. We played bridge until late and went to bed.

About noon next day Jane came down looking fresh and cheery. Mart hadn't showed up yet.

"What did you do with my old friend last night?" I asked her.

"Oh, nothing much," she informed me. "I didn't have a chance. There was too much competition. But it was a good evening while it lasted. What that man can do to a piano!

Why didn't you tell me he was the original jazz king?"

"He is good," I admitted. "I remember he used to play for us in the mess every night. But I didn't know he was good enough to excite attention around here."

"Well, he is. He was the life of the party last night. He did things to Bach and Beethoven that were statutory offenses. And he concocted a prairie oyster with chopped onions and tomato juice that made a new woman of me. He also cooked up a dish of eggs that opened the way to the hearts of all present. I had to fight for possession of him."

Mart appeared after a while looking the worse for wear and sank into a convenient chair.



"Quick," said Jane to me, "two absinthe frappés and then we've got to be going."

"Going where?" asked Mart weakly.

Jane went over and sat on his lap casually.

"Over to the Colts," she told him. "Don't you remember? We promised to lunch with them and then go aquaplaning. We've got to hurry or miss the first round of cocktails."

She extracted a cigarette and a match from her garter.

"I'm sorry I got so tight last night," she apologized. "But that was a new drink to me you shook up when you got behind the bar. You can't expect much from us little girls over here. We're not used to strong drinks like Continental women. I'll try to do better today. Here, drink this and pull yourself together. Why speak of love when there's work to be done?"

They tossed off their frappés and started to leave in her car.

"You don't mind if I take young Lochinvar out-of-the-West for the day, do you?" she asked my wife. "I don't dare pick on these two sedentary married men around here while you and Alice have your eyes on them. And there're half a dozen women clamoring for a chance at Irving Berlin Paderewski before he's swallowed up by the gutters of Cathay. If I didn't bring him back today they'd accuse me of taking an unfair advantage of him."

It was 4 that night when I heard them come in.

Next morning I learned that Mart was the casualty this time.

And he looked the part. I gathered that the aquaplane and baccardi rum had proved his downfall. So the score stood at a tie. Mart said he'd get his revenge that night in town. They invited me to come along and referee, but I had sense enough to decline.

"I'm sorry I looked too long on the red wine," Mart apologized to her.

"Oh that's all right."

"Did I disgrace myself in public?"

"Not particularly, though you did try to knock down a chandelier. You said it was a triplane. And, say, if the girls in Paris don't take to your ideas readily, they're in for a hard time."

"Was I that bad?"

"You were until I tapped you with the marble ball off the gear shift."

"I was wondering where I got that knot on my head."

"Well, that's it. After that, you condescended to discuss the matter. You seemed quite surprised when I didn't fall in with your scheme. You intimated that you had wasted two evenings. You complained that I had misled you. You explained that you had left the old homestead and were going out in the world to prove Nero a piker and you didn't want any flappers around. You sounded like the old Monk of Siberia."

"Did I tell you all that?"

"You did and a lot more that I'll spare you. Well, New York hasn't much to offer, but it will serve as a starting place for you. I'll see that you don't miss anything."

And apparently she did, for when I stopped in at his hotel to see him the following Friday, he had weakened visibly. I asked him if he wanted to come out over the week-end again, but he said he already had an engagement. Jane had fixed up a party at the Worchesters' at

Glen Head. I knew what would happen to him there and extended my sympathy.

"I'm worried," he confessed to me.

"Hang-over?" I asked.

"No. It's about Jane."

"Probably a hang-over after all," I surmised.

"SHE'S a fine kid."

"Yes."

"But what's going to become of her?"

"Couldn't possibly guess. Ten years at hard labor or the Florence Crittenton Home."

"It's a shame for a girl like that to go to the dogs."

"Well, you're headed for hell, aren't you? Why be exclusive?"

"But she's a good kid."

"Probably. But I thought you and she were playing hare and hounds. It looks like she's won."

"You don't understand. She's just a kid, full of fun, full of life, full of pep, and going to get into trouble."

"I shouldn't be surprised. Everybody does, sooner or later."

"Why don't her parents take her in hand?"

"Can't say. Why don't you?"

"I'm sailing on Wednesday. It's none of my business, anyway. But something is sure to happen to her. She goes out and gets tight with a strange man, and what can you expect?"

"Meaning you as the strange man?"

"Yes. She didn't know a thing about me. Anything might have happened."

"Did it?"

"No. I'm not the kind to take advantage of a girl."

"Oh, aren't you? What about the second night?"

"I was tight myself then. But after the way she behaved I was entitled to think what I pleased. She certainly acted the part. She ought to learn to behave herself and not give people false impressions."

"She seemed to be able to take care of herself."

"Yes, but before long she'll pick on the wrong man and then she'll ruin her life and disgrace her family. I don't know what would have happened if we'd both been tight at the same time. Somebody ought to take her in hand before it's too late."

"Saying which, you will take her in hand tonight and fill her full of fire water and descend upon the town like the wolf on the fold. What's the program?"

"I believe we are going to try and take a drink in every speak-easy on Forty-eighth Street. Yesterday we tried

(CONCLUDED ON NEXT PAGE)



*Jane went over and sat on his lap casually. "I'm sorry I got so tight last night," she apologized.*



[ THE STEEPLECHASE PIER ]  
Continued from page sixty-five.

to get a cocktail in every apartment house on Park Avenue. We finally passed out in Grant's Tomb."

"No wonder you feel your guilt today," I commented. "If I had done that I'd be out digging my own grave. But cheer up—you'll sail Wednesday and you can sober up when you get abroad."

"But I don't know what to do about Jane. Someone has got to take care of her. At the pace she's traveling she hasn't long to go."

"Get the beam out of your own eye and never mind the eyes of a pretty girl," I advised and left him to his misery.

Sunday afternoon Jane and Mart dropped in to call and catch a few drinks. She'd had him out on a drag hunt that morning, and what the aquaplane hadn't done to him the jumps had.

Jane followed me into the pantry as I was getting some ice.

"Your boy friend travels fast," she confided to me.

"Yes," I agreed. "He's been saving his energy for this sabbatical year."

"So he told me. He's planning to set Europe on fire with red-headed women."

"He usually does what he says he'll do," I told her. "Him and who else?" she asked scornfully.

"Meaning you think you can stop him?" I inquired. "Well, I'll have you know that he asked me to marry him this very morning. How do you like them apples?"

"Score one for the queen! Are you going to live in Paris or Ohio?"

"Neither. I declined his proposal," she told me with something like a catch in her voice.

"Why?" I inquired. "Isn't that what you've been after? You'll never get a better chance. Men like Mart don't grow on trees."

"I know it. But I just haven't the heart to spoil his fun. For seven years he's planned to go down with the bands playing. He told me how he lay in bed for a year and that was all he had to look forward to. Then he went to work to get the money to put on a good show. Now he's made good and has one foot on the primrose path. He's a little boy going up to the platform to get his prize. He's realized his ambition, but he's willing to forego the fruits of his victory to fish the little girl out of the gutter and save her from the wages of sin. He's doing this for me, you see. He thinks that he could make an honest woman out of me."

"It's very nice of him and all that, but not practicable. I may be a bum sport, but I'm not that bad. I can't steal his candy. I don't blame him a bit for wanting to raise hell after what he went through."

"I'm going to put him on his boat Wednesday if my constitution will hold out that long, and then I'm going down to White Sulphur and take the cure. I'm going on the wagon for the rest of my life. I hope I never see another drop of likker as long as I live. I hope all the wild women in Paris hold a convention over him. And don't ever call me in to entertain an honest shell-shocked veteran."

"No one can say you aren't a good sport," I assured her. "What did you tell him?"

"Oh, I told him to run sell his papers, I wasn't interested. I kidded him along so he wouldn't have any regrets to spoil his trip. We're going to burn the island until Wednes-

day. I don't want the girls in Paris to think we've neglected him over here. I must uphold our reputation."

"I may not be red-headed, and my French is more sacred than profane, but when I'm through with him he'll think Gaby Deslys was the French Carrie Nation. Make mine strong, will you, please?"

Mart was lapping it up as only a rejected suitor can. They got themselves in good shape and drove on to the next stop.

I stopped in Wednesday morning at Mart's hotel to bid him farewell. He hadn't started packing yet.

"You'd better hurry if you're going to catch that boat," I advised him.

"I'm not going to catch it," he informed me. "I just canceled my passage. I'm catching the Special back home instead."

"Business gone sour?"

"No. I've decided that I don't need a trip abroad. I'm convinced that my constitution can't stand a life of vice and crime. I've waited too long to celebrate the Armistice."

"What d'you think you've been doing for the past ten days—observing Easter?"

"Well, whatever it was, it's enough. I don't crave any more wine, women, or song. I'm going back to Ohio and try to live this time. My bruises ought to heal by Christ-

mas. And I hope I never have to drink another cocktail. If I'm very sick I might take a little whisky medicinally, but otherwise I'm going to ride the wagon until Gabriel pulls the whistle."

"It's too bad, Mart," I sympathized with him. "I was looking forward to your report on conditions in Europe. When did you make this important decision?"

"About an hour ago."

"Have you told Jane about it?"

"No. What's it to her? She's not interested in anything but a party. I told her good-by last night."

"Don't you think you'd better call her and tell her you've changed your plans?"

"No. She's already told me what she thought of me."

"She might be planning to go down to the boat to see you off. It's only courteous to call her and save her the trip."

"That's so," he agreed. "Get her for me, will you? I can't use the telephone this morning with any degree of success."

I got Jane for him in a few minutes. She sounded pretty low.

"Hello," said Mart after I passed the instrument to him. "I just called up to say I wasn't sailing. . . . No, I'm not going abroad. I'm going back to Ohio. . . . Yes, I'm going back home. For good. . . . No, I'm not going to Europe at all. . . . Well, they'll have to get along without me. I hope I never meet another wild woman. . . . I beg your pardon. Any wild woman, then."

Yes. . . . Yes. . . . Yes. . . . What's that? . . . Yes, the Anti-Saloon League has its headquarters in Ohio; it was founded near home. . . . Do I think they'll let you join it? I don't know. . . . Will I come by for a cup of tea before I go? Certainly. . . . Good-by."

"You're right, Mart,"

I told him. "You'd be a total loss in Paris. You'd sit around and cry into your apéritif because a little girl was going to hell in New York. Delilah certainly set a good precedent. More power to her."

THE END



## Bright Sayings of Children

LIBERTY will pay \$5 for every published original bright saying of a child. Contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned if unavailable. Address Bright Sayings Editor, LIBERTY, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

### The Family Cobwebs

A neighbor was paying a call and grandmother asked her precocious grandson to show her his toys. Sonny reluctantly consented, but remarked in a high-spirited tone: "Granny, I'd much rather show her the cobwebs behind the dining-room door."—Josefa McKain, 501 S. Jackson St., Belleville, Ill.

\* \* \*

### Pierce Things—Tonsils

Mary, aged three, was convalescing from a tonsil operation. Bill, her five-year-old brother, was annoying her by climbing up on the bed. Finally in exasperation she said: "You'd better stay away from here. I've had my tonsils out and they are still in the bed."—Mrs. L. H. Bruggemann, 13246 Monica Ave., Detroit, Mich.

# ... spreading the gospel of smartness



Mr. Felix Lowy is vice-president in charge of sales and advertising of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., which is among the nation's leading users of advertising space. Mr. Lowy has to be familiar with media of every kind. In the magazine field, his confidence in LIBERTY is shown by the fact that LIBERTY continues to be given an important place on the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet schedules. For several years the advertising of Palmolive soap has appeared in LIBERTY.

LIBERTY, more than ever before, is now sized to suit the modern woman's reading schedule ... LIBERTY is purveying the freshest and pithiest fashion pronouncements from Paris ... disseminating the dogma of scientific dietetics ... featuring fiction and fact for fair followers.

No wonder Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co., and scores of other advertisers who have products fashioned for fastidious femininity, find LIBERTY an ideal medium for spreading their gospel of smartness.

This year, LIBERTY is making possible new economies in selling. LIBERTY, without raising its rates, has added tremendously to its circulation. LIBERTY is now reaching more than 2,000,000 families each week. LIBERTY now guarantees an average of more than 2,000,000 net paid circulation for the balance of 1929. Half a million of this is bonus circulation.



*The four-color plates used in this advertisement are the original plates used in a recent Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. advertisement in LIBERTY. The advertising of Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co. is prepared by Lord & Thomas and Logan.*



**Liberty**  
A Weekly for Everybody

# What does your face reflect?



Note the faces of men and women around you next time you are on a crowded street. Tired, worn, nervous! Irregular meals—overeating—bolting lunches—smoking excessively—these are a few of the everyday habits that leave the mark of irritability on tired faces, the indication of acid poisoning, so easy to correct.

**WATCH** out for sick headache, indigestion, "sour stomach", occasional constipation, bad breath, heartburn. They all warn you that the acid poisoning which comes from food fermentation is sapping your vitality.

## Milnesia Wafers Banish Acidity

Milnesia Wafers go right after acidity. Each spicy wafer that you chew contains equal teaspoons of pure milk of magnesia in palatable form. This gives you the alkalinity that counteracts acidity.

Your whole digestive system, from gums and mouth to intestines, gets a gentle cleansing when you chew Milnesia Wafers.

## Milnesia is a Family Remedy

Children are easily persuaded to take these palatable wafers, which can be broken into halves or quarters for accurate dosage. In fact, the whole family takes Milnesia Wafers as readily as a piece of candy.

Keep a bottle of them handy—their daily use keeps you in shape to get the most out of life. Fill out the coupon and send to us with ten cents for a week's trial supply of Milnesia Wafers.

# MILNESIA

(MILK OF MAGNESIA)  
**WAFERS**

AT YOUR DRUGGIST—HANDY PACKET  
In bottles, 35¢, 60¢ 20¢



MILNESIA LABORATORIES, Inc.  
11 East 36th Street, New York, Dept. N-13  
Enclosed is 10¢. Send me a week's supply of Milnesia Wafers.

Name.....  
Address.....  
City.....State.....

# The Days That Are No More!

*A New FOR THE LOVE o' LIL*

**R**ICH, overstuffed men were lounging in the red over-stuffed chairs of the Union Club. Masculinely speaking, it was the swellest one in town. Elks, Moose, Masons, Knights of Columbus, Odd Fellows, Kiwanians, Rotarians, and Knights of Pythias—they all joined upon becoming wealthy. Or upon leaving their wives. They congregated at the prominent front windows, blowing twin streams of smoke through their noses. They dined upon combination plates in the stuffy dining room, spared every annoyance of pesky household bills. They had only to jot down their room numbers! They slept peacefully in single institutional bedrooms hung with prints of Fuji, Napoleon, Niagara Falls, and the leaning tower of Pisa. The Union Club was a retreat for men who wished they were married and men who wished they weren't.



This week's cover picture.

"And how's the sweet little wife?" a Knight of Pythias asked Sandy when he'd sojourned there a week.

"Haven't seen her for seven days," he said from the newspaper-rack corner. "Hope I won't set eyes on her for a year."

"You won't," a Rotarian yawned. "There's a Mrs. S. Jenkins mentioned as going to the Riviera."

"Riviera?" an Odd Fellow laughed. "That's what it said about my first wife. But she went to Paris and stayed there to get her divorce. I've been paying out for that trip ever since. Women, bah!"

Sandy began to fidget. Perhaps Lil had sailed for Europe with the baby! Was the hot scene of their domestic frenzy only one week in the past? The hour-glass of his heart knew differently: 168 hours, 10,080 minutes, or 604,800 seconds ago he'd told his wife to buy a ticket to hell. But it seemed she'd bought one to Europe!

"Enjoy your freedom while you may," an Elk was singsonging. "Alimony, where is thy sting? Ho-ho! Come on, Jenkins, and play some pool."

Poor Sandy didn't feel like poking gayly colored balls into pockets. He felt like poking his head under a pillow to cry like a baby. In one rash moment he'd kicked off the blissful shackles of domesticity. But the free life of a man's club wasn't all that the dues cracked it up to be. It was lonely, too quiet, and all the men wore sour expressions. Sandy missed his little pine pillow which Lil always tucked into his bed. He missed the baby, too. Once a father always a father!

The rest of the evening he spent bolt upright in the uncomfortable red plush chair—the only one in his room, which was just like a cell. His ash tray became a tin Valhalla of thirty soothing cigarettes, his cheeks the precipices for his tumbling tears, the photograph of Lil and little Ulysses the only material memento of his marriage. Lil would soon remarry and the baby would soon forget his own father. Sandy's distressing thoughts were embodied in those tragic lines learned in school, and now gulped sadly in a woeful whisper:

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
O Death in Life, the days that are no more!

(Next week's cover adventure: The Baby's Birthday)

# The RED Napoleon

*A Newspaper Man's  
Memories of the  
War of the Races  
(1933-1936)*

By  
**FLOYD GIBBONS**  
*(Author of The Red Knight of Germany)*

*Picture by  
CHARLES R. CHICKERING*



*"The Chink officer grabbed Viv and swung her back, and Walt made a leap for him.  
The officer pulled his pistol and shot Walt."*

LAST week's installment of Mr. Gibbons' story told how, in January, 1934, at the outbreak of war between the United States, with Canada and the Central and South American republics as associates, and Karakhan's Red Union of all the peoples of the Old World, Karakhan made good his word and returned the author and Speed Binney to their own country—but held Margot Denison, ostensibly as a companion for Lin, his unloved white wife. Whit Dodge, left behind perforce in a hostile London, avoided internment or execution by going into hiding. He promised to find and communicate with Margot in the course of his projected escape.

Mr. Gibbons and Speed were returned by way of the

Pacific and Salina Cruz, Mexico, where Karakhan's Japanese had landed and were beginning an advance across the Isthmus of Tehuantepec, that American forces were helping the Mexicans resist.

On arrival, Mr. Gibbons was called to Washington and questioned by President Alfred E. Smith and his Cabinet, some of whose members were disposed to underestimate the power of the Red Napoleon, and to doubt that he really intended to crush America.

Having accompanied him, as a war correspondent, from start to completion of his conquest of Europe, the author was qualified to undeceive these doubters. He

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]



[ THE RED NAPOLEON  
Continued from page sixty-nine ]

concluded his exhortation to them with the words, "If you do not believe it—if I cannot make you see it—God help us!"

PART NINE—"CONQUER AND BREED!"

MY throat was husky from excessive talking and countless cigarettes and I was exhausted from the accumulated fatigue of the long sea and air voyages and the prolonged discussion before the Cabinet. In the adjoining waiting room I ran face to face with Whit Dodge. So many things had happened, I had traveled so far, so much had occurred since the boy's flight to escape internment in London, that for a minute I thought my eyes deceived me.

"It's good to see you!" I said, wringing his hand. "How did you get away from them? Where's Margot? How is she?"

"Long story, but here I am," Dodge replied. "Remember the note I left in your toilet case in London? I told you I would get through, and I did. I have just come from the Navy Intelligence Office. Congratulate me. I am a lieutenant in Uncle Sam's navy."

Dodge took Binney and me with him to his large apartments in the Mayflower Hotel, where baths, shaves, and clean pyjamas gave new life to Speed and myself. Dodge related his escape with an American Secret Service agent.

"I hid out for a while in London. A number of Americans were shot after your departure," he explained; "hunted down like rats by yellow execution squads and exterminated or put in prison camps."

"Ireland was our safest bet. Although the Reds occupy the country, the Irish submit no more to them than they did to the English. Once more the old undercover Sinn Fein army is making guerrilla warfare—as in the days of Micky Collins."

"You remember how the Germans used the west coast

of Ireland for submarine purposes during the old war? Well, today the Irish offer American submarines the same secret facilities. My companion and I boarded one of our subs in Bantry Bay, near Queenstown, and that's how I returned home."

"We torpedoed the old British liner Cedric just outside of Liverpool, and our officers and crew swear that it was the first score for the American navy in the war."

"WHERE'S Margot?" Speed insisted. I saw the two boys exchange a look that had little of friendliness in it.

"In Ireland with Lin," Dodge replied. "Karakhan shipped both of them over and has them in a castle on the west coast. He won't see his wife, or Margot, for that matter. He wants to keep Lin out of London."

"He's amusing himself for the present with Lady Jane Blayden—you know, the society pink. She is a disgrace to the white race and a traitor to her class. That yellow devil will drop her just the same as he did that little Austrian countess in Vienna and Mme. Duprey in Paris."

"He's gone completely crazy on the idea of having children with white women—London and Paris will be full of his half-yellow brats. All of his officers

have white mistresses and most of them willing ones."

"I'm glad Margot's in Ireland," I said. "And I hope Karakhan never sees her." There was a growl of profanity from Speed followed by a sharp question to Dodge:

"Why did you leave her there? Why couldn't you bring her back on the sub?"

"I tried to. She wouldn't come," replied Dodge. "She has a duty to perform and she's doing it. It cannot be discussed."

I fell asleep during the subsequent bickering between Speed and Whit, but the latter reopened the subject with me on the following morning and outlined the means by which I was to communicate with Margot. The girl herself had originated the idea that I could include a spoken code in my radio broadcasts, which she would receive in Ireland.

Long accustomed to taking my dictated dispatches, she would take my radio reports stenographically, locate the key word introducing the code, and decipher the letters from the key words that followed. It was simplicity itself.

Dodge confided that although he was in the submarine service, his duty assignment was with the Intelligence Section, and that he was to make frequent trips to the Irish coast and frequent contacts with Margot.

"She's a brave little Britisher," he said proudly. "Her king is a refugee in Canada, but she serves him still within the enemy lines. Blood and breeding tell. She knows the penalty if they catch her. That didn't stop Edith Cavell—it won't stop Margot Denison."

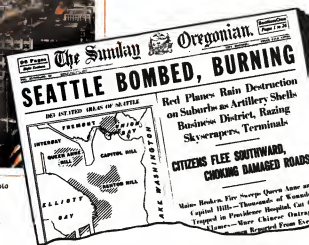
MY following days in Washington during that exciting month of February, 1934, were a succession of shocks. The effect of war on the economic fabric of the nation was far greater than I had expected. But what alarmed me most was the fact that the American people did not realize the full and terrible extent of the disaster.

With the overwhelming strength of the Red navy supreme in both the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, the

American flag had been swept from the seas. More than half of the American merchant marine—20,000 ships, slightly more than 15,000,000 tons—had been seized in foreign ports or captured or sunk on the high seas. The immediate stop-



The business district of Seattle, Washington, in flames after the Red bombardment. At the right, the front page of the Portland Oregonian of Sunday, March 18, 1934.



page of all American exports, which had reached the grand total of \$6,000,000,000 in the previous year, brought the wheels of American industry to a standstill, while docks and warehouses of American ports and seaboard rail terminals were congested and piled high with industrial and agricultural machinery, metal products, silk, wool, and paper manufactures and thousands of tons of cotton, packing-house products, wheat, and chemical products.

The cessation of all imports brought the country face to face with a famine in these essential materials: tin,



Picture by Charles R. Chivers

*As fire swept Seattle, the last of the civilian population left the city. Thousands of refugees clogged the roads, bound southward from the blazing front. Volunteers struggled to keep vital traffic moving.*

manganese, rubber, quinine, camphor, vegetable fats, tea, coffee, and wood oils. American housewives began to feel the pinch when the government rationing scheme touched the neighborhood grocer.

The war wiped out immediately all hope of any payment to America on the old war debts, and new measures of taxation and loan issues were advanced to produce revenue to cover enormous expenditures.

**T**HE crash in Wall Street, which had swept many brokerage firms, as well as individuals, into bankruptcy, had been followed by a country-wide run on the banks—a panic, which had only been stopped by the government's declaration of a general moratorium.

At the special session of Congress called by President Smith to ratify the declaration of the existence of a state of war, the War Department presented its already pre-

pared selective draft bill, which passed both houses by large majorities. Pacifist opposition was overwhelmed.

The election machinery of the country went into effect immediately for the registration of all males between the ages of eighteen and forty-five. Nation-wide registration revealed the man power of the nation at about 19,000,000, 15 per cent of the population. Quotas went forth from Washington to the states, and drawings started immediately to fill the ranks of the First Million called to the colors by President Smith.

The War Department machinery of mobilization and training went into operation immediately under the direction of regular army officers, but the backbone, the skeleton, and the nerve system of the First Million depended upon the 110,000 members of the Officers' Reserve Corps.

"We're in a hell of a fix for equipment," a friend of

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[ THE RED NAPOLEON ]  
[ Continued from page seventy-one ]

mine in the Army Supply Department told me. "The National Guard mobilization, numbering about two hundred and eighty thousand troops, was expanded by some twenty thousand last-minute enlistments, and that wiped out almost the entire reserve of military stock.

"It's the same old story over again—unprepared to fight. We have men in civilian clothes drilling with broomsticks because there are not enough uniforms and rifles. We need tractors to draw field guns, and shells for target practice.

"Our organization is suddenly called on to expand to ten or twelve times its size. It's like watering milk to the same proportion."

In militarized industries the country was less ready for war than it had been on April 6, 1917, when America had joined the Allies against Germany. At that time the industrial machinery of the nation had been tuned up and running at high pitch on a military schedule to supply the martial needs of the Allies before our entrance.

The passage of the Burton Resolution in 1933, prohibiting the export of war supplies of any kind to warring nations, had prevented the transformation of America's peacetime industries to the needs of war.

"European and Asiatic industry is in high gear on a war basis," Jimmy Hodgins of the Commerce Department told me. "You know that. You saw it abroad, and here are our screw machines all set to turn out phonograph needles, radio accessories, electric-fan attachments, and manicure sets. What a bunch of saps we are!"

In the War Department I found the expected confusion due to red tape and indirect peacetime methods. But the desk soldiers, in defending themselves from public criticism, transferred the blame to the shoulders of Congress—pointing to repeated refusals by the "Capitol Hill vote getters" to provide adequate appropriations for national defense. Under pressure of organized pacifist opposition, requested appropriations had been slashed to fit political measures; while cuts made in the name of economy had successively reduced the regular army in officers and men, and almost wiped out all allowance for maneuvers or war games.

**I**N no one item was the deficiency of defense equipment brought home more strongly to the public than in the item of gas masks. The civilian population became infected with fear of gas bombs from the air.

In the United States there were not sufficient gas masks to equip the men under mobilization for military service—not to mention the entire civilian population.

It needed no word from Washington to start enterprising manufacturers turning out various types of alleged gas masks, which were thrown on the market and gobbled up at high prices by the frightened public.

The fact that these untested devices were, in most instances, totally worthless, resulted in tens of thousands of civilian deaths in later months wherever life depended upon gas protection.

The menace of gas and air attack switched public attention to internal dangers and the country was swept by a terrific spy scare. There were a disastrous fire in New York's Chinatown, a bitter race riot in Chicago's black belt, and the disgraceful tar-and-feathering of three Japanese farmers in California.

Secret Service raids on American communist clubs un-

covered widespread plans for sabotage throughout the industrial areas. There were printed directions for the injection of chemicals by which dynamos could be corroded, water pumps destroyed, boilers exploded, and vital centers of communication paralyzed.

Politically, the nation presented a solid front, but each successive meeting of the Cabinet revealed new inadequacies. A conflict raged between the Secretary of War and the Secretary of the Navy over priority in supplies and materials. Competition, where there should have been cooperation, resulted in delay, friction, and waste.

In the separate aviation branches, interdepartmental rivalries impeded progress, and precious time was lost cutting down the jungle growth of archaic bookkeeping and paper work. Reports of dismissals and resignations appeared almost daily in the press.



Picture by John W. Thomson, Jr.  
A machine-gun crew of marines in action near Chivela, Mexico.

**B**UT it was war news from Mexico that took the principal attention of the crowds standing night and day in front of the newspaper bulletin boards. The hard-pressed American lines on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec held fast. Kamku's ever increasing forces had now pushed southward down the Pacific coast into Guatemala and Salvador, in spite of loyal but futile resistances. It became apparent that, regardless of the outcome in Mexico, the southern drive would eventually reach Panama.

The nation received a shock on February 9 when the troopship City of Memphis, carrying two regiments of reinforcements bound from New Orleans to Panama, was torpedoed and sunk as it passed through the Yucatan Strait. Twenty-seven hundred American soldiers perished in the disaster. Survivors were landed near Cape Catoche, on the peak of the Yucatan peninsula.

Instead of removing the survivors from Cape Catoche, the War Department sent reinforcements there and established a strong position guarding one side of the Yucatan channel. On the American war maps this area was referred to as "the Dardanelles."

The Memphis disaster switched public interest, momentarily, to the naval situation when it became known that Kingston, Jamaica, was the base from which the Red submarine operated.

Diplomatic complications, following the outbreak of war, had delayed a settlement of the question of Jamaica's status. The Negro population of the island, led by the thousands of Chinese and East Indians, had finally decided the question for themselves by killing the old English governor and five members of his council, and taking the government into their own hands. That this had all been in accordance with Karakhan's plan was proved by the use of the island as a Red submarine base.

The harbor defenses in Kingston did not permit of an attack from the sea, and the War Department was not prepared with trained troops to launch an expedition from Cuba. The fact was that, while Jamaica remained a thorn in our side, threatening all communication to the Panama Canal, it was not possible at the time to take it.

The superior Red fleet, based on Bermuda and Trinidad, patrolled the Atlantic seaboard, and the American fleet was forced to abandon its base at Colon and withdraw to the Gulf of Mexico. A political outcry rose from the Atlantic seaboard and questions were asked publicly as to why the fleet had not been based on Boston, New York, Philadelphia, or Norfolk.

[ CONTINUED ON PAGE SEVENTY-FOUR ]





The New Morrison, the world's tallest hotel, will be, when completed, the largest and tallest, 46 stories high, with 3400 rooms



A View in the Boston Oyster House Morrison Hotel



HARRY C. MOIR  
PRES. & GEN. MGR.  
"THE MAN BEHIND THE INSTITUTION"

# Summer Menus and Cool Guest Rooms At Chicago's 46-Story MORRISON HOTEL

**T**HAT alert, vigorous feeling which you need most of all on a business trip depends largely on abundant sleep and well chosen meals. In this, as in other things, the Morrison Hotel gives its guests the fullest co-operation.

## Meals for "Summer Appetites"

The daily menus are carefully adapted to all seasonal changes. In the Boston Oyster House and the "dine-and-dance" Terrace Garden, there is a daintiness and a timely selection in the dishes served that makes an irresistible appeal to "summer appetites."

## The 46-Story Tower

Undisturbed sleep is assured by the altitude of the building and the remoteness of the guest rooms from street traffic. The tower rooms are in especial demand from June to September, where the occupants are cooled by the purest "mountain" air, and enjoy refreshing sleep even on the warmest nights.

## 1944 Rooms, Each With Bath

Every room is outside, with bath, running ice water, bed-head reading lamp, telephone, and Servidor. A special housekeeper is assigned to each floor, and all guests enjoy garage privileges. The central location, which maintains high subrental values, has developed corresponding economies in the rate scale, as shown below:

## TABLE OF RATES (single in each case)

202 Rooms, \$2.50	457 Rooms, \$4.00	15 Rooms, \$6.00
241 Rooms, \$3.00	245 Rooms, \$4.50	35 Rooms, \$7.00
480 Rooms, \$3.50	189 Rooms, \$5.00	21 Rooms, \$8.00
16 Corner Suites, \$12.00	16 Suites, \$15.00	6 Suites, \$20.00

Sample Rooms from \$6.00 to \$12.00

Write or wire for reservations and special convention rates

**MORRISON HOTEL**  
THE HOTEL OF PERFECT SERVICE  
and TERRACE GARDEN CHICAGO'S WONDER RESTAURANT  
CLARK AND MADISON STREETS  
"IN THE HEART OF CHICAGO"



[ THE RED NAPOLEON  
Continued from page seventy-two ]

The reason was simple. In addition to naval superiority, Karakhan possessed air superiority. An air offensive launched from carriers off the coast could destroy shipping based on the Atlantic coast naval bases at any time. The dimensions of the Gulf of Mexico prevented any such concentrated attack from the air, and the American mine fields that now closed the Florida and Yucatan straits made an attack by surface craft almost impossible.

The undeniable fact, faced by the joint Army and Navy Board of War Plans, was that Karakhan controlled the waters of the world. The Atlantic and Pacific oceans were Red lakes.

America's first line of defense, her navy, was bottled up in the Gulf of Mexico as the German navy had been in the Bight of Heligoland.

The nation's second line of defense against territorial invasion consisted of coast defenses, forts, and coastal railroad lines and motor roads over which heavy artillery could be moved to the relief of threatened points.

Karakhan examined that ring of defenses and placed his finger on the one weak spot.

More than a century of peaceful relations between the United States and Canada had given rise to the Canadian-American boast of the longest unfortified frontier in the world. No warships patrolled the Great Lakes. There were no forts glaring at one another across the Canadian-American frontier.

Agreements to that effect extended from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Those conventions of amity provided the loophole that Karakhan found for his next blow.

On the evening of March 1, 1934, U. S. submarine V 29, patrolling forty miles west of Cape Flattery, state of Washington, was disabled and captured by Japanese destroyers, which were acting as a screen for a fleet of Japanese cruisers, battleships, air carriers, troopships, and tankers.

At dawn on March 2, two enormous air fleets of seaplanes, bombers, and fighters appeared at an altitude of 10,000 feet over the Strait of Juan de Fuca, sixty miles inland from the Pacific. American and Canadian fighting planes from air fields at Victoria, Vancouver, Seattle, and Bremerton flew to meet the invaders, but were overwhelmed by the enemy strength.

Citizens of Victoria, British Columbia, awoke to the sound of terrific detonations. The enemy cloud, concentrating its attention first on the ancient armament of the old British navy yard at Esquimalt, completely destroyed it in a downpour of heavy bombs. Five minutes later the munition depot of the station blew up.

**UNOPPOSED** now in the air, the enemy air fleet flew eastward across the strait to the American defenses at the entrance to Puget Sound, forty miles away.

The obsolete twelve-inch mortars of Fort Worden at Port Townsend, together with a quartet of twelve-inch guns, were dismantled in the first fall of 1,000-pound bombs from the attackers.

Fort Casey, five miles eastward on the opposite shore of the Admiralty Inlet, received similar attention with the same result. More old twelve-inchers, constituting the defenses of Fort Flagler, five miles to the south of Port Townsend, met a like fate.

The American crews of these guns were ordered away from their useless pieces—none of them fired a shot. All the guns were mounted for use against surface craft. American-Canadian agreements against the strengthening of border defenses had prevented any improvement of the mountings for high-angle fire.

The anti-aircraft defenses of the three old forts were unable to offer any appreciable opposition to the attacking planes. The small six-inch guns at Fort Whitman,

far to the north, on an island in the center of Deception Pass, did not figure in the resistance.

Under the morning mists a line of thirty Red mine sweepers, stationed half a mile apart and covering the entire width of the Juan de Fuca Strait from the Canadian to the American shores, steamed slowly inward from the Pacific, their progress punctuated by explosions of underwater mines as these came in contact with the cable sweeps.

Returning from their silencing of the Puget Sound forts, the Red air fleet swung westward again and followed the line of the Milwaukee Railroad from Port Townsend to Twin Rivers and Deep Creek, dropping explosives on the railroad and motor roads running through Sequim, Port Angeles, and Piedmont.

Two regiments of American field guns and one train of eight-inch railroad artillery, hurriedly moving into position along the railroad line, were destroyed.

**T**HUS in the brief space of time between dawn and noon on a March morning Karakhan's air forces, without the assistance of naval bombardment and without the cooperation of landing forces, so effectively concentrated their strength as to overcome all American and Canadian resistance in the air and destroy all long-range defenses on the ground.

The shock of the news staggered the nation.

Binney and I were in St. Louis on the day of the attack, visiting at the home of his father—my friend and old flying pal of the days of the A. E. F. Within an hour my young pilot and myself were off by air for

the new front in the Northwest.

During those tense hours of the days and nights of March 2 and 3, America was suddenly brought to a new realization of stern facts. Although our navy was bottled up, although our little regular army was fighting in Central America, although we had a million men in training camps, the country had still clung to the false security of its perfect isolation. Not since 1812 had an enemy been able to set foot on American soil. That day was over.

We landed at Spokane for fuel. There was not a machine left on the airfield. Troop trains were pushing through over the transcontinental line of the Milwaukee Railway. Spokane, "Metropolis of the Inland Empire," although removed many miles from the fighting front by the breadth and height of the Cascade Mountains, was panic-stricken. We picked up the latest news.

Mine sweepers had cleared Juan de Fuca Strait, and Japanese cruisers and troopships had passed the ruined defenses of Forts Worden and Casey and steamed into Admiralty Inlet leading to Seattle. Hundreds of oil tankers flying the Red flag were anchored in the sound, and the waters surrounding them were covered, seemingly, with Red seaplanes.

Karakhan's ability to put such an enormous force into the air from a base thousands of miles away across the Pacific was a complete surprise to both the army and navy air forces. The secret of the achievement was in the fact that each of sixty special cargo ships accompanying the Red fleet was in fact an improvised air carrier as well as a troopship.

Stored in the hold of each were fifty seaplanes. Each plane had been shipped in four parts: fuselage, wings, motor, and the pontoon landing gears. The mechanical force was so trained that these planes were assembled with speed and facility. The attachment of the wings and landing gear to the fuselage took place while the motor was being installed in the nose, and the fuel and wiring lines connected.

Once assembled, the planes were lowered over the side to float on the water near the mother ship.

It has since been proved that the number of planes



*Based on Bermuda and Trinidad, the Red fleet commanded the entrances to the Gulf of Mexico, haven of the American fleet.*

participating in the Red attack on Puget Sound was 3,000. Fifty of these machines had been assembled during the night of March 1 on each one of the sixty cargo ships that brought them, their pilots, mechanics, munitions, and bombs to America.

This startling innovation, accomplished for the first time in the history of warfare, was made possible by Karakhan's control of the sea and his possession of three-quarters of the mercantile marine of the world.

The leadership of this hurriedly assembled air force came from the regular Japanese navy squadrons attached to two navy air carriers.

With local control of the air, and of Puget Sound open to the sea, the Red troops and light naval forces began the debarkation of troops. Landings were made along the east shore of the Sound from Bellingham to Everett. Thousands of infantry debarked at Port Angeles and Port Townsend and west shore points.

American-Canadian resistance was heroic but futile. The townsmen and boys, armed with hunting rifles, joined the incoming units of National Guard divisions that opposed the invaders with machine guns and also with bayonets in terrific hand-to-hand fighting. The tragic story was almost always the same. Each point of resistance held by the defenders was first attacked from the air, shattered with high explosive bombs, and then rushed by the yellow hordes.

American field guns, brought forward by tractors, became the target of air bombers and low-flying combat planes. Mobile units of anti-aircraft batteries sweated and choked in their gas masks as they manned their weapons against the seemingly unending stream of Red planes.

SO complete was the Red air control of the Puget Sound country that Binney and I, flying westward from Spokane, were forced to make a detour to the southwest and land south of Olympia. We reached Tacoma by automobile in the midst of a terrific air raid, and left the city shortly afterward by motor for Seattle, which was reported to be in flames.

Thousands of civilian refugees clogged the roads, bound southward from the blazing front. Long columns of American infantry pushed northward. Engineers worked to repair destroyed rails and bridges.

Civilian volunteers, many of them girls and women, struggled to remove wreckage from the bombed roads and keep vital traffic flowing.

Every report from the front carried news of new disasters. Binney was frantic.

"What the hell's use is a pilot on the ground?" he said. "I've got to get up front and get just one shot in, anyhow. I'll see you again at headquarters, wherever that's going to be. From the way this line is flowing south it looks like it might have to retreat to Kansas." We shook hands and he stepped in with an infantry column marching north.

I walked into the burning city of Seattle, Washington, just in time to turn around and get out of it again. Red tongues of flame and black smoke poured from the windows of a white skyscraper which was pointed out to me as the L. C. Smith building. As I watched it, it was struck by a shell somewhere up near the fortieth story. There was a cloud of white smoke and flying debris and one corner of the building slipped downward into the street. The last of the civilian population had moved southward. The sound of shelling and machine-gun fire came from the downtown district. Shells began to whine overhead and air bombs to burst in the suburbs to the south.

A boy pushing a motor cycle asked me if I would let him have some gasoline. In response to my puzzled look, he pointed to the tanks of the vacated filling station in front of which I was standing.

"Take what you want, bub, it's not mine. Here, I'll help you," I said, taking hold of a pump handle while the boy inserted the hose in the motor-cycle's tank.

"Might as well take it before the Chinks get it," he said. "They've taken everything else and there's no stopping them."

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

## Here's the Smartest Summer Underwear . . . and the coolest, too



### Shirts and Shorts by Allen-A in plain or fancy patterns

NO underwear has ever been taken up so quickly by smartly dressed men as Allen-A Shirts and Shorts. If you haven't tried this new combination, a treat is in store for you.

First place, this underwear has more style than any suit you have ever worn. Has a "tailored" feeling the way the shirts mold to your body, and the shorts swing free and easy.

Second place, it is marvelously cool. The shirts absorb all body moisture and keep the skin dry and cool. The free hanging shorts prevent bunching or binding.

Third place, this

combination fits and feels vastly more comfortable. Sitting, walking or exercising you're hardly conscious of having underwear on.

You can get Allen-A Shirts and Shorts in plain or fancy patterns . . . as low as \$1.00 the suit. Shirts are of fine cotton, mercerized lisle or rayon—of featherly weight.

Shorts are of nainsook, jean, or fine sheer broadcloth.

If your dealer doesn't carry this underwear, simply send us your name and we will see that you are promptly supplied.

THE ALLEN-A CO.  
Kenosha, Wisconsin



NEW HOSIERY STYLES  
FOR SUMMER  
New Allen-A Hosiery styles for Men are now being shown in smart Men's Shops everywhere. In solid and fancy patterns. Price, 50c to \$1.00 the pair.

Allen-A  Underwear  
FOR MEN AND BOYS

# SAFE with this PUNCTURE PROOF TUBE



WITH the ever-increasing speed of new motors comes greater danger when tires go "flat" . . . safety lies only with the security of puncture proof tubes in your tires . . . Not only do you drive in safety when your tires are equipped with Brown Puncture Proof Tubes . . . you avoid costly and annoying tire trouble . . . your tires wear longer . . . you ride with greater comfort . . . Such is the service offered in Brown Puncture Proof Tube . . . the only tube unconditionally guaranteed for one full year in writing, not to deflate on tread punctures . . . . . BROWN TUBE CORPORATION, GRAYBAR BLDG., NEW YORK CITY.



Two picks driven into a section of Brown Tube demonstrate conclusively that this tube will not deflate or lose air if punctured.

Exclusive Distribution Franchise is available to responsible merchants in localities not now being served.

# BROWN

*Guaranteed*

# PUNCTURE PROOF TUBE

[ THE RED NAPOLEON  
Continued from page seventy-five ]

This was my meeting with Bobbie Pierson, with whom I walked and rode along the crowded torn-up roads from Seattle to Tacoma. And it was from him that I received the now famous story of the Lambert atrocity, the published account of which aroused America to a far greater degree than the mention of the martyred nurse, Edith Cavell, had ever aroused the enemies of Germany during the days of the World War.

This twelve-year-old boy was the only American who escaped from the captured city of Everett. He was the brother of Mrs. Vivian Lambert, the twenty-one-year-old Everett girl who, two years previous, had won first prize in the Pacific Coast beauty contest. Walter Lambert, the girl's husband and proprietor of an Everett garage, had been killed before his wife's eyes. Bobbie had witnessed the murder.

"Viv and Walt had been taking care of the wounded since the Chinks started coming," he said. "I helped Sis, and so did Dr. Kirkwood. He was operating on the hurt soldiers. They were stretched out on both the second and third floors of the garage and there were more out on the sidewalk.

"Sis got all the bandages from Bartlett's drug store and when they run out we tore up sheets and bedding and rags and things. Sis cooked for 'em, too.

"Our soldiers were mighty game. Some were cut up awful. They kept dying and we took them out in the alley.

"All the time, seems like, night and day, the boats out in the bay from off the Indian Reservation kept throwin' bombs into the town.

"Goldberg's Emporium burned down and then a great big shell hit the roof of the Casino Theater and it fell in on a lot of wounded—must have killed about a hundred.

"They blew the steeple off the Baptist church and one shell tore the whole front off the American Legion hall. All night long they dropped things on the railroad station until it was all messed up.

"EVERYBODY was beatin' it south out along the railroad tracks and down the roads. Walt tried to make Sis go, but she said she wouldn't leave the wounded, and I stayed with her. She worked night and day.

"Then the Chinks broke into town from over on the north side. Seemed like there was millions of 'em. Our soldiers fought 'em in the streets and then there was so much shooting we couldn't get out. At last the Chinks rushed into the garage with bayonets on their rifles. One of their officers sent them out through the side door into Bergdoll's hardware store.

"They kept fighting in the town all night, but the next morning it stopped and the Chinks began marching through. They kept going through all day and all night, and we could hear from the noise that the fighting was going on way down south of town.

"They put a guard of forty men and an officer in the garage, and the men slept downstairs, but the officer came up in Viv's flat on the top floor. He was a Chink too, or a Jap. He made us eat at the same table with him.

"Sis kept crying for Walt, and three days later Mrs. Mehaffey told us Walt was a prisoner over in the railroad yards and that the Chinks were making all the Americans repair the railroad and clean up the streets.

"Just as I was going out to find him, Walt and Jim Durkin and Mr. Rasmussin and old man Burton and about a dozen other men were marched up in one gang under guard, and they were ordered to carry all of our wounded out of the garage and make room for Chink wounded.

"A Chink officer in an automobile stopped in front at the moment when Viv came downstairs. Viv saw Walt with his face all unshaved and his clothes torn and some blood on his shirt that had come from carrying wounded, and she screamed and ran toward him.

"The Chink officer grabbed her by the hand and swung her back, and Walt just let go of the end of the stretcher he was carrying and made a leap for him. The officer pulled his pistol and shot him right there at the door of the garage.

"Sis and I ran to him. There was more blood on his shirt, and it kept coming out of his mouth, and he tried to swallow all the time. Then he kind of slumped down.

"Viv cried and shouted in his ear for him to speak to her and then she screamed and held him up on her arms, and the blood got all over her new waist and the officer took hold of her and lifted her up. Then he made the two of us get in the automobile with him.

"He drove us out to Carter's big house and locked her up in the front bedroom on the first floor and when I tried to get in with her, he slapped me and said something in Chinese to the men and they took me and locked me up in the attic.

"I heard Viv scream during the night and an awful tussle took place in the room, and then she must have rushed to the front window because I heard her cry, and then it was quiet.

"The men let me out the next day and made me peel potatoes in the kitchen and I went out front on the lawn in the afternoon and saw Sis at the front window. She was crying.

"I sneaked upstairs and talked to her through the locked door, and she said, 'Get away if you can, Bobbie. Get back to our folks. Tell them what they did to Walt, and what they are doing to me.' And I told her that I'd go down and see the governor, and he would bring the rest of the militia and drive the Chinks out—and then somebody came down the hall and I had to go.

"I sneaked out that night and walked out toward Peterson's farm and got his motor cycle out of the barn. I've been moving ever since."

From a railroad station south of Tacoma, I telegraphed every word of Bobbie Pierson's graphic story to Chicago, from which place it was distributed to newspapers across the country. It was illustrated with photographs of the beauty contest winner. The effect on the public was boundless. It was a recital that put murder in every white man's heart.

Washington estimated that neither the Red successes in driving the American flag off the seas nor the actual invasion of the Pacific Northwest had raised American dander to such a pitch as the violation of one American girl by a yellow soldier.

Speed Binney, back from the Seattle front, had joined me in Portland, Oregon, when I received the request from Washington to broadcast the account of the outrage.

"Those birds in Washington still can't believe it," he said with a growl. "That propaganda bureau outfit think it's just another atrocity tale like the old ones about Germans crucifying Canadians in France. The story has raised a hell of a rumpus and Washington wants to fix the responsibility on you in case it's a lie."

**I** RETOLD the Lambert case over the air. Inasmuch as the Red broadcasting station in London was still launching daily blasts of propaganda, it was confidently expected that the story would be officially denied. Binney was sitting with me in front of the loud-speaker in our room the following night when the Red announcer at the London microphone made the following reply:

"The Lambert incident as published and broadcast throughout America is essentially true. General Krasin, commanding the Red forces on Puget Sound, has reported fully.

"Walter Lambert, the American garage owner, was shot dead by Colonel Harvey Wu, commanding the 248th Medical Battalion of the North Pacific Expeditionary Forces. Lambert, while a prisoner, attempted to strike the officer.

"Colonel Wu is the son of one of the oldest families in China, and although not a Christian at the present time, he was baptized as such in China and given the name of the white scientist who discovered the circulation of the blood. Colonel Wu is a graduate of Oxford and the

London College of Physicians and Surgeons. He is a highly educated, intelligent, accomplished scientist, and has a fine record as an officer.

"Colonel Wu and Mrs. Lambert were married at a military ceremony in Everett, Washington, this afternoon. The couple have received the felicitations of the Red high command, to whom the marriage is most acceptable.

"The union of Dr. Wu and Mrs. Lambert is a happy and conventional conclusion of an incident not unusual or strange in the annals of war.

"For centuries conquering white men have taken the women of the black, yellow, red, and brown races they have conquered. American males, civilian as well as military, have possessed themselves of the women of American Negroes and of American Indians. The numbers of half-breeds and quarter-breeds, mulattoes and octoroons in the population of the United States today, testify to the fact.

"There are thousands of American-mestizos in the Philippines today, who are the children of irregular unions between the soldiers of the conquering American army and navy in 1900 and the Filipino women of Chinese, Moro, Polynesian, and Negro races. Both Europe and Asia are full of children of yellow mothers by white fathers.

**"T**HE mixing of blood of races of different color has ample precedent in America. It also has precedent in Europe. Spain reached its greatest height in the history of the world after its conquest and occupation by the Moors. The colored blood of the invaders helped.

"The Pan-Eurasian Union fights under the standard of racial and blood equality for the entire world.

"The inevitable Red victory in the present struggle with the United States will abolish forever all race and color prejudices, as the wars of history have already abolished religious and nationalistic prejudices.

"And after the wars of religion, came the wars of nationalism, in which equally foolish prejudice of one nationality against another was settled only in more oceans of blood through frightful centuries of battle and slaughter.

"Religious, nationalistic, racial, and color prejudices have been abolished in the Red Union where the men, women, and children of all colors, all races, all nationalities, and all religions in three continents of Europe, Africa, and Asia are comrades, equals.

"Ignorant masses of the United States, misled and aroused by their capitalistic masters, represent the last stronghold today of race purity—the last defense of the Nordic myth.

"The one and one-half billion people of the Pan-Eurasian Union, white, yellow, red, brown, and black, fight to crush the last inequality preventing world peace. Our enemies represent the forces of ignorance and intolerance entrenched in blind race prejudice.

"We recognize but one race—the Human Race."

America heard, aghast:

It was Speed Binney, sitting tense and drawn before the loud-speaker, who spoke the thought that was in the hearts of all American listeners that minute.

"Karakhan!—that slimy yellow devil! Oh, for a chance to wring the neck of that—that—"

Speed's emotion was beyond profanity. He choked and stopped. Suddenly he grasped my arm in a grip that hurt.

"Margot! God, she's over there among those swine!"

*In next week's installment, Karakhan strikes directly at the heart of North American resistance by an invasion of eastern Canada and northern New England. He captures Quebec and Montreal, as well as Bangor, Maine. His air forces bomb Boston by night, killing 7,000 civilians.*







The wise bride selects utensils adapted for cooking for two.

# Cooking for Two

By ETHEL SOMERS



Tested recipes and correct measurements insure success.

"MEALS like mother used to make!" Such a remark often discourages a young bride and increases her fear of poor results.

When learning to cook, work only with tested recipes. Reduce these to quantities sufficient for two (see table herein). Follow directions one step at a time. Bring to your aid all the modern devices your budget will permit.

Start with accurate measurements and carefully fulfill time and temperature requirements. In case of failure, study its cause. An emergency shelf of canned substitutes is a wise provision for the young cook.



Both economy and variety in vegetable service for two are obtained by purchasing select soup greens.

## A WEEK OF TEMPTING JUNE MENUS

### SUNDAY

Grapefruit Cocktail	
Cream of Peanut Butter Soup	
Chicken à la King on Biscuit (d)	
Parsleyed New Potatoes	
Eggplant, sautéed	Creamed Asparagus
Radish Flowers	Club or Fringed Celery
Frozen Fruit Salad	Cheese Straws (a)
Strawberry Shortcake (d)	Coffee

### MONDAY

Cream of Corn Soup	
Delmonico Steak	Potatoes O'Brien
Green Stringless Beans	Asparagus-Pimiento Salad
Blueberry Muffins (b)	Butter Lemonade
Fresh Apricot Sauce	Cake (c)

### TUESDAY

Iced Pineapple Appetizer	
Roast Pork Tenderloin	Gravy
Creamed Carrots	Mashed Sweet Potatoes
Fresh Fruit Salad	Muffins (b)
Orange Ice	Cup Cakes (c)
	Coffee

### WEDNESDAY

Baked Ham Slice	Pineapple Rings
Scalloped Potatoes	
Dressed Romaine	Buttered Asparagus
Bread and Butter	Apricot Jam
Washington Cream Cake (c)	Coffee

### THURSDAY

Cream of Celery Soup	CROUTONS
Casserole of Veal Chops	
Baked Sweet Potatoes	Apple Rings
Buttered Peas	
Tomato-Cucumber Salad with French Dressing	
Coconut Cream Pie (a)	Coffee

### FRIDAY

Orange Juice Cocktail	
Salmon Timbale	Mashed Potatoes
Tomato, Pepper, Onion, sautéed	
Creamed Wax Beans	Date Muffins (b)
Endive Salad, Roquefort Cheese Dressing	Butter
Fruit Cobbler (d)	Cream
	Coffee

### SATURDAY

Pineapple Juice Cocktail	
Stuffed Meat Loaf	Baked Potatoes
Mashed Summer Squash	Baked Tomatoes
Lettuce Salad, French Dressing	
Biscuits (d)	Butter
Fresh Berry Pie (a)	Honey
	Coffee

The items marked with alphabetical references are planned to consolidate

NO longer need the June bride dread the approach of dinner-time—if she gives careful attention to this page of excellent advice by Ethel Somers. The menus here-with were designed to use recipes from LIBERTY'S three cookbooks. If your kitchen shelf lacks these handy little books, send for them today. Price 10 cents each; all three for 25 cents. Please use the coupon!

LIBERTY COOKBOOKS,  
P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station,  
New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of

☐ 100 Standard Recipes, 10¢.

☐ Salads, Sandwiches, & Summer Drinks, 10¢.

☐ A Menu Book of Hot Weather Recipes, 10¢.

[Check the one you want. It costs only 10¢. Check all if you want the three for 25¢.]

I inclose.....cents in payment.

(Please write or print plainly in ink)

Name.....

Street or R. F. D.....

City.....State.....6-1-29

the various preparations. For example:

(a) On Saturday, when preparing Sunday's menu, make a standard recipe pie crust. This would serve six people. We plan to use it by serving two people at three different times—Saturday, Sunday, and Thursday—the left-over crust being tightly covered in an ice-box dish or wrapped in wax paper and kept in the upper part of the ice box.

(b) On Monday the muffin ingredients are likewise assembled in proportions for six. Divide the liquid and dry ingredients into three equal parts. For

the blueberry muffins on Monday, add one-fourth to one-third cup of washed blueberries to the dry ingredients before stirring in the liquid and baking. On Tuesday add the liquid to a portion and bake this portion plain. On Friday add two to three tablespoons of chopped dates before adding the liquid.

(c) On Monday select any of the white-cake recipes, baking one-third of the recipe as you would like to have it for that day; one-third in cup cakes for Tuesday; and the other third in a single layer or loaf cake pan for Wednesday's Washington cream cake. On Tuesday frost that day's portion with fresh confectioner's sugar icing. On Wednesday cut the cake in two layers and prepare cream filling to be used between them, topping with whipped cream.

(d) On Saturday assemble the dry ingredients of a standard biscuit mixture and after cutting in the fat take out half the mixture. To this cut in two tablespoons of extra fat before this mixture is again divided in half. Moisten one-half on Sunday with three tablespoons of milk and bake as for shortcake. Moisten the other half with one-fourth cup milk on Friday and place over the top of the sweetened fruit for cobbler. The remaining half of the flour-fat mixture is moistened with three-eighths cup of milk on Sunday. Roll out and bake as for baking-powder biscuit. Half of these are for Saturday. Keep tightly covered and after brushing with water reheat in a moderate oven five minutes.

Other recipes may be reduced for two persons by use of the following table:

16 tablespoons=1 teaspoon
3 teaspoons=1 tablespoon
16 tablespoons=1 standard measuring cup

# At Her FINGERS' ENDS

By

EILEEN BOURNE



**G**OOD-LOOKING nails are no longer entered in the class of desirable assets. They're compulsory ones. If any young woman is without manicure tools and the few minutes it takes to put them into effective operation, her vanity must be at low ebb indeed.

Here and there you may see the hand of a nervous individual with nails chewed down to the quick; but she is a case for medical observation. Or you may see hands temporarily besmirched from unavoidable contact with dust or grime. On the whole, however, hand culture may be set down as one of our busiest little feminine industries.

There are a few things about nails, not commonly known, which in more or less degree affect hand beauty. The indorsement of reputable physicians supports the theory that one's general health is reflected in the finger nails. Certain skin diseases, like eczema, result in pitted and furrowed nails. With tubercular and heart-disease patients, a common nail characteristic is a wide curve over a raised nail bed. Ordinarily, a nail grows about a quarter of an inch a month. A long illness will stop its growth, leaving a white line across the nail.

A healthy blood circulation is reflected in a glossy, pink-colored nail. A bluish tinge or a dead white appearance indicates an unhealthy condition. Dull and brittle nails, like dull and brittle hair, indicate lack of oil.

Hangnails are sometimes due to strong soaps as well as slight injuries. They may be trimmed down with manicure scissors and kept softened with cold cream, but they should never be chewed or pulled off. If the skin is torn sufficiently to cause bleeding and not treated with an antiseptic, such as tincture of iodine, there is danger of permanent scarring. If a manicure parlor is patronized during the period of a hangnail infection, insistence should be made on the sterilization of instruments.

A precaution against hangnails, also against broken nail tips, is to grease tips and cuticle with cold cream or olive oil every night.

Contrary to a report that has gained some credence, the whiteners used under nails is harmless; it consists usually of powdered zinc oxide in glycerin. The cochineal in nail rouges likewise is harmless.

Cigarette-stained nails may be prevented by using a holder, or the stains removed with a mixture of ground pumice stone and peroxide. Dip the finger or fingers into the mixture and scrub under the nails with a brush.

A mask for the white spots commonly called "gift spots" is made of three grams of resorcin to thirty of alcohol, applied occasionally to the nail with a swab.

The less cutting and scraping of the fold of the skin over the nail root, the better. If it is oiled and worked back daily with an orangewood stick it may be kept in fine condition.

## IT KEEPS TEETH WHITE



### 3 reasons why you will pick DENTYNE!

Chicle experts say it's the finest gum on the market.

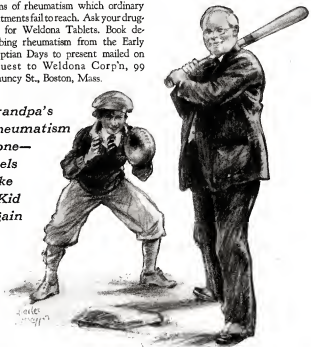
Thousands of people say that no other brand comes within a mile of its delicious flavor . . . Dentyne keeps the teeth WHITE.

## Chew DENTYNE .. and smile!

## WELDONA TABLETS FOR RHEUMATISM.

Especially effective for Sciatica—Neuritis—Joint—Muscular and other forms of rheumatism which ordinary treatments fail to reach. Ask your druggist for Weldona Tablets. Book describing Rheumatism from the Early Egyptian Days to present mailed on request to Weldona Corp'n, 99 Chauncy St., Boston, Mass.

Grandpa's  
Rheumatism  
Gone—  
Feels  
Like  
a Kid  
Again



**H**AVE you a question on beauty and personal hygiene you wish to ask? Miss Bourne will be glad to answer your queries. Include a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, and address Miss Eileen Bourne, LIBERTY WEEKLY, 247 Park Avenue, New York City.

Or, if you want Miss Bourne's 48-page LIBERTY Book of Youth and Beauty, full of invaluable information for those who always want to look their best, fill out the coupon and send it along with 10 cents.

**LIBERTY'S Beauty Book,**  
247 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Please send me, for the indicated 10 cents, a copy of Liberty's Book of Youth and Beauty by Eileen Bourne.


Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly in ink)

Street and No. \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ 148

LARGEST SELLING RHEUMATIC TABLET IN THE WORLD

## FLEAS and FLEECES



**Pulvex never fails to kill and keep them off!** This remarkable new powder really kills—not merely stuns lice, fleas, ticks. One application gives sure, certain, lasting results.

**Pulvex is non-poisonous, odorless, stainless—safe and easy to use.** Actually protects against re-infestation. Equally effective for dogs, cats, foxes, birds. Highly recommended by veterinarians. Your pet deserves protection. **PULVEX** is guaranteed to give it! Only 50¢ at leading pet shops, sporting goods stores, drug stores, and other good dealers.

# PULVEX

**SPECIAL OFFER**—If your dealer hasn't received Pulvex as yet, mail us \$1.00 for 5 packages (sent postpaid) and \$1.00 for 1 package (sent postpaid). Use valuable Free Bulletin on pet care. Use one package. If not satisfied return the one package. If not satisfied return the one package and get your dollar back! Your offer should certainly be convincing. **Order now!**

**WM. COOPER & NEPHEWS**  
1890 Clifton Avenue Chicago, Ill.

## THRILLING NEW SPEED PICK UP AND ROAR FOR YOUR CAR



Your Car Needs a **LOUD SPEAKER**

**The Super By-Pass Muffler**

It Stops Back Pressure

**MAKES motoring more thrilling, satisfying. No back pressure means more speed, power, pick-up, less gas, oil. Makes a 4-cylinder 12-cylinder motor have by-pass mufflers. Your dealer, or write us.**

**GOERLICH'S, Inc.**  
811 Patton Ave. CLEVELAND, OHIO

**NEW LIFE TO YOUR CAR**

**Wrist Model \$100—Fob Model \$200**



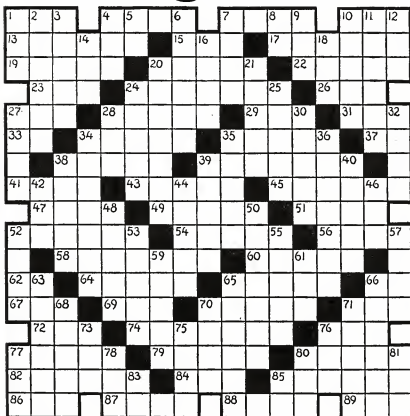
## Play Golf Correctly

Don't try to keep mental count of your strokes—that doesn't permit you to give full attention to the game.

The Goller's Pal will do the counting and remembering of all strokes for you. You simply press a little button after each shot! At each green the finger in the hole and the total for all holes already played are accurately registered upon an attractively designed dial of the Fob Model. The Wrist Model counts strokes for each hole or for the complete game. The cases are finished in a choice of uniform enamel colors. Can be had in fob or wrist watch models. Will last a life time. All your friends will want one when they see yours. Send in a dollar and receive your golfer's Pal Wrist model post-paid. It is a real help in playing a good game. Descriptive folder gladly sent upon request.

**BORM MANUFACTURING COMPANY**  
Dept. L-6-1 Elgin, Illinois

# Two New Puzzles:



### HORIZONTAL

- 1 Siamese coin
- 4 Quagmires
- 7 Notable accomplishment
- 10 Seed envelope
- 13 Dandruff
- 15 Measure of length
- 17 Speculation
- 19 Group of three
- 20 Characteristic
- 22 Wear away
- 23 Seine
- 24 Traction engine
- 26 A winglike process
- 27 Political radical
- 28 To mold
- 29 Cask
- 31 Perch
- 33 Measure of area
- 34 Gleam
- 35 Noblemen
- 37 A negative
- 40 Demenor (plural)
- 43 Restrict
- 41 Region of a body
- 43 A dyestuff
- 45 Showed mercy to
- 47 Augments
- 49 Companions
- 51 Mistakes
- 52 Firmly established
- 54 Conquers
- 56 Deprivation
- 58 Shallow dishes
- 60 Allude
- 62 Pronoun
- 64 Seek laboriously for information
- 65 Warm
- 66 Preposition
- 67 Soft food
- 69 Capuchin monkey
- 70 Seat
- 71 Youth
- 72 Chafe

- 74 Russian liquid measure (variant)
- 76 By
- 77 A month
- 79 Tapestry
- 80 Triptolous objection
- 82 Hounded
- 84 One of the United States (abbr.)
- 85 Placid
- 86 Pronoun
- 87 Prick for the purpose of urging
- 88 Ireland
- 89 Self

### VERTICAL

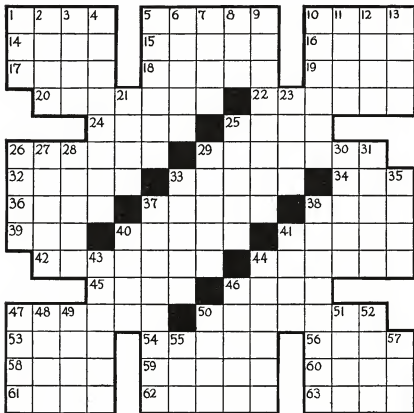
- 1 Toward the stern
- 2 A gymnast
- 3 Essayed
- 4 Undeveloped shoot
- 5 Either
- 6 Spanish-American
- 7 Dart along
- 8 By
- 9 Article
- 10 Small bodies of water
- 11 To decree
- 12 Color
- 14 Oily tassar

- 16 Intertwine
- 18 Period
- 20 Horizontal crossbar over a door
- 21 Memento
- 24 Possessive pronoun
- 25 Chain of submerged rocks (plural)
- 27 A bird
- 28 Pronoun
- 30 Grasp
- 32 Narrated
- 34 Character in Arabian Nights
- 35 Johnnycakes
- 36 Entangled
- 38 King of Phrygia
- 39 Quotes
- 40 Mistake
- 42 A cereal grass
- 44 Kind of sword
- 46 A letter
- 48 Twists about
- 50 Stripes
- 52 Slide
- 53 Ostentation
- 55 Cuttlefish
- 57 Grit
- 59 Eject
- 61 A tree
- 63 A fish
- 65 Prosper
- 69 Rowing
- 70 Purify
- 71 Sleeveless garment
- 73 Embankment
- 75 Of great size
- 76 Style of penmanship
- 77 Equality
- 78 Commotion
- 78 A support
- 80 Measure of time (abbr.)
- 81 Constellation
- 83 Perform
- 85 Note of the scale.



Answer to last week's puzzle

# Take Your Choice



## HORIZONTAL

- 1 A sign of the zodiac
- 2 To drink greedily or immoderately
- 10 A duck
- 14 Subtle effluvia or emanation
- 15 Acted wildly or furiously
- 16 A weed
- 17 To come slightly into view
- 18 At a little distance from the rest
- 19 Bottom end of a pulley block
- 20 A boatman of the Ganges (plural)
- 22 Bound to acquiescence in an argument
- 24 Succors
- 25 To impart movement to
- 26 Intervals between objects
- 27 Scantier
- 32 Interradial plates forming the mouth ring of an echinoderm
- 33 Level tracts along the banks of rivers
- 34 Machine for raising water
- 36 Combustion
- 37 Open passage through a wood
- 38 The peanut
- 39 Commotion
- 40 A fish
- 41 Measuring device
- 42 Provoked to anger (variant)
- 44 Boats
- 45 Character in Last Days of Pompeii
- 46 Go suddenly

- 47 Accoutered with defensive armor
- 50 Dirigible
- 53 Genus of liliaceous plants
- 54 Large river wave
- 56 A work (Latin)
- 58 Asterisk
- 59 Circlets
- 60 Cardinal number
- 61 Foxes
- 62 Hordeolum (plural)
- 63 Otherwise

## VERTICAL

- 1 Whole top of a bird's head (zoology)
- 2 Suffered remorse for
- 3 Sunken court about a building
- 4 A bernicle goose
- 5 Narrow binding material (plural)
- 6 Small roundish spots on Mars
- 7 Genus consisting of sheep
- 8 A letter of the alphabet
- 9 Destitute of teeth
- 10 Series of steps

PRASE SAAR APES  
 KASSEL FIRE BELLA  
 KASSEL FIRE BELLA  
 ASS SAW METRATE  
 STREAMER ASCENDED  
 MORE EAST VISTA  
 BENIGHT SPELLER  
 BETTOSLAVY TIT  
 LERG ARCHIVES  
 ISOMERIC NOT  
 GOGAWE  
 OMIT PACE BETEL  
 NAVR EGADE EVENS  
 LERD SERE DENSE

Answer to last week's puzzle

- 11 Fiber obtained from peacock feathers
- 12 Irish
- 13 To take away as harmful or superfluous
- 21 Part of a pedestal between base and surbase (plural)
- 23 Affected manners
- 25 Digging implement
- 26 Upholstered seat having a back and arms
- 27 Inordinate self-esteem
- 28 Character in Titus Andronicus
- 29 To make loose or relaxed
- 30 One of the Muses
- 31 Indian princess
- 33 A mill tail
- 35 Russian village communities
- 37 Disease of equine animals
- 38 Colorless liquid ketone
- 40 Free mass of floating ice
- 41 A planet
- 43 Threads or threadlike structures
- 44 Fondle
- 46 Mourning hymn
- 47 A strong woad tree fiber
- 48 Tenor violin or viola
- 49 Thoroughfare
- 50 Most important of the Vedic gods
- 51 Timber tree of the Pacific islands
- 52 Play on words (plural)
- 53 Small island in a river
- 57 Comprehend

## Index to Advertisements

### This Issue

ADVERTISER	PAGE
Allen-A Co., The.....	75
American Chile Company.....	79
Association of American Soap & Glycerine Producers, Inc.....	25
Atwater Kent Mfg. Company.....	38
Borm Manufacturing Company.....	80
Brown Tube Corporation.....	76
Buick Motor Company.....	21
and Third Cover	
Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad.....	34
Chrysler Motors.....	6-7
Chrysler Sales Corporation.....	7
Cleanliness Institute.....	25
Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Co.....	32
Colt's Patent Fire Arms Mfg. Co.....	59
Cooper & Nephews, Wm.....	80
Cory, Inc.....	3
duPont de Nemours & Co., Inc., E. I.....	18
East Michigan Tourist Ass'n.....	36
Edwards' Olive Tablets, Dr.....	36
Evans & Company, H.....	35
Ford Motor Company.....	17
Forhan Company.....	45
French Lick Springs Hotel Company	
Second Cover	
General Pencil Co.....	59
"Ger-Jel".....	51
Gillette Safety Razor Co.....	8
Goerdich's Inc.....	80
Grisby-Grunow Company.....	27
Hartmann Trunk Co.....	33
Illinois Watch, The.....	5
Industrial Club of St. Louis, The.....	57
Kysor Heater Co.....	36
Kohler Co.....	Back Cover
Leonard, Inc., A. O.....	51
Levy Co., Ben.....	36
Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.....	42-43
Lucky Tiger Remedy Company.....	51
Marquette Motor Car.....	Third Cover
Menhennitt Company Limited, The.....	81
Miles Laboratories, Inc.....	68
Morrison Hotel.....	73
National City Company, The.....	55
National Strapping & Electric Works.....	23
Reliance Manufacturing Company.....	28
Renton Company, The.....	51
Rumford Corporation, The.....	35
Sanford's Ink Eraser.....	35
Spencerian Pen Co.....	36
Tilt Top Mfg. Co.....	49
Weldona Corp'n.....	79
Wyeth Chemical Co.....	36

We strive to be accurate, but cannot guarantee impossibility of omission or error in the above index.

## MONEY FOR YOU AT HOME

YOU can earn good money in spare time at home making display cards. No selling or canvassing. We instruct you, furnish complete outfit and supply you with work. Write today for free booklet.

The MENHENITT COMPANY Limited  
 214 Dominion Bldg., Toronto, Ont.





Photos © Lucien Lelong

# MIND and the Mode

By BETTINA BEDWELL

In his sports model on the left Lelong adheres to the straight-line dress.



This any woman can do if she will get rid of the bug-bears of tradition and timidity, which make us follow slavishly instead of striking out and making ourselves as attractive as possible.

**D**O women have brains? This ponderous and pondered question isn't worrying the greatest of Paris fashion makers. The feminine brain, says M. Lucien Lelong, is an established fact, and furthermore the ladies are using their brains to change fashions. He says there "has come a striking phenomenon—the diminishing position of physical beauty as the prime desideratum of women of fashion. Intelligence is now successfully rivaling mere good looks. Fashion is becoming something more than a conventional line and a fashionable color. Women are accentuating their own qualities and characteristics in their clothes."

Lelong says frankly, speaking of the couturier's art today, "No other art—not even the art of entertainment—is so instantly responsive to these changes."

In short, the rôle of mind in mode making is a stellar one. Since we women no longer want to look merely beautiful, but rather insist that our clothes shall express a beauty of intelligence, a change has come over the sartorial scheme of things entire. Clothes are now made, not to cater to the flaming beauty, but to the beauty-conscious woman. And the woman is right behind the process as its guiding force.

This may sound as if the couturier, formerly the king of fashion, is out of a job. Not at all. The Paris couturier simply does a much bigger job than formerly, because he has to use a vast amount of brain work in dress, so that the feminine intelligence can get its teeth into a problem already solved for a great number of types.

Changing one of these various types to your own personal style idea is what you use your brain to do. For instance, Lelong, like other famous style makers, presents numerous silhouettes. He shifts waistlines and hemlines. He gives a galaxy of color schemes, and just as many fabrics. You apply these to yourself, and use your intelligence to get yourself up to appear smart and beautiful.

The white chiffon evening frock above is embroidered in crystal.



For afternoon is the frock above, in black and white crêpe marocain.



A summer ensemble of black and white crêpe, with a fox-trimmed knee-length coat.

AS Lelong makes clear, it is much more difficult to dress simply and effectively than to scatter your talents in a number of directions and thereby miss out on distinction. He gives excellent advice to the woman who is developing individual quality in her clothes, by insisting upon the avoidance of intricate contriving, and upon a sharply disciplined restraint in dress, hand in hand with a highly sophisticated technique.

More specific are these bits of wisdom: Use dull surfaced materials for daytime and delicate fabrics for evening. Choose muted colors, avoiding the strident. Wear only real jewelry.

\* \* \*

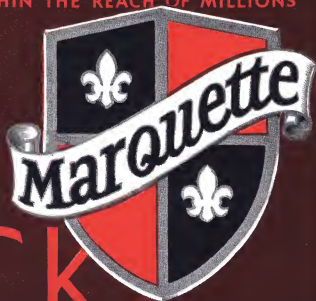
Molyneux is making parasols of printed silk to match printed summer afternoon frocks for Ascot.

Warm brown with white, or dull orange, was the smartest color scheme at Biarritz during the Easter holidays, when the tone of Paris summer styles was set.

Chintz is the newest of cotton materials for the smart summer beach dress. Molyneux is making chintz dresses with very short plaited-ruffle sleeves.

A favored summer material in Paris is voile, in cotton, silk, or wool. Rodier's dotted voile, called Rodelice, is one of the preferred types.

A NEW SIX AT A PRICE WITHIN THE REACH OF MILLIONS



# AT BUICK DEALERS JUNE 1ST

Set aside Saturday, June 1st, to view Marquette—the newest triumph of Buick craftsmanship. Designed by Buick engineers—and priced within the reach of millions—this new car will lead its field as Buick leads the higher price division.

Buick Motor Company, Flint, Michigan, Division of General Motors Corporation

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT...BUICK WILL BUILD THEM





*Designed by Ely Jacques Kahn, Architect, New York. Plumbing fixtures, with their metal fittings, designed and executed by Kohler of Kohler*

## *In the Metropolitan Museum of Art*

### *—Exhibition of a modern bath and dressing room*

THE new importance of the bathroom as a place of beauty in the modern home could hardly be more strikingly emphasized than it is by this room by Mr. Ely Jacques Kahn in the current Exhibition of American Industrial Art at the Metropolitan Museum, New York.

That the bathroom was chosen as one of the typical rooms to be shown in this internationally important exhibition is in itself an eloquent fact. The manner in which this room unites artistry with logical simplicity demonstrates the wisdom of the choice.

The walls are of glass. The floors are of special yielding rubber. Radiators are recessed behind tiled grilles, and over their warmth

hang the towels. Such thoughtful details throughout illustrate how comfort parallels beauty.

*Chromium-plated Kohler fittings in the Cellini pattern enhance the distinguished beauty of the jet black Kohler fixtures*



Into this setting are introduced a Kohler bath and lavatory of gleaming black, with chromium-plated fittings—faucets, handles, and escutcheons—also of Kohler make, in the graceful *Cellini* design. These Kohler contributions are in patterns available to all.

Kohler fixtures of modern style and beauty—in lovely color or lustrous white—are made for simplest bathrooms as well as costly ones. Write to Kohler Co., Kohler, Wis., for a free 72-page book, in color, showing fixtures for bathrooms, kitchens, and laundries, with color schemes, floor plans, and prices.

KOHLER CO. Founded 1873 • Branches in Principal Cities • Shipping Point, Sheboygan, Wis.

# KOHLER OF KOHLER

## *Plumbing Fixtures*